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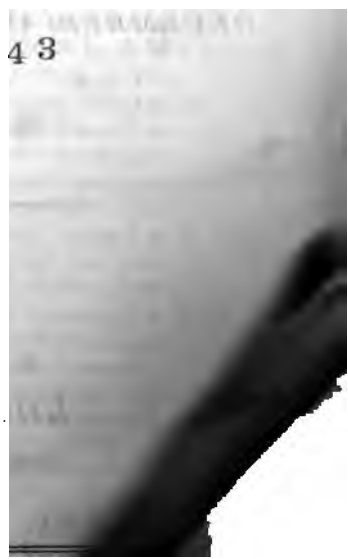
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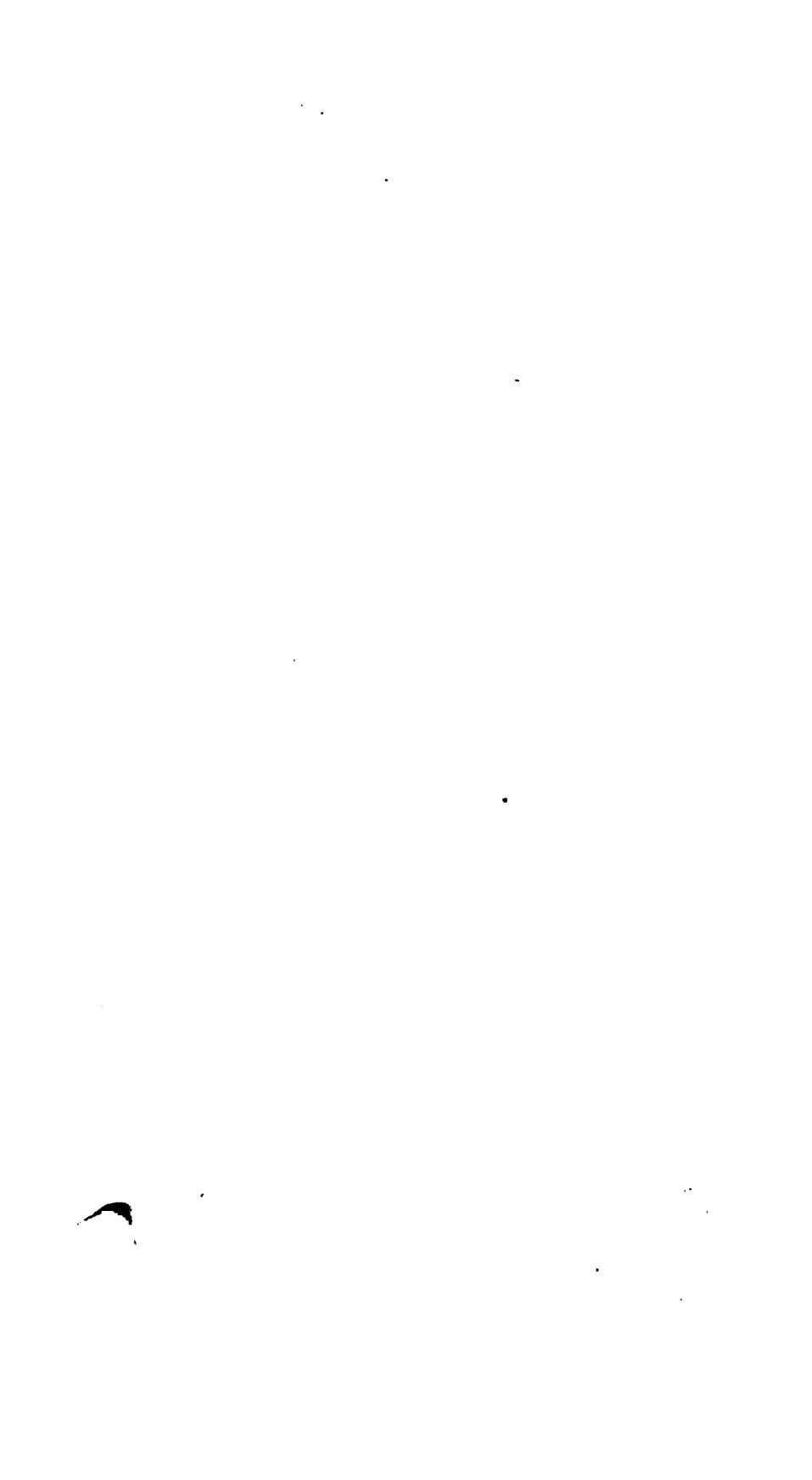
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## ERRATUM.

Page 496, line 13, for approbation read appreciation.

THE  
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ART. I.—*A Bill for the better Regulation of Medical Practice throughout the United Kingdom.* (Prepared and brought in by Sir James Graham and Mr. Manners Sutton, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 7, 1844.)

‘**T**HAT in every profession the fortune of every individual should depend as much as possible on his merit, and as little as possible on his privilege, is certainly for the interest of the public. It is also for the interest of every particular profession, which can never so effectually support the general merit and real honour of those who exercise it as by resting on such liberal principles. These principles are the most effectual for procuring all the employment which the country can afford. The great success of quacks in England has been altogether owing to the real quackery of the regular physicians. Our regular physicians in Scotland have little quackery, and no quack accordingly has made his fortune among us.’

Such were the sentiments of a person of no less authority than Dr. Adam Smith. Whether his sarcasm on the English practitioners of that day (for we must not suppose that he intended it only for *physicians*) was just or otherwise, it would be beside our purpose to discuss. We admit, however, that the great number of persons who in this part of the kingdom live in the enjoyment of wealth and luxury, and have leisure to make the most of trifling evils, cannot fail to furnish a soil peculiarly favourable to the growth of quackery of all descriptions. The whole letter from which the above extract is made, is well worthy of perusal; although we suspect that there are but few who will not agree with us in opinion, that, replete as it is with wholesome truths, its tendency is to carry the free-trade principle into the medical profession farther than would be either expedient or practicable.\*

We ventured, four years ago, to make some observations on this subject. At that time the question, however interesting it might be in theory, seemed to be of no practical importance. The case is different at present, as the introduction of Sir James Graham's medical bill cannot fail to make it a

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\* *Life of W. Cullen, M.D.*, by John Thomson, M.D., p. 480.



matter for discussion in the early part of the next session of Parliament. Under these circumstances we feel that we need to offer no apology for resuming the inquiry, and for entering into it somewhat more at length than formerly. Nor shall we restrict ourselves to the consideration of the one point to which we have just alluded. Whatever may be the merits and defects of the measure proposed by the Secretary of State, we believe it to be one which as much concerns the public as it does those for whom it seems to be especially designed. The medical, indeed, is no political profession. It has nothing to do with those startling events by which thrones are shaken and empires are convulsed; but, nevertheless, it exercises a vast influence on the social condition of mankind. The members of it are appealed to when the body suffers and the mind is weakened by disease. To them the veil is raised which screens the privacy of domestic life from the rude gaze of the world. We confide our lives to their skill and attention; the peace and happiness of our families to their integrity and honour. There is no order in society to whom the character and qualifications of medical practitioners are not a matter of the deepest interest.

With respect to the greater number of human pursuits, the public have the opportunity of making themselves pretty well acquainted with the qualifications of those by whom they are exercised. But as to those engaged in any department of the healing art it is far otherwise. Every one must die sooner or later, in spite of the greatest skill and knowledge; and the *vis medicatrix naturæ* will cause many to recover in spite of the stupidity, ignorance, or carelessness of their medical attendants. In a hundred cases the superiority of the sagacious, well-informed, and attentive practitioner will be sufficiently apparent; but in three or four he may have no advantage whatever over an ignorant and presumptuous competitor. Those who have not been actually engaged in the studies of an hospital can form no adequate notion of the nature of medical and surgical knowledge, or of the kind of evidence which is necessary to establish the real value of remedies; and if to these considerations we add the following, that, except in the instance of physicians and surgeons to large public hospitals, the art is practised, not in public, not *coram judice*, but in the retirement of a sick chamber, we find, as it appears to us, sufficient reason why the State should so far interfere as to take measures for ascertaining who are really qualified for their profession; and for distinguishing them in such a manner as that unqualified pretenders may not be confounded with them.

But if legislation proceed thus far, it ought to proceed farther.

ther. We may risk our own money in a foolish speculation, but we must not do so with the money which we hold in trust for others. We may consult a quack about our own bodily ailments, but we have no right to impose the attendance of a quack upon another person; no one therefore should be allowed to hold a medical appointment in any public or private institution, who has not been regularly educated and licensed.

The same principle is applicable to cases in which it cannot be said that the healths and lives of individuals are concerned, but which may nevertheless affect their character and fortune, and in no instance should the authority of a medical certificate be recognised, or medical evidence be received, unless it be that of a licensed practitioner.

Again, there are certain duties which other householders are required to perform (such as serving on juries and in parish offices), the performance of which would be quite incompatible with medical practice, and from which all licensed medical practitioners and no others should be exempt.

No one of these points has been overlooked in Sir James Graham's bill. In another clause it is enacted that whoever pretends to be a registered practitioner when he is not so shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished by fine and imprisonment. The clause is not clearly expressed, but we conclude that it is intended that no unregistered person shall be allowed to assume any one of the names or titles by which registered practitioners are distinguished; and, at all events, we cannot doubt that such a prohibition will be useful to society, no more than a reasonable protection to the regular profession, and that it shall be made as plain and as stringent as possible.

We conceive that no unprejudiced person who compares the legislation proposed by Sir James Graham with the present state of the law on these subjects can fail to acknowledge that the tendency of it must be to increase the difficulties which lie in the way of illegitimate practice. 1. With respect to Physicians—the London College may prosecute any one who practises in London or its vicinity without their licence. But the legislature, regarding this as a boon, not to the public, but to the College, threw on the latter the whole expense of the prosecution. The power with which the College was thus invested never amounted to much, and is now merely nominal. It has not been exercised for many years, and we venture to assert that it will never be exercised again. At this very moment there are many persons assuming the name of physicians, even in London, of whom the College knows nothing. Over those who practise in other parts of England and Wales even this nominal power does not exist. The apprentice of a



druggist may buy a degree at Heidelberg, and practise with as much impunity as if he were a licentiate of the London College or an Oxford or Cambridge graduate. 2. With respect to Surgeons—the three colleges (of England, Scotland, and Ireland) are authorized to examine those who present themselves for the purpose, as to their surgical qualifications. Of these the Scotch College has some very limited powers, which have not been exercised for more than a century. The other two colleges have absolutely no power of any description. Any one may inscribe the word 'surgeon' over his door; and, having done so, he has as good a right to practise surgery as any one of their members. 3. The London Society of Apothecaries may prosecute those who practise without their licence. But here also the legislature, considering that this privilege was for their own benefit, and not for that of the public, threw the whole expense upon the Society. Every prosecution costs them not less than 300*l.* or 400*l.* Every-where, even in London, there are practitioners of this class, who set the Society at defiance, knowing that they cannot afford to interfere with them; and that, even if they were so to interfere, nothing is more easy than to evade the law as it now stands. *A.* calls himself a surgeon, and as such attends both medical and surgical cases, which no one can prevent. His prescriptions are sent to a druggist's shop close at hand, kept by *B.*, with whom he is in partnership. *A.* may claim to be paid for his attendance as a surgeon, or *B.* for his medicine as a druggist; or *A.* may call himself at once surgeon and chemist, or chemist and accoucheur. All such unlicensed persons may claim the usual exemptions from serving in parish offices, and on juries; and—except in the instance of apothecaries and of surgeons to prisons—are not even nominally disqualified from holding medical appointments of any description.

In Sir James Graham's bill there is still another clause of great importance as it affects legitimate and illegitimate practitioners. At present the public have no means of distinguishing the one from the other, without taking much more trouble than most individuals would be disposed to take for the purpose. It is proposed to supply this deficiency by a list published annually under the authority of the Government; the effect of which must be to draw a broad line of distinction between those who are legally qualified to practise and those who are not. To this clause an useful addition may be made, requiring clerks of the peace, or some other public officer, to preserve a list of all registered practitioners who report themselves as having come to reside in a particular locality; such list being made accessible to the public, or even published annually in the local newspapers.

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There is no class in society in whose good sense we are on the whole disposed to place greater confidence than in that of the medical profession. The medical practitioner discovers, even in the outset of his career, that whatever help he may obtain in certain cases from the experience of older persons, he must on ordinary occasions rely on his own observation and judgment; and to learn to observe and think accurately upon one subject is to learn to do so upon others. But we are all over-sensitive and over-anxious where our own interests appear to be in any way concerned; and it is in this way only that we can explain the panic which seemed to seize the most numerous class of the profession on the first reading of Sir James Graham's bill, under the impression that it was to throw open the field of medical practice, equally to the ignorant and well-informed, to the unlicensed and licensed; and that he who had gone to a large expense for the sake of acquiring a knowledge of his art, would have no advantage given him over the most uneducated and ignorant adventurer. We are convinced that time will rectify the whole of this misapprehension. Indeed even already a great change of opinion has shown itself in the profession; and we have little doubt that ere long the great majority will be satisfied that, whether protection be to do good or not, they will have at least as much of it under the new system as they have had under the old one.

But we are aware that there are some whose expectations will not be thus satisfied; who believe that the whole race of quacks and unlicensed practitioners might and should be dealt with in a summary manner and put down by the strong hand of the law, and who regard all legislation as insufficient which accomplishes anything short of this.

Several questions here present themselves. Is such a proposal reasonable? if it be reasonable, is it practicable? Could such a measure do any good to the profession itself, or to the public? In what manner is quackery to be distinguished? Are the terms unlicensed practitioner and quack synonymous? Is a licensed practitioner of necessity not a quack?

We have no inclination, and certainly we have no inducement, to under-estimate the importance and usefulness of the medical profession. We know that through its agency life is prolonged, bodily sufferings are mitigated, mental anxieties are removed, and that the benefits which it confers are not confined to the individuals principally concerned, but that they often extend to whole families who are dependent on them for their worldly prosperity and happiness. We know that there is scarcely one hour in the day in which a judicious and well-informed practitioner may not say  
with



with a safe conscience 'I have done good to somebody.' Still the medical profession cannot do all that is expected or required. Sooner or later, and with every one among us, the time arrives when the best medical aid, as it regards the preservation of life, is good for nothing. It is true that, even under these circumstances, it may often diminish pain, or alleviate such bodily distress as is not improbably worse than pain: but not unfrequently even these objects are unattainable; and the most skilful and experienced person standing by the patient's bedside feels that his wand is broken, and that he has nothing left to offer but his sympathy and commiseration. But the desire for life is not necessarily extinguished even in the hour of death; or if it be so with the patient himself, it may still linger with his family and friends. When the art of the regular practitioner can do no more, are we to be surprised that the promises of others should not be wholly disregarded? and that even the miserable chance afforded by the impostors of the day should be looked at with something like hope when no other chance is left? It may be said that to catch at such a straw as this can only end in disappointment; but the reflection that any plan, however in itself absurd, has not been tried, may cause disappointment also. It is needless to discuss the question whether the legislature ought to interfere on such occasions; when it must be plain to every one that it is impossible for them to do so, and that the most stringent statute having this object in view would be from the beginning a mere dead letter. Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees could not prevent English manufactures from finding their way to the Continent; and the instinct which leads us to struggle for the preservation of life is a more powerful agent than the desire to have the best calico and cutlery.

The foregoing observations are applicable to other cases as well as those of severe and dangerous disease. The sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, or from nervous pain, who nevertheless may live as long as his neighbours, does not feel his desire to live in greater comfort abated because he has exhausted the skill of his medical attendants. If he choose to listen to any old woman who promises to help him, with what justice can he be told that he must not do so; or by what method can he be prevented from seeking her advice, or she from giving it?

Setting aside, however, these considerations, and admitting (for the sake of further argument) that something may be done by legislation beyond what is proposed in Sir James Graham's bill, we suppose that the most sanguine of its opponents will not expect that Parliament is to define what is, and what is not quackery, or that they can attempt anything beyond throwing as  
many

many obstacles as possible in the way of unlicensed practitioners. But how is this to extinguish quackery, when it is notorious that a large proportion of the advertising doctors, homœopathists, cold-water-curers, nostrum-dealers, and others of the same tribe, are medical men regularly educated and licensed, who have been led to adopt such a method of obtaining a livelihood because they had not sufficient sense, honesty, or patience to succeed in the regular practice of their profession? Nor is this all. If we turn to Dr. Johnson's dictionary, we find a quack to be defined as 'an artful tricking practitioner in physic—a vain boastful pretender to physic—one who proclaims his own medical abilities in public places—a vain boastful pretender to arts which he does not understand;'—and if we try them by this test, it is much to be feared that there are not a few of the regular craft to whom the term quack would not be misapplied. A young man comes to London *to walk the hospitals* (as it is vulgarly called). His previous education has given him no habits of attention or industry. He finds his way into a lodging. His friends live one or two hundred miles off. He has no one to advise him; and chance throws him in the way of some other idle students, encouraged by whose example he enters into the little miserable dissipations by which he is surrounded. He learns nothing, and suddenly, when the time and money allotted for his education are nearly exhausted, he recollects that he has learned nothing. But he must pass his examination nevertheless, and this is accomplished by the aid of a benevolent gentleman, who, being further stimulated by the sum of five or ten guineas, supplies him with answers to all the questions which will probably be put to him. His memory is assisted by certain artificial means, of which the best professor of mnemonics need not be ashamed; and altogether the thing is so well done that the most ignorant student, if he have only a moderate degree of cleverness, may in the course of three months be made more than a match for his examiners. In what respect is this person better than a quack? We hope that there are not very many such; but, nevertheless, we know that there is not a medical school in the metropolis in which there are not a certain number of students of whom this history would be no exaggeration. We believe the medical to be on the whole a remarkably honest profession; we are indeed inclined to think that there is none so honest: still, whoever knows the imperfections of human nature generally will be aware that there are and must be individuals in it, who magnify trifling ailments for their own benefit; who claim credit for cures which they never made; who profess to understand things of which they know nothing; who multiply their visits or their doses of medicine  
beyond



beyond what is really required; who seek to make a reputation for themselves by injuring the reputation of others; and we should like to be informed why such persons are not to be included in the category of quacks? It is plain that no laws that can be made to restrain unlicensed practitioners will really relieve us from such kinds of quackery; and we much fear that when the various petitions against quackery, of which we hear, are presented to Parliament, there are those who will answer, 'We see that your object is not to put down quackery, but that you should have a monopoly of it.'

We believe that the great body of medical practitioners feel as we do, that there are no more mischievous impostors than those whom we have just described, who march under the banners of the true faith in the same ranks with honest men. But they also feel that with respect to them, at least, there is nothing to be done, except that the profession should discountenance them among themselves.

There is, however, a third order of persons who, much more than the downright and acknowledged quacks, excite the jealousy of medical associations; namely, the inferior druggists, who, from being the venders of medicine, become the prescribers of it to a greater or less extent. In order that this subject should be rightly understood by those who are not well acquainted with the history of the medical profession, some explanations are required.

It appears that, from the time when the London College of Physicians was established, the English physicians were too high in station, and too costly, to be the medical attendants of the poor, except in charitable institutions and in the way of private charity. But the poor were as desirous of being cured of their complaints as the rich; and as the venders of medicines were supposed to know something about their qualities, it is not very remarkable that they should have resorted to them for want of better advice. Thus the Apothecaries of those days became in some degree practitioners. It is said that in the time of the plague the greater number of the physicians (Sydenham among them) quitted the metropolis. The apothecaries remained, and did what they could in their absence, and from this moment were regarded by the public as regular practitioners. The physicians were sufficiently jealous of this invasion of what they supposed to be their peculiar rights; but there was no remedy. Such a class of practitioners was required, and what society stood in need of the law could not, or would not, prevent. The apothecaries having thus acquired a new station, found it expedient to make themselves qualified to fill it; and from the time that medical schools were first established in London, the great majority of students in attendance on them  
have

have been of this description. No specific plan of study being laid down for them, they pursued their own course, each according to the extent of his means, his inclination and aptitude for learning. Not a few devoted two, three, or even more years to their attendance on the hospital and lectures; while others were satisfied with a single season. Many took a degree in surgery, while others aspired to nothing more than to be mere apothecaries. The result was, that among them were many really well-educated practitioners; while there were others with various attainments down to the very minimum of knowledge.

Such was the state of things, when rather more than thirty years ago an association of apothecaries was formed, having for its object to obtain an act of Parliament, requiring that all practitioners of this class should be regularly educated, examined, and licensed, and to prevent all others from practising. It was likely that such a movement would be popular in this department of the profession, as it was proposed not to interfere with those already in practice, and as it seemed not unreasonable to expect that whatever made it more difficult to enter the profession would lessen the competition for those already in it. The Associated Apothecaries proposed to the London College of Physicians, that they should undertake the examination of the candidates for the apothecaries' licence. But the College was at that time one of the most inert corporations in the kingdom, wrapped up in the contemplation of its own dignity, and feeling little interest in anything except an occasional dispute with their licentiates. They refused the offer, which was then made to a trading company, known as the London Society of Apothecaries, and by them accepted. The result was a parliamentary enactment, known as the Apothecaries' Act of 1815.

By this act the Society was invested with new duties and privileges. They were empowered to prescribe a plan of education for those who proposed to practise in this department of the healing art; to examine them as to their qualifications; and penalties were imposed on those who ventured to act as apothecaries without their licence, recoverable by a prosecution in the name of 'the Master, Wardens, and Society of the Art and Mystery of Apothecaries in the City of London.' As to the mode of exercising these large powers the Society was left wholly to their own discretion; they were responsible to no superior authority; and the tendency of the penalty clause was even to lift them above the influence of public opinion.

Whether the Society have always conducted themselves wisely and judiciously is another question; but we willingly give them credit for having been influenced by honest intentions: and it is  
certain



certain that they were the foremost in the attempt to raise the standard of medical education. In the first instance they very wisely required no more than a very moderate quantity of professional instruction, knowing that the increase of it would be easy, while to diminish it would be difficult. Just at this period, the conclusion of a long war caused an increased influx of persons into the non-military professions. The candidates for examination at Apothecaries' Hall became more numerous; and the Society, finding the supply to be more than enough to meet the demands of the public, required a more extended course of study. But the supply increased nevertheless, and the required education was extended further still. The result is, a great change in the position and feelings of the apothecaries generally. No one can now enter the profession whose opportunities of acquiring knowledge have not been such as fell to the lot of a very limited number formerly. The title of *apothecary* is felt, and perhaps justly felt, to be too much like that of a tradesman; and as the greater number become graduates in surgery also, the name of *general practitioner* is gradually becoming substituted for it.

It is to be presumed that the improved qualifications of the apothecary are a benefit to the affluent classes of society. But there is one result of what has been done, which we suspect that the Society of Apothecaries did not anticipate, and which indeed even now seems to have escaped their notice. The class of inferior apothecaries, who spent no more than six or twelve months in the medical schools, nevertheless contrived to pick up a good deal of useful practical knowledge, which was afterwards improved by their own observation, or by intercourse with others who were better informed than themselves. Having been at little expense in their education, they set out in life with no very ambitious aspirations; were satisfied with a small remuneration; and these were the ordinary attendants of the poor. But this class of practitioners has ceased to exist. To the general practitioners of modern times, who have expended a considerable sum of money in their education, the little reward which the poor can give them is like no reward at all. They may attend them gratuitously, and they do so to a considerable extent. We do not believe that there is any class of society in whom there is a greater amount of liberality and kindness. Still no one can meet all the demands of this kind which are made upon him, for, if he were to do so, he would become an object of charity himself. The general-practitioner is become, like the physician, too costly for the poor: and as formerly the costliness of the physicians forced the apothecaries into practice, so is the costliness of the apothecaries now doing the same thing by the druggists.

It is difficult to say how much the poor are worse off at the present time than they were under the old system. The statements made in the public journals, and at the various medico-political meetings, are general and inconclusive, and are not always made by those who are free from prejudice. Still we have no doubt that many of the poor, more especially of the children, die without any medical relief whatever; and that many others have no other attendance than that of the chemist or druggist; and it would be a poor compliment to the regular medical profession to doubt that more die under the hands of the druggist than would die under those of an educated and licensed practitioner. But what is the remedy? The poor do not consult the druggist because they prefer him, but because they cannot afford to consult anybody better. If a more stringent law were made to prevent the druggists from practising, and nothing else were done, either the law would be evaded, and the evasion would be winked at, or that portion of the poor who now consult the druggist would have no medical attendance at all. It is said to be a shocking thing that the poor should not have as good medical attendance as the rich. But is it not still worse that the majority of their diseases should be the result of an insufficient diet, scanty clothing, and an unwholesome atmosphere? To abolish such evils is out of the question; but it is our duty to do what we can to lessen them, and keeping this end in view, we must express our conviction that to impose further restrictions on medical practice will not help the poor; that their own means will not enable them to obtain really good medical advice in illness; and that for the accomplishment of this most desirable object we are to look to no other source than hospitals, dispensaries, and similar charitable institutions, private charity, and a better organised system of parochial medical relief than that which exists at present.

But it is said that others as well as the very poor consult the druggist to a considerable extent; and we have no doubt that this is true with respect to the classes immediately above them, who have little more money to spare for medical advice than the poor themselves. It is with them a mere matter of economy, as when they purchase any other inferior article, because it may be procured at a cheaper rate. We sincerely believe that what is thus done out of prudence is no prudence in the end. In the great majority of cases it may be of no importance whether the druggist be consulted, or the apothecary, or anybody else, or nobody at all; but every now and then the patient may lose his sight from an ill-treated ophthalmia, or his life from an inflammation of his lungs neglected in the beginning. But the evil is one which cannot fail to a certain extent to correct itself. The law does  
nothing



nothing towards correcting it at present. Sir James Graham's bill will do much more, for it will prevent the druggist from calling himself what he is not. He must remain in name, as he is in reality, a *Druggist*; whereas under the existing system he may write *Surgeon* over his door, and assume the character of a medical practitioner at once; or he may call himself *Apothecary* with so little chance of being prosecuted that he need have no anxiety on the subject. If the law were to go further than this, would it not be evaded? Would public opinion go with it? If it did not, we know that it would be ineffectual. The druggist who undertakes the cure of a disease of which he knows nothing is an impostor. But a man who pretends to understand building, and builds a house which tumbles down on your head, is a worse impostor than the druggist—for the latter seldom does worse than let you die, and the former actually kills you. If the legislature interfere in one case, why should it not extend the principle and apply it in the other, and in a hundred cases besides? But let us not be misunderstood. We do not say that such evils should not be prevented, if that be possible; but we believe that no legislative enactment will prevent them; and we also believe that, having taken the pains to point out to the public the proper course to be pursued, the safest way will be to leave it to the good sense of individuals to protect themselves.

We are much mistaken if we have not shown—*first*, that the proposed medical bill affords to the public at least as much protection as it has at present; and *secondly*, that there is no reason to believe that such a case can be made out in favour of the attempt to give them greater protection as will lead to the further interference of Parliament.

But our opinions go further still, and we are satisfied that nothing can really be more detrimental to the profession itself than to fence it round with further privileges. As those individuals prosper most, and are the most respected, who have been taught to feel that their position in society depends, not on external circumstances, but on their own character and conduct, so it cannot fail to be with an entire profession, which is but a collection of individuals, subject to the same moral influences with the individuals themselves. We believe that the medical profession may be well contented to rest upon its own merits, and that in proportion as it trusts to these alone, its claims on the confidence of others will be more readily admitted by the public. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose, that if Parliament could grant them the absolute monopoly which some seem to desire, they would have to give nothing in return. Whatever they would gain in protection, they would at once lose in dignity and

and independence. Instead of being looked up to with esteem and confidence, they would become the objects of jealousy and suspicion; and claims, hitherto unknown, would press upon them afterwards.\* To prove that the evils of the opposite system are merely theoretical, we need only refer to the example of Scotland. The limited powers of interfering with medical and surgical practice possessed by the Scotch colleges have not been exercised for more than a century. The Faculty of Glasgow have of late attempted to interfere with it in the four counties, in which, under an old charter, they exercise some jurisdiction; not, however, in the case of quacks, but of well-educated practitioners, who were not their own licentiates. With this exception, the free-trade system prevails in Scotland to an extent which might almost satisfy Adam Smith himself. Nevertheless quackery is comparatively little known in that part of the United Kingdom; and we are informed on the best authority, that there is no kind of sympathy with the politico-medical agitation on the ground of insufficient protection now going on among the practitioners in England.

If we have devoted so many of our pages to the anti-quackery question, it is not because we are ourselves convinced that it calls for so much consideration, but on account of the importance attached to it by a large proportion of the medical profession. The really important part of Sir James Graham's bill (as it appears to us), and that on which the value of the whole measure depends, is the establishment of 'the Council of Health and Medical Education;' whose duty it will be to superintend and assimilate the various forms of medical education; to give licences to practise; and to whom many important questions connected with the public health may be referred by the Government. As to the manner in which it should be constructed, there may be a difference of opinion; but we think that few persons, who consider the matter dispassionately, will fail to acknowledge that such an institution promises to confer great and solid advantages both on the profession and on the public.

The Council, connected with the State, and acting under a sense

\* For their monopoly, such as it is, every solicitor or attorney pays 145*l.* before he commences practice, and 12*l.* or 8*l.* annually afterwards, according as he resides in London or the country; yet in spite of this we have before us an advertisement calling upon 'the legal profession to follow the noble example of the medical profession, and form a society to oppose the invasion of their rights by accountants, touters, and agents of all descriptions, who rob the profession of thousands annually.' See the *Times*, Aug. 24, 1844. In fact the protection which the law gives to solicitors is as nearly as can be the same with that which the medical bill will give to medical practitioners. None but those who are regularly licensed may practise in courts of justice, but any one may draw a deed of conveyance, or a lease, or a will, and will-papers are actually sold in stationers' shops. The only difference is that solicitors pay a large sum of money, and medical men pay scarcely anything, for such privileges as they possess.



of responsibility to Parliament, will constitute an authority to whom the profession may on various occasions look for advice and protection, instead of applying, as they do at present, to the powerless and uninfluential medical corporations. It will give to the profession an unity and appearance of respectability which it has never yet possessed; and who does not see that this must be to the advantage of the public as well as of the profession itself? The first step towards making a man a gentleman is to treat him like a gentleman; and the same rule is just as applicable to a body of men as it is to individuals.

At present there are not fewer than seventeen corporations, which give medical degrees, licences, or letters testimonial of some kind or another. These are—1, the University of Oxford; 2, the University of Cambridge; 3, the University of London; 4, Trinity College, Dublin; 5, the University of Edinburgh; 6, the University of Glasgow; 7 and 8, the two Universities of Aberdeen; 9, the University of St. Andrew's; 10, the College of Physicians of London; 11, the College of Physicians of Edinburgh; 12, the College of Physicians of Dublin; 13, the College of Surgeons of England; 14, the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh; 15, the College of Surgeons of Ireland; 16, the Society of Apothecaries of London; 17, the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow; and to these we may add as an 18th, the Archbishop of Canterbury: and these various manufactories produce, on an average, probably from 800 to 1000 physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, and accoucheurs annually.

But in using the terms by which the various orders of medical men are usually designated, we do not intend to say that any one of them has any very definite meaning, or that they at all express the degree of the individual's qualifications. A physician made in one place is different from a physician made in another: and so it is with the rest. At Oxford the physician must have taken his degree in arts before he can graduate in medicine. At Cambridge the degree in arts may be dispensed with. In the Scotch Universities the degree in arts is not required: while in Trinity College, Dublin, the degree in arts is required for Doctors, but not for Bachelors of Medicine. The London College of Physicians grants no licence to any one who has not completed his twenty-sixth year. At Oxford the degree of M.B. cannot be obtained much sooner. In the Scotch Universities the degree of M.D. may be obtained at the age of twenty-one years, and so it is at the University of London. Then, for these various classes of physicians, different courses of study are required. Let us take the Scotch universities for example. At Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, a course of study in medical schools, with residence

residence for a certain time in the university which gives the degree, is indispensable; while at St. Andrew's any one may obtain the Doctor's degree by going through the form of an examination. At Edinburgh the degree is not conferred without three years' residence in an university; while at Glasgow one year of such residence is sufficient. In like manner, with respect to surgeons, it is only within the last few years that there has been anything like correspondence between the courses of study required of the candidates for examination in the three colleges. It was as if the English and Irish colleges were made for two different classes of persons. For apothecaries there is no special examination, except in England.\*

Nor is there any correspondence in the privileges of these various orders of practitioners. No one has a legal right to practise as a physician in London who is not either a fellow or licentiate of the London College: but in other parts of England and Wales the right is shared between the London fellows and licentiates and the Oxford and Cambridge graduates. The degree conferred by the London University gives no rights whatever. In England the physicians made in Scotland and Ireland are held in law to be no physicians at all, unless they have the London licence. They may, nevertheless, practise and assume the title of physicians in the provinces, because there are no penalties to prevent them.

The English College of Surgeons has only one privilege conferred on it by the Legislature, and that the very humble one—that the surgeons of jails must be chosen from their body. Many surgeons of repute in the country—even surgeons of some of the larger hospitals—are not members of this or any other college. In Ireland the members of the Irish College of Surgeons have the exclusive privilege of being eligible to offices in the county hospitals. Dispensaries and private practice are as open to others as they are to them. In Scotland the College of Surgeons has by law a monopoly of practice in seven counties; but, as has been already stated, they have not claimed the monopoly for the last century—while the Glasgow faculty are so far behind the times that they are endeavouring to revive their claims to an exclusive privilege of practice in a certain part of Scotland.

In England the object of the Apothecaries Act of 1815 is to give an absolute monopoly of practice to the licentiates of the London Society of Apothecaries. It is true that the law is continually evaded and defied: nevertheless it has this effect, that the best-educated and best-informed physician, who has devoted

\* We refer here to the examination as to medical practice. The Society of Apothecaries in Dublin are empowered to examine apothecaries in Ireland as to their knowledge of pharmacy.



six months to the study of pharmacy (and no more is really necessary), if he finds it more convenient to practise as an apothecary, must do so with a constant uneasy feeling lest, some day or another, he shall be prosecuted in a court of justice for not having an apothecary's licence. In Scotland and Ireland there are no restrictions on this part of the profession, and any one may practise as an apothecary when and where he pleases, except that in Ireland he must go through an examination in pharmacy.

While the various institutions which have been enumerated have been acting each upon its own system, without reference to the rest, no one among them has been really responsible for its acts to any superior authority. The visitation of the universities by the Crown is little more than nominal; and the new charters of the Colleges of Surgeons of England and Ireland, which require that their by-laws should be sanctioned by the Secretary of State, are not much more than a year old. The only rule of conduct has been the discretion, the caprice, the wisdom, or the folly of the individuals by whom the institutions are severally governed; and they, however honourable their intentions may have been, have never been able to command the full confidence of the profession. They have been suspected of looking to their own importance and their own interests, rather than to the interests of the great body of practitioners. We doubt not that such suspicions have generally been without foundation; still it cannot be said that their private interests are unconcerned. Every student that is examined brings money to the corporation, and increases the stipend of the examiners; and many of those by whom degrees or diplomas are conferred, or letters testimonial are granted, are themselves professors, lecturers, or physicians or surgeons to public hospitals, whose means are more or less dependent on the number of young men who are induced to enter the profession. At all events the fact is notorious that there has been always great jealousy of the corporations, and that nowhere has such jealousy prevailed to a greater extent than in England. One hundred and fifty years ago Dr. Garth described the squabbles of the London College of Physicians in his beautiful mock-heroic poem, and not many years have elapsed since these reached their termination. The contentions engendered by the opposition to the College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries, though of course of later date, have been to the full as virulent as any in the College of Physicians.

It is impossible to doubt that these agitations are as injurious to the moral, as they are degrading to the scientific character of the profession: or that, indirectly, they are productive of serious mischief to the public. But how is the evil to be remedied?

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The specific offered by some of those who make speeches at public meetings is, that there should be a parliament of medical men, elected by some twenty or thirty thousand practitioners, and that they should settle everything for the profession. It is said that the profession have a right to manage their own concerns, and that this is the way to do so. But they forget that the public are a party concerned quite as much as the profession. On the same principle there should be a parliament of lawyers, of bakers, of butchers, of civil engineers, of tinkers! There would be no end to such republics. Can any one in his sober senses believe that a scheme like this will ever be sanctioned by the Houses of Lords and Commons? As well may we expect them to incorporate the union of journeymen tailors, who think that they have a right to manage their own affairs, and starve their wives and families by striking for larger wages than their employers can afford to give them. As to the settling of affairs by such an assembly as this, it is evident that the best men in the profession would have no leisure to belong to it; as we have observed on a former occasion, it would fall into the hands 'of the vain and the idle—of those who hanker after a noisy notoriety, —and have an abundance of leisure, because they have no professional employment;' and they would meet to make speeches, and quarrel, and to do nothing else. But it is absurd to suppose that the question will ever be seriously entertained by the legislature, and it would be a waste of words to discuss it further.

Still, for the sake of the public, of the medical profession generally, and for the sake of the peace and comfort of the medical corporations themselves, we cannot think that the latter should be allowed to retain the irresponsible powers which they now possess; and we know not how this object can be so well attained as by placing them under the control of some such Board or Council as Sir James Graham has proposed to establish, which shall be itself responsible to the Crown and Parliament. The council, collecting the heterogeneous materials of which the present system is composed, will form them into one harmonious whole. They should be provided with ample powers enabling them to assimilate the prescribed courses of study, so that the physician, surgeon, or apothecary made in one place shall have had, as nearly as possible, the same opportunity of obtaining knowledge as he who is made in another; and they should give an equal licence to all, according to the part of the profession to which they belong. They should have the right to inquire into the character of the examinations, to regulate the fees paid on these occasions, and all matters in which the profession and the



public are jointly concerned. Thus they will relieve the corporations of a painful responsibility, and raise them above the suspicion of competing with each other for the greatest number of candidates for their degree or licence.

We have already referred to some other important duties which the Council of Health and Medical Education may be expected to perform. The majority of our readers may remember the alarm which the advent of the Asiatic cholera, in the year 1831, excited throughout the empire, and the unsatisfactory report made by the London College of Physicians on the subject. Some years since a reference was made to the London College of Surgeons as to the effects of the tread-mill—with no better result:—the question as to the expediency or in expediency of using it is still unsettled. The 'Report of the Poor Law Commissioners on the Sanitary Condition of the People' has made plain to every one the existence of great social evils, of which the majority of the affluent classes had not even dreamed before. To any reflecting mind a great number of occasions will present themselves in which a board, not appointed at hap-hazard for a particular purpose, but properly constructed and systematically devoting its attention to matters connected with the public health, and responsible to the Crown and Parliament, may be employed with the greatest advantage to the community.

But on every other account as well as on this, it is evident that the construction of the Council is a point of the highest importance, and that on which the success or failure of the whole measure will mainly depend. Sir James Graham has proposed that it should consist of three classes of persons:—1. Three physicians and three surgeons, to be chosen by their respective colleges in England, Scotland, and Ireland. 2. A regius professor from each of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin. 3. Six other persons to be nominated by the Crown, some of whom should not belong to the medical profession; and Sir James Graham has stated it as his opinion that one or two of these should be such as may be properly considered as representatives of the provincial practitioners. We see no reason to doubt that a Council thus composed would answer every purpose; yet it is not probable that it will satisfy every one. The University of Aberdeen may complain that it is left out; and, if it be admitted, the English and Irish institutions will complain of the predominance of Scotch interests. Then the general practitioners will complain that no *certain* provision is made for them to be represented in the Council, although there are some points connected with their part of the profession which the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons may not sufficiently understand; and

we cannot but assent to the justice of this complaint. We shall not be at all surprised if Parliament should cut the Gordian knot, by placing the whole of the appointments at the disposal of the Crown, merely specifying of what classes of persons the Council shall be composed. Such an arrangement would be in conformity with what is done on other occasions. The bishops, the judges, the magistrates, the ecclesiastical and the various legal commissioners, are all nominated by the Crown. The professors in the universities appointed by the Crown are quite as efficient as those appointed by the universities themselves; and we have no reason to believe that we should have a purer bench of judges if they were elected by all the lawyers in the kingdom, or all the freeholders, than we have under the present system. It is true that the Secretary of State (acting on the part of the Crown) may occasionally make a mistake; but bodies of men are quite as liable to make mistakes as he is; and it is to be recollected that the Secretary of State is directly responsible to Parliament, which the corporations are not. Indeed, seeing as we do what small matters are now brought under the notice of the House of Commons, it seems absurd to expect danger to the profession from the exercise of ministerial influence.\*

Next to the establishment of the Council, the most important part of the whole measure is undoubtedly the clause which repeals the Apothecaries' Act of 1815.

We are informed by Mr. Willcock † that there was 'an ancient guild in London called indiscriminately the grocers or the poticaries. By the charter of James the First the poticaries were separated from the grocers, and constituted a separate company under the more dignified name of pharmacopolites.' Such was the origin of the London Society of Apothecaries—an institution the usefulness of which is generally recognised by the public, though it cannot be fully appreciated except by those who know to what an extent the adulteration of drugs, and the sale of inferior drugs, are carried by (we fear that we must say) the very great majority of the other wholesale and retail dealers.‡

By the Act of 1815, as has been already mentioned, the Society was made to assume a new function wholly different from those which they had exercised before. They were now authorised to examine medical students not only as to their knowledge of phar-

\* If such a course were taken, the expense of the Council should be borne by the State, and no part of it thrown on the profession.

† Laws relating to the Medical Profession, by J. W. Willcock, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, part i. c. 2, s. 3.

‡ We can hardly doubt that, if Sir James Graham's Medical Bill pass into a law, a supplementary measure respecting the sale of drugs will be without delay submitted to the consideration of Parliament and the public.



macy, but also as to their knowledge of disease and its treatment, to lay down rules for their education, and to give licences to practise.

Now on the first view of the matter there seems to have been no very good reason why the Society of Apothecaries should have been especially selected for the performance of these important duties. They were merely a joint-stock company dealing in drugs; neither having nor pretending to have any scientific character. Admission into the Society was obtained not by examination, nor by offering any other proof of either medical knowledge or scientific attainments, but by patrimony or purchase; and the only advantage enjoyed by those admitted into it was that in the course of time each of them receives a share of the profits of the trade in return for the advancement of a certain portion of capital. However, the fact of the Society having been thus selected has been already explained: when the London College of Physicians refused the offer which was made them, they stood in the gap, and accepted what the College had refused.

So far there was nothing in the conduct of the Society but what was honourable and praiseworthy. In framing the Act of Parliament, however, they seem to have been by no means inattentive to their own interests. It being necessary to appoint certain persons as examiners of the candidates for a licence, and these examinerships being places of some authority and profit, it was enacted that none but the members of the trading body should be eligible to them. Yet there seems to be no reason to believe that the Society must contain within itself the very best materials for constructing a Board of this kind; and at any rate it is probable that among the numerous body of the licentiates there might be found individuals more competent to be examiners than those afforded by the limited number of the members of the corporation.

But if the framers of the Apothecaries' Act had looked merely to the good of the profession and the public, they would not have been satisfied that, even in making their licentiates eligible to it, they had done all that was necessary to render the Board of Examiners an useful and efficient body. We hold it to be absolutely indispensable that a Board of this kind should include a certain number of persons who have been teachers in medical schools, and have thus become practically acquainted with the business of medical education. The infusion of a few well-informed hospital physicians and lecturers would have done all that was required. As it is, we are bound to say that the whole thing has been a failure. We believe that the examiners have been influenced by honourable intentions, and we know that individuals among them have

have been and are entitled to our respect as men of talent and acquirement; but the most ingenious theories of education are good for nothing without experience; and the course of study which they have imposed on medical students furnishes one more proof of the truth of this observation. These sentiments are not peculiar to ourselves, but are in unison with those which are expressed in private by the great majority of medical teachers both in London and elsewhere. There is one fact alone which is in itself sufficient to prove that there is somewhere a grievous error in the present system. There is no examination for which the idle students will not prepare themselves by being *crammed*; but the *whole* of those who present themselves at Apothecaries' Hall are prepared in this manner. There is scarcely an exception to the rule. The most industrious and intelligent young men fear that they will be rejected if they presume to rest merely on their own knowledge; and they subject themselves to the demoralizing process of *being cramped*, as regularly as their idle and ignorant fellow-pupils, having, in fact, as far as the examination is concerned, little or no advantage over them.

With reference to the clause in the Apothecaries' Act constituting the Court of Examiners, the following piece of secret history is furnished by Dr. Burrows, himself being at that time an active member of the Society, and taking an especial interest in their proceedings. 'One of the principal things which I complained of was that the original bill was altered in the last stage. There was a power vested in the Society of Apothecaries to elect to the Court of Examiners any general practitioners, whether members of the Society or not. By some means or other, on the *day on which the act was passed* that clause was altered. To that I objected, as excluding men more highly qualified.\*

The same intelligent physician has given us some curious information on another point. 'The associated apothecaries were anxious for the apprenticeship clause, on account of the extreme difficulty of obtaining apprentices. Mr. Rose [who first introduced the bill into the House of Commons] objected to the clause, and it was struck out; but it was afterwards restored in the House of Lords.'

By the clause here alluded to, it is enacted that no one shall be examined at Apothecaries' Hall who does not bring proof that he has served an apprenticeship to an apothecary for five years. Such a provision may have been very convenient to the associated apothecaries, but we conceive that nothing could have been con-

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\* Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on Medical Education—Society of Apothecaries—p. 16.



trived more mischievous to the character of the profession, nor more unjust to the young men entering it.

By the Apothecaries' Act candidates for a licence may claim to be examined at twenty-one years of age. By the regulations of the Society they are required to have passed three years in attending lectures and hospitals. A lad, who does not reside in London, or in some other large town in which such studies can be pursued, and who is to be brought up as an apothecary, is probably taken from school as soon as he has completed his thirteenth year: and we know, indeed, that so it is in a great number of instances. In a few instances, by an arrangement with the master, conjoined with some evasion of the law, one or two additional seasons of school-discipline are obtained; but even under the most favourable circumstances it is plain that the effect of the apprenticeship must be to throw a very great impediment in the way of preliminary education, and, in very many cases, to prevent it altogether.

To all those who are concerned in the business of professional instruction, be they special pleaders, conveyancers, hospital-physicians, hospital-surgeons, teachers of anatomy, or civil engineers, the difference in the power of acquiring knowledge between young men who have been previously well educated, and those who have not had the same advantage, is sufficiently apparent. The latter have yet to learn the way of learning, and the first year is often passed in doing little more than this. It may be further observed, with respect to those whose minds are of an inferior quality, that if they do not acquire the habit of fixing the attention at a very early period they never acquire it at all. We have ourselves had some experience in these matters, and we do not hesitate to say that medical students, who have received a good preliminary education, will, on an average, learn more in two years of attendance on the hospital and dissecting-room than others will learn in three or four. We give the Society of Apothecaries credit for being influenced by an honest desire to improve their part of the profession, and to elevate its social condition; but their legislation began at the wrong end, and the result is, that they have subjected the families of medical students to a greatly increased expenditure, without a corresponding advantage to the students themselves.

But it is not merely on these grounds that we deprecate the compulsory system of apprenticeships. A lad, even at the worst school, must be supposed to be under moral discipline to a greater or less extent; and every one knows how important the period from fourteen to seventeen or eighteen years of age is in this respect. Now it is true that the apprentice may be under the same discipline in his master's house, and we know that there are many  
masters

masters who most conscientiously attend to the moral habits of those who are placed under them; but we also know that there are others who never attend to them at all, and that many of those who have the best inclination have no leisure for the purpose; yet their apprentices, as well as the rest, are to finish their education by residing for three years in London, or some other large city, in lodgings by themselves, to take the chance of any society into which they may fall, surrounded by greater temptations than are to be found at Oxford or Cambridge, and with none of the restraints of the university.

We are not so unreasonable as to expect that all who enter a very numerous profession are to be superior Latin and Greek scholars, or profound mathematicians; but we object to a law which places a great impediment in the way of their getting any liberal education at all. Neither do we say that no good arises from the apprenticeship; on the contrary we are satisfied that a young man, residing in the house of a respectable practitioner, learns many things, especially in pharmacy and in the minor ministrations of the healing art, a knowledge of which he turns to good account afterwards, and which he cannot so conveniently learn elsewhere; but we hold that one-half or even one-third of the time required by the law will answer every purpose, and that the remainder would be passed at school to much greater advantage. In fact, the same rule cannot be applicable to all, and the safest course would be to leave the question as it was before the Apothecaries' Act was passed, that is, to be settled by the parties concerned, for themselves.

In repealing the Apothecaries' Act the Medical Bill makes this and other important changes. It does not, however, deprive the Apothecaries' Society of the whole of their privileges. They are, conjointly with physicians, to appoint a board for the medical examination of the general practitioners. What we have already stated will, we think, show the superior usefulness of such a board as this to the present one at Apothecaries' Hall. There is another reason for placing a certain number of well-informed physicians on it, for the understanding of which, however, a few preliminary observations are required.

In this country the medical profession has become divided into the three principal departments of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners (or surgeon-apothecaries). We have shown on a former occasion\* that this is no artificial arrangement, but one that has taken place spontaneously to meet the convenience both of the profession and of the public. The distinction is recog-

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\* *Quart. Review*, Dec. 1840, p. 39.



nized in Sir James Graham's bill, and those who enter the class of general practitioners (who are here called licentiates in medicine and surgery) are admitted into it at an earlier age, and therefore with a smaller amount of study, than is required of those who aspire to be physicians, or who wish to show their fitness to undertake the higher parts of surgery. But it would be unreasonable to expect that a young man, who enters one department of the profession, should therefore be settled in it for life. We have seen in the profession of the law a gentleman, who began his career as an attorney, raised by his talents to the highest station at the bar, and occupying one of the most important offices in the state: so there have been persons, especially in provincial districts, who, beginning with a very limited qualification in surgery, have added to their stores of knowledge, and become eminent as consulting-surgeons; and in like manner many who were originally apothecaries have risen to the highest rank of physicians. Such was the origin of the late Sir Walter Farquhar and Dr. Babington—one of whom was for many years the leading physician at the west, as the other was at the east, end of the metropolis. Now we can conceive nothing much more important, or more beneficial to a profession, than that those whose means of improvement are limited in the first instance should feel that, by the exercise of their talents and industry, they may fairly aspire to all the advantages possessed by others who were more fortunately situated in early life: and it is not less important that the latter should feel that they are in competition not only with each other, but with all the energy and activity of the more numerous class of the profession.

It seems to have been an especial object with Sir James Graham to facilitate this translation of men of talent and industry from one department of the profession to the other. Hitherto a general practitioner or apothecary who has thought himself entitled, or that it would be useful to him, to practise as a physician, has been able to attain his object only by a troublesome and circuitous process. He has left his occupations, often at a great pecuniary sacrifice, to pass two years in Glasgow, or three years in Edinburgh—going through all the forms of study, and of learning things which he knew very well before—and then taking his degree in the usual manner: or he has purchased a degree at Heidelberg, and practised as a physician with this, which is no legal qualification at all: or he has procured a degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the College of Physicians have passed an act admitting him to an examination out of the ordinary course of things. But under the Medical Bill the College of Physicians of London are empowered not only to admit him to examination,

examination, but to confer on him the title of Doctor of Medicine—the only qualification being that he should have been previously admitted as a licentiate in medicine and surgery, and that he should have been engaged in practice up to the age of forty years. Thus the examination for the degree of licentiate may be considered as the first examination for that of physician; the candidate having it in his power to proceed to the second examination some time afterwards, if he be pleased to do so; and, this being the case, there seems to be another sufficient reason why the examination of the licentiates should not be left wholly to the trading corporation of apothecaries.

Before we quit this part of our subject we may observe that the same principle is brought into operation under the new charter and bye-laws of the English and Irish Colleges of Surgeons. Thus in England those who present themselves for examination at twenty-five years of age, after a very complete course of study, are admitted at once to the fellowship, and thereby become electors of the council of the College, and eligible to it. Those who present themselves with a smaller amount of education at twenty-one years of age become members only; but the latter are entitled, after having been engaged for a few years in practice, to present themselves again to the College, and be examined for the fellowship. Practically, however, the change from being a member to being a fellow of the College of Surgeons is not the same with that which converts a general practitioner into a physician. Not only every one of the existing members of the College, but every one who is now engaged in surgical practice is legally as much a surgeon as any one of the fellows; and it is not to be supposed that the legislature will sanction any measure that would dispossess them of their privileges. Under the power granted to them by the charter the council have nominated between four hundred and five hundred fellows: but the real object of this nomination was to provide an immediate constituency for the election of their own body. The majority of the fellows are already hospital-surgeons, and the remainder are for the most part persons somewhat advanced in life, many of them being employed in the public service, some in one, and others in another part of the world. Not only would it be unjust, but it is actually impossible, for the governors of hospitals at the present time to limit themselves to the list of fellows in the appointment of surgeons to these institutions. If, as we anticipate, the period should arrive when all the best-informed surgeons are included in the fellowship, then, and not until then, they may venture to do so: but this is what concerns the next rather than the present generation.

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It has been our object to explain and illustrate the leading principles of the proposed measure of medical reform. To discuss it in all its details would be making a larger demand on the patience of our readers than the occasion justifies. Some clauses have, we conceive, been misapprehended, and may require therefore to be differently expressed, while there are others which may be altered with advantage. Assuredly, whatever can be said on the subject will be said before the next meeting of Parliament; and as the author of the bill can have no possible motive for showing favour to one class of persons at the expense of another, nor any other object than that of doing good, he will gladly avail himself of any suggestions that can be made for its improvement, from whatever source they come. In fact, it must have been with the view of thus collecting information and opinions that he introduced the bill at the end of one session and left it for discussion at the beginning of another. We trust that those whom the question most concerns, cherishing no unworthy suspicions, abandoning all petty jealousies, and disregarding all petty interests, will support the government in their honest endeavours to elevate the position and sustain the honour of the medical profession. Should it be otherwise, we foresee that the attempt to legislate on the subject will be given up in despair; that no future government will be bold enough to engage in so difficult an undertaking; and that the evils (whatever they may be), of which the profession generally so much complain at present, will be entailed upon them, without check or hinderance, for evermore.

Although, as we have just remarked, it is our wish to consider principles rather than details, there are a few of the latter, on which, as being of more importance than the rest, it may be worth while for us to offer some brief observations.

No provision is made in the Bill for an examination in midwifery. But this is an important part of medical practice, and care should be taken that the council of education have the power of instituting such an examination, to be conducted either by one of the other examining boards, or by some board especially appointed for the purpose.

The twenty-eighth clause is intended to save the rights of existing practitioners; but, standing by itself, it will not do all that is required.

We have already observed that all those who, at the present time, profess to practise surgery, are legally surgeons, whether they be or be not connected with one of the colleges; and so far there seems to be no difficulty as to the registration. Still it may be a question whether a practitioner who styles himself a surgeon, having received no surgical education whatever, ought  
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to be registered as such. We suspect that there are not a few in this predicament.

The case is different with respect to physicians. A large proportion of the provincial physicians in England have graduated in Scotland or elsewhere, and are not strictly legal practitioners, having neither an Oxford or Cambridge degree, nor a licence from the London College. To exclude these gentlemen from being registered would be not only a great injustice to themselves, but a serious injury to the public. Probably it is intended that a provision shall be made for them in the new charter of the London College of Physicians;—otherwise some alteration in the clause alluded to will be necessary.

A question may also arise as to the registration of apothecaries. We have stated that, under the Act of 1815, whoever professes to practise as an apothecary without a licence from the Apothecaries' Society is liable to a penalty. But it is notorious that the Society have very rarely ventured to enforce their privilege. In many instances they are deterred by the great expense of the prosecution, and in others, where the practitioner has gained the good opinion of the neighbourhood, they would not venture on a prosecution, even if it were to cost them nothing. We know that there are many well-educated persons practising in this manner, some of whom have probably been prevented from procuring a licence merely by the want of a five years' apprenticeship. That every unlicensed person who has taken on himself to practise as an apothecary should be registered, would be manifestly wrong; but that many of them should not, would be wrong also. Perhaps, when the subject has been duly considered, some distinct rule may be laid down on which the council may act: otherwise it will be necessary to give them a large discretionary power.

We conclude that every one who is now a surgeon will have a right to be registered as a surgeon: and that if he be a general practitioner, he may make his election between being registered as a surgeon, or as a licentiate in medicine and surgery. In the latter case, however, no objection should be made to his retaining the title of *Surgeon* by courtesy, as a *Bachelor* of medicine is called *Doctor* by courtesy. A person who is merely an apothecary of course must be registered as what he is, and nothing more.

There seems to be no good reason why the bill should determine the number of years of study required for the physician and surgeon more than for the licentiate in medicine and surgery; and there is as much reason for leaving the one as for leaving the other to the discretion of the council. It will be quite sufficient if the age of admission into the profession be determined by act  
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of Parliament. In the bill it is proposed that physicians should be admitted at twenty-six, surgeons at twenty-five, and licentiates at twenty-one years of age. We have on a former occasion observed that we think the last-mentioned too early a period for any one to undertake the very serious duties of a medical practitioner. We see no reason for altering our opinion, although we are opposed to the authority of the College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries. If the age of admission for the licentiates were raised to twenty-two years, and the five-years' apprenticeship were abolished, there would be no excuse for any one entering any part of the profession who has not had a liberal preliminary education; of which one among other good results must be a higher standard of professional qualifications, with a very trifling addition to the expense in the beginning.

If we look into the history of the medical profession, we shall find that it has seldom enjoyed that degree of tranquillity which might have been expected to be the result of the peculiar nature of its pursuits. In this country, more than two centuries ago, the disputes began between the physicians and the apothecaries, in which, as we have explained already, the latter were ultimately victorious. Then came the not less acrimonious differences between the fellows and licentiates of the London College of Physicians, which have only lately come to a conclusion. These, however, were but partial agitations of the medical community compared with those which have existed within the last twenty years. It is evident that the great mass of medical practitioners have become dissatisfied with their condition; and they have expressed their dissatisfaction in various ways—in medico-political meetings, in the formation of associations for the *protection of their rights*—in pamphlets, in letters, and in an almost universal demand for medical reform. But if we inquire what are to be regarded as the real objects of medical reform, we obtain so many answers to the question, that it would appear that no two persons are agreed on the subject. In fact, there is only one point on which anything like agreement can be traced—and that is the deliverance from quack competition. Of this it is truly observed in a daily journal, that 'it is with them the object of an ardent pursuit amounting to a passion, the essence of nine-tenths of their politico-medical agitations.'

It is, we suppose, natural (at least we know that so it almost always happens) for those who have, or suppose that they have, any cause of discontent, to throw the blame on somebody; and as those who are pinched by hunger in a year of scarcity vent their anger on the bakers, millers, and farmers, so a considerable proportion of the medical practitioners vent theirs on the corporations.

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Now to us it is plain that the principal cause of discontent is, that the medical profession is overstocked; that each beginner finds himself so cramped and interfered with by his neighbours that it is difficult for him to obtain a livelihood; that while all the principal prizes are carried off by the few who have more than the average quantity of talent and industry, combined with some good fortune, the majority can expect no more than a very moderate provision; and that a very numerous class, comprehending the idle and the presumptuous, those who have wasted the precious years that should have been devoted to their education, or who have been wanting in steady perseverance afterwards, are left in the lurch altogether.

We are inclined to think that many (perhaps the greater number) of the medical corporations have fallen into an error, which belongs to the times rather than to themselves—that of placing the standard of professional education too high; forgetting that their duty is not to bring every one up to the maximum, but to fix the minimum of knowledge with which an individual may be allowed to commence practice. The effect of this in the case of the Society of Apothecaries, as we have already observed, has been to multiply the candidates for employment among the rich, and to extinguish altogether that class of practitioners who, in former times, were the principal attendants of the poor. Still we do not believe that the overstocked state of the profession is to be solely attributed to this cause. As other professions are very much in the same condition, it is more reasonable to refer it to something in the state of society itself; and, at all events, the thing having been once done, we see that it will be neither easy nor desirable that any one of the corporations shall retrace its steps, and require a smaller amount of education than is required at present.

In defending the corporations from imputations which we believe to be absurd and unjust, we would be by no means understood as retracting a single word of what we have already said as to the manifold imperfections of the present system. When we consider the great number of institutions which give degrees or letters testimonial of some kind or another—acting independently of each other—prescribing different qualifications for those whose qualifications ought to be similar—and not unfrequently altering their regulations (as it seems) capriciously;—when we further take into the account that some of them have what would be great privileges and powers, if they dared to exercise them, and yet are responsible to no one for what they do;—and further, that it is in the natural course of events that each corporation should look to its own little interests rather than to those of the community, we  
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own that we can discover the elements of much that is wrong or absurd, and of comparatively little that is good. We refer of course to what concerns medical education and the character and qualifications of medical practitioners. That some of the corporations have been useful in other ways we do not deny. Even such an accidental bond of union as is afforded by the circuit dinner-table is useful to the profession of the bar, inasmuch as each individual belonging to it feels that the favourable opinion of every one besides is necessary to his happiness and comfort; and the London College of Physicians, such as it was formerly constituted, with all its imperfections, limited as it was in number, but consisting of well-educated men, who observed each other's character and conduct, must have been useful in the same manner to a greater or a less extent. The same observation will apply to some of the corresponding institutions in other places. A still greater end has been attained by the preservation and great extension of the Hunterian Museum by the English College of Surgeons. There is nothing approaching to it in the world besides; and placed as it is in connexion with a medical and scientific library of 25,000 volumes, and made accessible to every one, it has probably done more towards maintaining a spirit of scientific inquiry in the profession than all the schemes of education and examinations put together.\*

In addition to the direct changes which the Medical Bill would effect in the constitution of the medical profession, there are others which would flow from it indirectly which cannot be regarded as unimportant.

In getting rid of the tradesman-like name of apothecary, and in placing the examination of the licentiates in the hands of a superior board, it will tend to elevate the character of the great mass of practitioners, and it will do as much as can be done towards abolishing the absurd custom of remunerating them, not for their skill and advice, but for the medicines which they administer.

It is almost a matter of course that there will be a great diminution in the number of physicians, as many of those who would think themselves degraded by the name of apothecary will be very well contented to begin the world as licentiates, expecting to become physicians afterwards.

Notwithstanding the fears which we know that some of the Oxford and Cambridge authorities entertain on the subject, we are satisfied that no one who wishes well to the medical pro-

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\* The Colleges of Surgeons of Scotland and Ireland have also their respective museums, which are in like manner made accessible to the scientific students of the profession.

fession can be desirous of disconnecting it with these ancient institutions; and that neither the Secretary of State in the first instance, nor Parliament afterwards, will be disposed to overlook their interests. One obvious tendency of the Bill is to cause a larger proportion of medical practitioners to be educated at the English universities than is the case at present. Hitherto the great inducement to apply for the degree of M.D. elsewhere has been that it could be obtained at an earlier period of life: but as it is proposed that no one should hereafter be licensed as a physician under the age of twenty-six years, it is evident that this inducement will exist no longer. The fellows of the Colleges of Surgeons not being admitted before the age of twenty-five years will have time for an university education also: and we observe that, by the regulations of the English College, a candidate who has the degree of B.A. is admitted to examination with one year less of professional study than is required of others. We see no reason why some advantage of the same kind should not be given to licentiates, who have had an academical education: in like manner as in the case of solicitors an university degree is considered as equivalent to two years of clerkship.

To those among existing practitioners who entertain a vague notion that what is called medical reform is at once to confer on them some great and immediate benefit, the Medical Bill will necessarily be a thorough disappointment, for no legislative enactment can produce a result like this. Those who are advanced in their career have already, by their own character and conduct, made their place in society, which laws cannot alter. But the reorganization of the profession, which is now proposed, offers much to the aspirations of younger men. We do not refer to pecuniary emoluments, which must still be regulated by ordinary rules: by the proportion of the supply to the demand; by the skill, experience, and reputation of individuals; by the greater or less wealth of the district in which they reside. But, however necessary these may be, they are not the only objects of ambition to a well-regulated mind. We are greatly mistaken if the medical profession, in all its departments, will not gradually rise in public estimation, until it occupies that station to which, from its usefulness, from its close connection with many other scientific pursuits, and from its having generally had the opportunity of a liberal preliminary education, it will be justly entitled: so that to be a member of it will be a presumption in a man's favour. We foresee that not only the next, but all the younger part of the present generation will profit by these advantages. The public will profit also; for to them, as we have already observed, the respectability and independence of the medical profession is even of more importance than to the profession itself.

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ART. II.—*Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Consistory Court of London; containing the Judgments of the Right Honourable Sir William Scott.* By John Haggard, LL.D., Advocate. In 2 vols. London, 1822.

*The Law Magazine, or Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence.* No. 33. Article—Life of Lord Stowell.

THE remarkable success which has attended the publication of Mr. Twiss's *Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon*—of which we gave an account immediately on its appearance\*—is a striking proof of the deep and enduring interest which attaches to the character it develops. More than six years had then elapsed since Lord Eldon's death, and many more since he ceased to dignify the highest seat of British Justice—or to influence, except by the weight of reputation and age, the discussions and the conflicts of the busy world. The principal incidents of his life were too well known to leave room for the gratification of curiosity—the political scenes in which he moved had passed from the arena of living things without having reached an historical distance—and yet the sale of these three massive volumes has exceeded that of any similar work within our recollection. This success has not, we think, been heightened by the courtly revelations and piquant anecdotes with which the work is diversified—some of which, indeed, so far impair its effect as to suggest the wish we expressed for their excision—but has arisen purely from the interest excited by a vigorous, honest, and affectionate delineation of the character and the fortunes of a great Englishman of sturdy nature, by a hand peculiarly fitted for its office. This remarkable career, thus depicted and thus appreciated, vividly suggests the remembrance of a kindred instance of industry, worth, and success—less prominently placed before the world, because less intimately associated with its contests and its changes, but not less crowned with emolument and honour, and hardly less fertile of instruction—that of Lord Eldon's elder brother, Lord Stowell; and if each life is worthy of separate contemplation, both are attended with additional interest when considered as springing from one source, and fostered in the same nurture. That two sons of a reputable tradesman in a provincial town at the extremity of England, devoting their powers to different branches of the same profession, should attain the highest honours which could be achieved in the course which each had chosen—and that each, after attaining an age far beyond that usually allotted to man, should leave, with a magnificent fortune, a name indestructibly associated with the

\* Quart. Rev. No. 147, p. 71.

department in which his work was performed—is a moral phenomenon not worthy only of national pride, but of respectful scrutiny. This similarity in the results of the labours of these two brothers is rendered more remarkable by the points of strong difference between their intellectual qualities and tastes, as developed in their mature years: inviting us to inquire what faculties were inherent in their youth; how far they were affected by early education; and how far varied by the circumstances of their history.

The incidents of Lord Stowell's life, not supplying materials for voluminous biography, are laboriously collected and admirably detailed in the Essay in the '*Law Magazine*,' referred to at the head of this Article—apparently from the pen which, in a series of papers, seemed to have done enough for Lord Eldon's fame, until Mr. Twiss proved how much more might be achieved by happier opportunity and larger scope. Fortunately, however, the intellectual triumphs of the elder Scott were of a nature capable of preservation: as they will be found recorded entire in the Reports of his judicial decisions, of which Dr. Haggard's form the most interesting specimen, as they relate to a class of cases in which manners and affections are frequently involved, and were corrected by the Judge himself with sedulous nicety. It is a subject of deep regret that his Lectures on History, which he delivered at Oxford from the Chair of the Camden Professorship, have hitherto been withheld from the world. Of these lectures Dr. Parr writes:—'To these discourses, which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young and interested the old—which are argumentative without formality, and brilliant without gaudiness—and in which the happiest selection of topics was united with the most luminous arrangement of matter—it cannot be unsafe for me to pay the tribute of my praise, because every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witness.' The writer of the article in the '*Law Magazine*' confirms a rumour we have elsewhere heard, that 'a copy of those lectures, transcribed with all the care and accuracy which their noble author was accustomed to bestow on his labours, exists in manuscript;' and we cordially join in his hope 'that no false delicacy will prevent their publication,'—as we feel assured that they will gratify a similar curiosity to that which Gibbon expressed, and justify even Dr. Parr's architectural praise. It would be interesting, for a different reason, to recover the Essay by which the younger Scott, when scarcely twenty years of age, obtained the prize of English Composition at Oxford—'*On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel*,'—a subject far removed from his experience, alien from his studies, and which, therefore, would



seem to have owed its success either to the ingenuity of its suggestions, or the graces of its style. As, in afterlife, the Essayist was never distinguished for felicity of expression or fertility of illustration, and acquired a style not only destitute of ornament, but unwieldy and ponderous, this youthful success suggests the question—Whether, in devoting all his powers to the study of the law, he crushed the faculty of graceful composition with so violent an effort, that Nature, in revenge, made his ear dull to the music of language, and involved, though she did not darken, his wisest words?

The school-day annals of the brothers disclose no trace of difference between them: unless the statement of their various recollections of the Sunday sermon—William gives a lucid detail of its substance, and John an exact detail of portions—may be so regarded: which may scarcely be, when it is recollected that if they were required to perform the exercise at the same time, there was a difference in their ages of six years. That interval—long as a section of school-boy life—implies, however, no variety in the system of their education: for Mr. Moises, the master of the ancient grammar-school of their native town, one of the best ‘of the old leven,’ admitted no innovations: the stern requisition—the unsparred rod—the hearty commendation, which customary severities made more sweet—had the same influence at first as at last: no favour was shown to the youth of one generation more than to that of one degree over another; and the results seem to have been equally uniform—the ensurance of that ‘holy habit of obedience,’ which is not only the most wholesome, but the happiest state of boyhood; and of a life-long affection to the veteran distributor of justice and praise, which the modern instructor—who, instead of the master, governing by old rules, is the instrument of new theories—can never hope to enjoy. Each of these celebrated pupils of Mr. Moises delighted in the opportunity which after-life afforded him of acknowledging his obligations to this excellent person; and each testified his gratitude in a manner appropriate to his position, and perhaps characteristic of his nature: Lord Eldon, by the substantial promotion of their school-master, till the good old man declined all worldly favours, and then by transferring them to his son; and Lord Stowell, by contributing to his monument an inscription of graceful and just praise, expressed in Latin which Dr. Parr might envy.

Among the lawyers who have emerged from that rank which the honest coal-fitter of Newcastle adorned, few have enjoyed, like his sons, the blessings of an education completed at one of our old English Universities. Many youths of such parentage, by means equally honourable to their own ambition and industry, have worked



worked and cut their way through the impediments of fortune to forensic eminence—perhaps acquiring from the difficulties with which they have struggled, nerve and courage for the painful controversies in which they aspired to mingle—and deriving from the varieties of ‘many-coloured life’ with which they were personally conversant, ‘a learned spirit of human dealing,’ which they were able forcibly and happily to apply to the sudden exigencies of their professional career. But no such advantages can supply, however they may sometimes compensate for, the want of that protective influence, extended over opening manhood, which, superseding the restraints of school by a more generous and appropriate discipline, delays the fever and turmoil of life for a few of life’s happiest years—which presents to yet unworldly ambition the achievements of praise and fame, before it is compelled to seek the lower rewards of fortune—which, amidst the flutterings of expectation and beneath the uncertain gleams of fancy, lays the deep and sure foundation of principles to be cemented in the mind amidst pliant affections—and which blends the veneration for ancient things with the aspirations of hope and the quickenings of joy. The youth who, quitting school, has been initiated at once into the perplexities of the law as practised in the most respectable attorney’s office, or immersed amidst its more refined technicalities in the chambers of an eminent pleader, will acquire an earlier aptitude in some points of practical routine and *pigeon-hole* knowledge; but, unless gifted with some rare felicity of nature, will be less prepared for the systematic acquisition of legal learning, than he whose mind has been restrained and braced amidst academical studies. It is, indeed, of the greatest importance that he should look abroad upon humanity from a Seat of Learning, before he enters on a pursuit which will be to him either a science or a puzzle, as he is prepared to trace its details from its principles—or compelled to master them for immediate use, and to retain them by the painful and harassing process of unrefreshed and almost artificial memory.

Lord Eldon—who, although so much the younger of the brothers, was the first impelled to enter on the study of the law, by the pressure of need consequent on an early and happy marriage—had not forestailed, by any direct preparation, the weight of professional labour; but he was eminently fitted by the constitution of his moral nature, and by the discipline with which it had been trained, for the arduous path he selected. It is delightful to contemplate him, in the pages of Mr. Twiss, as first settled in his dark and obscure abode in London, engaged in gigantic labours—excited only by the prospect of far-distant success, seen through a long avenue of toil, and cheered only by the unwearied affection

of *her* for whose sake he had relinquished learned ease, and who watched through the hours of midnight study by his side. As he had been fortunate above most youths of his rank in life in the achievement of University associations, so he was favoured in the constancy, or perhaps in the inaptitude, which withheld him from seeking those aids to his scanty resources which many honourable aspirants to professional honours have sought and found in literary exertions. Without meaning disparagement to those who have availed themselves of such assistance, and, unseduced by the premature gratifications of authorship, have won the rewards of graver toil, we may regard it as a happiness to an incipient lawyer to be able and willing to hold his course without them. It too often happens that the immediate gifts of early praise fascinate and dazzle the mind so as to indispose it for patient labour; that the pleasure of embodying the cherished thoughts of boyhood, and recognizing the sympathy of many with them, prompts to their imperfect development; and that the feelings which should spread freshly through the whole course of life become outworn and faded in the process of rendering them intelligible to the world, and confused to the writer himself by their pale reflection in the quivering mirror of the public mind. No such mental dissipation weakened the intellectual frame of either of the brothers. Even Lord Stowell, whose occupations and tastes, pursued and enjoyed and cherished at Oxford, presented the temptation to seek literary fame, which the success of his lectures heightened—even he thought it better to ‘bide his time;’ resisted all importunities to seek reputation beyond the University he adorned and charmed; and preserved undeveloped his variety of knowledge and exquisite felicity of expression, until they were felt exalting and refining the happiest efforts of his advocacy, and shedding new lustre on judicial wisdom.

Lord Eldon, and his great opponent in the State Trials of 1794, Lord Erskine, entered on the profession which, with far differing powers and in various courses, each exalted, under personal circumstances strikingly similar—each having the favourite qualifications of Lord Thurlow—a wife, and no hope of fortune but in his own exertions and success. To them that profession presented aspects as dissimilar as their capacities and their dispositions,—on each of which we will glance for a moment, before accompanying Lord Eldon to his choice, his career, and his reward.

There is no section of this world's hopes and struggles which is replete with so much animation of contest and such frequent recurrence of triumphant result, as the practice of the Common Law Bar before juries, as it was exulted in by Erskine—graced by Scarlett—variegated by Brougham—and elucidated by Lyndhurst.

The



The grotesque and passionate forms of many-coloured life with which the advocate becomes familiar; the truths stranger than fiction, of which he is the depositary, and which, implicitly believing, he sometimes thinks too improbable to offer to the belief of others; the multitude of human affections and fortunes of which he becomes, in turn, not only the representative, but the sharer, passioned for the hour, even as those who have the deepest stake in the issue;—render his professional life almost like a dazzling chimera, a waking dream. For let it not be supposed that because he is compelled, by the laws of retainer, to adopt any cause which may be offered to him in the regular course of his practice—with some extreme exceptions—that, therefore, he is often the conscious advocate of wrong. To him are presented those aspects of the case which it wears to the party who seeks his aid, and who, therefore, scarcely appears to him as stripped of claim to an honest sympathy. Is the rule of law too probably against him:—there are reasons, which cannot be exhibited to the Court, but which are the counsel's 'in private,' why, in this instance, to relax or evade it will be to attain substantial justice. Does the client, on the other hand, require of his advocate that he should insist on the 'rigour of the game,'—he only desires to succeed by a course apparently so odious, because technicality will, for once, repair some secret injury, and make even the odds of fortune. Is he guilty of some high crime,—he has his own palliations—his prosecutor seeks his conviction by means which it is virtue to repel,—or some great principle will be asserted by his acquittal. In all cases of directly opposing testimony, the counsel is necessarily predisposed to believe the statements which have first occupied his mind, and to listen to those which would displace his impression with incredulity, if not with anger. And how many cases arise in which there is no absolute right or wrong, truth or falsehood—cases dependent on *user*; on consent; on *waiver*; on mental competency,—and in which the ultimate question arises less from disputed facts, than from the arguments to be deduced from them;—and all these perplexed, distorted, or irradiated by the lights cast on them from the passions and the hopes of the client, to be refracted through the mind and coloured by the fancy of the counsel! In the majority of his causes he becomes, therefore, always a zealous, often a passionate partisan; lives in the life of every cause (often the most momentous part of his client's life)—'burns with one love, with one resentment glows,'—and never ceases to hope, to struggle, or to complain,—till the next cause is called on, and he is involved in a new world of circumstances, passions, and affections. Sometimes



times it will be his province to track the subtle windings of fraud, pursuing its dark unwearied course beneath the trappings of busy life; to develop, in lucid array, a little history or cluster of histories, tending to one great disclosure; to combine fragments of scattered truths into a vivid picture; or to cast the light from numerous facts on secret guilt, and render it almost as palpable to belief as if disclosed to vision. At another time, the honour or the life of man may tremble in his hands;—he may be the last prop of sinking hope to the guilty or the sole refuge clasped by the innocent; or, called on to defend the subject against the power of State prosecution, may give to the very forms and quibbles with which ancient liberty was fenced, a dignity, and breathe over them a magic power. Sometimes it will be his privilege to pierce the darkness of time, guided by mouldering charters and heroic names; or, tracing out the fibres of old relationships, to explore dim monuments and forgotten tombs, retracing with anxious gaze those paths of common life which have been so lightly trodden as to retain faint impress of the passenger. One day he may touch the heart with sympathy for ‘the pangs of despised love,’ or glow indignantly at the violation of friendship, and ask, for wrongs beyond all appreciation, as much money as the pleader’s imagination has dared to claim as damages; the next he may implore commiseration for human frailty, and preach nothing but charity and forgiveness. The sentiment of antiquity—the dawns of hope—the sanctity of the human heart in its strength and its weaknesses, are among the subjects presented in rapid succession to his grasp;—with the opportunity sometimes, in moments of excitement, when his audience are raised by the solemnity of the occasion above the level of their daily thoughts, to give hints of beauty and grace which may gleam for a moment only, but will never be forgotten by his delighted hearers. In this sphere, Erskine moved triumphant;—lending his pliant sensibility to every modification of human feeling he touched on—gay, grave, pitying, humorous, pathetic, by turns—casting all himself into every subject, and forgetting himself within it, and shedding on the world of *Nisi Prius* hues of living beauty, which seemed to glance and tremble over it. Mr. Scott touched on the verge of this sphere in his circuits; but though an earnestness which all clients admire, a humour not too refined for the most vulgar apprehension, and a temper always under control, procured for him some business at the Assizes in days when competitors were few, he soon found that this was not the scene on which he could fulfil the prophecies which great judges had pronounced on the outset of his career.

But there is another branch, or rather associated branches, of this great profession, requiring powers and habits of thought and  
feeling

feeling different, perhaps opposite, to those which should endow the advocate who would be the charmer of the hearts of juries. To study the law as a science; to trace its principles upwards to their source in the early yet ripe wisdom of our English annals, and thence to follow it through the thousand ramifications which extending wealth and population have rendered needful; and thus to acquire that knowledge which may enable its possessor to solve with confidence the most intricate questions, and to present the aspect of each which he is retained to sustain, encrusted with learning, but lucid in outline and clear in result,—is an employment laborious and silent indeed, but not unhappy in its progress nor doubtful in its reward. To succeed in this course, a clear and sound understanding, a retentive and not fastidious memory, an untiring industry, either finding or creating a love of its work, are all that is required; but how rare are these qualities, compared to the lower degrees of those which are deemed loftier—or how rarely do they withstand the temptations of pleasure or the more dangerous seductions of the listlessness and dreamy inaction which are the besetting sins of studious life! The student who is brave enough to embrace such a course with heroic devotion, has objects strongly defined before him in the horizon of his mind; for him hour is linked to hour, and day to day, by the continuous effort to approach them; and his life, instead of being dissipated among various pursuits, and fretted by doubts and vanities, is massed by the coherence of its habits into one consistent whole, and acquires a dignified harmony. By toiling thus in an artificial world, the great lawyer not rarely preserves to old age the simplicity and the freshness of childhood,—moving about as unconscious of the fever of life as a shepherd whose experience is bounded by his native mountains.

When Lord Eldon entered on his studies, the English law formed a body of old principles and modern instances, far better adapted to animate and reward such a career than its present condition. Although even then greatly increased in bulk since the palmy days of its first expositors, it was not, as now, perplexed by multitudes of statutes, expressed in the barbarous jargon peculiar to modern legislation, oppressing the understanding and ‘darkening counsel with words without knowledge;’ nor bound up or frittered away by new rules, fashioned more on imagined expediency than on principle, and presenting an array of voluminous discords which may well strike a student with dismay, and induce him, in despair of acquiring a mastery over the whole, to rest contented with such knowledge of indexes, ‘small pricks to their subsequent volumes,’ as may enable him to find some authority to quote, or some expedient to grasp, on the exigency of each occasion.



sion. The system of law, however applicable to the enjoyment, the descent, and the transfer of real property, though despoiled of some of its forms of ancient dignity, and debased by limitations of time, which, however generally convenient, sometimes protect the grossest injustice—making kindness work a sort of disseisin, and arming ingratitude with power—is even still an extraordinary scheme of ingenious architecture, reducing the vestiges of feudal barbarism to consistent form, and extracting from the usages of violence and tyranny the securities of social rights. The system of equity too, not a capricious relaxation of the strict rules of law, but having a sisterly entireness of its own, little disturbed as yet by the busy hand of tumultuous legislation, retains a kindred if not an equal claim for a mind braced for laborious study. To the perfect mastery of these systems, with the more miscellaneous complexities of commercial law, Lord Eldon on quitting Oxford devoted his powers, admirably fitted for the work by all they included, and scarcely less by all they wanted; and the consequence was slow, gradual, and complete success in his profession—secured before he added to his toils the anxieties of political life—and calmly and steadily grasped as his first object amidst them.

The great element of Lord Eldon's success, both in legal and political life, was the remarkable simplicity which characterised his moral nature, his intellect, his opinions, and his purposes. Even his prodigious industry, which seemed to rejoice in the accumulation of toils on those which would stupify men who are accounted laborious, was a subordinate power to this singleness of being and aim. If he ever cherished tastes which might dazzle or distract him in his stubborn career, he soon crushed them beneath the weight of his studies. Once, indeed, when a young member of the House of Commons, he attempted an elaborate speech on the third reading of the India Bill, garnished with Shakespearian quotations violently applied, and scraps of Latin and texts of Scripture let into the mosaic-work of his composition with strange contrast of colour—having resolved, with characteristic boldness, to rival Sheridan; but the House listened with astonishment to the wilful extravagance of the hard-headed lawyer; and he never repeated the error. Encouraged by the intellectual successes which his industry won in more congenial studies, he thought perhaps that he had only to apply the same labour to the department of wit and eloquence, in order to obtain a similar victory—as an eminent special pleader whom we had the happiness to know, rejoicing in the ease with which he produced works of extraordinary practical merit by distributing the labour of filling up his own masterly outlines among his pupils, once gravely  
proposed



proposed to manufacture novels and plays by a similar process. After this failure—which does not seem to have impaired his character with the House for sterling sense and comprehensive legal knowledge—he resolutely abstained from all attempts to adorn his natural plainness of speaking, or to relieve his toil by a single distracting pleasure. Mr. Twiss's just remark—

‘that in the station he was eventually called to fill, his want of imagination was one of his advantages; for the judgment, the highest of the intellectual powers, and in public affairs worth all the rest, was thus left to exercise undivided and undisturbed its empire in his mind and its influence in the councils of his sovereign,’

is equally applicable to the early triumphs of his professional career. His powers were all massed together, and moved by a single impulse, and did not jostle or interfere with each other's influence. In every suit in which he was counsel at the bar, in every struggle of political controversy, or in the tenor of his private life, he saw his object clearly before him; and toiled upward to realize it with undivided strength by the straightest, though often the most arduous paths—some joke, innocent of wit or fancy, alone relieving its patient sternness.

Thus constituted by nature of masculine understanding—beyond the common order rather in its grasp than in its essence—destined ‘to move altogether when it moved at all,’ Lord Eldon was fortunate in a kindred simplicity of religious and political creed. The effect of his early lessons in the old-fashioned school at Newcastle was to implant in a strong and simple mind a sense of the reality of religious truths, as embodied in the formularies of the Church of England, which admitted of no more question than if it was the object of corporal vision. In his defence, therefore, of that which was part of his own being, he felt no scruple; no airy speculations disturbed the repose of his settled thought; to protect the Church against Romanism on the one side, and Dissent on the other—regardless of the expedencies of the times, or deriving new strength of opposition from them—became to him through life a natural if not an easy office. He at least ‘knew his course.’ In like manner, his attachment to the order of things in the State as he found it was scarcely less hearted—with him it was not a matter of reasoning, but of fact, so distinctly perceived, that he regarded the brilliant defence of the institutions he loved by the eloquence and wit of Canning with uneasiness, as if unquestionable truths were lowered in dignity by being protected by the dazzling fence of genius. When, therefore, his tendency to doubt and hesitate in the decision of those complicated questions of fact and equity which depended for adjudication on his individual view of their bearings, is invidiously contrasted with his prompt  
resistance

resistance to all extensive innovations, it should be recollected that his attachment to the institutions of England, as he first knew them, was one of the laws of his moral and intellectual nature;—it might be narrow, bigoted, inconvenient; incapable of gracefully bending to the necessities of the times; but still it was part of his true self: an attack on Church and State was to him the same thing as a violation of his paternal roof or an insult to a domestic affection. The same simplicity of nature, wiser than the most cunning policy, rendered him a greater, or rather a dearer favourite in the closet of the Sovereign than many who have striven to maintain an ascendancy by the appliances of servility or the arts of flattery. In George III. he found a master with a nature congenial to his own; and devoted himself with his whole heart to him, in the true spirit of Shakespeare's servant 'of the antique world.' The qualities in his Royal Master which, beyond his station, attracted and justified this strong attachment, have never been so fairly developed as in the disclosures made and verified by Mr. Twiss, who shows the King as sustained in maintaining his resistance to revolutionary associations and movements, not merely by a regal obstinacy and undaunted courage, but by a depth of sentiment and earnest belief in principles, to which even those who have been most disposed to admire the resolution and to bless the issue have not always done justice. His Chancellor's conduct towards him, amidst those oscillations of reason which made him feel the need of a true friend, well requited his affection. Lord Eldon, by personal interviews with the King, became convinced that he was competent to discharge the functions of royalty; and, therefore, instead of encouraging measures which might induce the malady they assumed, he took on himself the responsibility of treating him as competent, when his own wavering might have been destructive. Surely there is no inconsistency between a sudden decision in such a case of feeling and conduct, and long hesitation on the result of a mass of facts, or of nice legal analogies, determining the earthly fate of a family, and affording a precedent for the administration of justice in similar cases for future times!

Although Lord Eldon strenuously resisted all important changes in the law, he was earnestly devoted to its liberal administration, without regard to persons or consequences. 'The quality' of justice was with him as little 'strained' as that of mercy. In deciding on the charges to be preferred against the parties accused of treason for their share in the English combination of 1794, he manifested a nobleness of determination, beyond the suggestions of expediency, as, in the conduct of the prosecutions, he maintained a courtesy of demeanour which won the respect of his most ardent

ardent opponents. He believed the offence to be treason; and although a conviction for that crime was more than doubtful, while a conviction for seditious conspiracy might have been regarded as almost certain, he rejected the safer and the baser course, and acted on the severe judgment of his reason. The analysis of these trials by Mr. Twiss—one of the most masterly and striking passages of his work—while it may leave the prudence of the Attorney-General open to question, must satisfy every impartial mind of the elevation of the motive by which he was impelled. While he dreaded any relaxation of the criminal law—as if all its old ‘terrors to evil-doers’ would vanish in air if its most awful penalty were removed from crimes against which it had long been threatened—he endured the most anxious labour to prevent its falling on an innocent sufferer, or one who, however guilty, was not subjected to its infliction by the plainest construction of law. Mr. Peel, when Secretary for the Home Department, in one of the debates on the imputed delays of the Lord Chancellor’s Court, thus bore testimony to this exemplary caution in sanctioning the infliction of capital punishment:—

‘It had fallen,’ he said, ‘to his lot to send to the Lord Chancellor at the rising of his Court, to inform him that on the ensuing morning his Majesty would receive the Recorder’s report, containing probably forty or fifty cases. On proceeding from his Court of Chancery, the noble and learned Lord would, as was his uniform practice on such occasions, apply himself to the reading of every individual case, and abstract notes from all of them; and he had known more than one instance in which he had commenced this labour in the evening, and had been found pursuing it at the rising of the next sun. Thus, after having spent several hours in the Court of Chancery, he often employed twelve or fourteen more in the consideration of cases which involved the life or death of unhappy culprits.’

One remarkable instance, in which his doubts—more valuable often than the certainties of ordinary minds—stood between a convict and death, notwithstanding the unfavourable opinion of a majority of the Judges, may here be selected from a long catalogue. Mr. Aslett, after many years’ service as second cashier of the Bank of England under Mr. Abraham Newland, was tempted to supply the deficiency of large speculations in stock by misappropriating an immense amount of the Exchequer bills which the Bank held, and which were committed to his care. On detection, he was indicted for the capital felony of embezzling Exchequer bills, the property of the Bank of England; but when his fate seemed sealed beyond the reach of hope, it was discovered that the auditor, whose signature was necessary, by statute, to authenticate Exchequer bills, had not been regularly



larly appointed to his office; and though an Act of Parliament was passed to render the documents he had signed valid as between the Government and the holders, that retrospective authentication did not justify the description of the embezzled papers in the proceedings against the prisoner as *Exchequer bills*. On this objection, Mr. Aslett was acquitted, but was detained to meet the charge in another form—that of misapplying ‘effects and securities’ of the Bank—on which he was convicted, and upon which a majority of the twelve judges held him amenable to the extreme sentence of the law. The Lord Chancellor’s mind, however, was not satisfied that these irregular documents could, in a case of life, be strictly holden even to justify this more general description: Mr. Aslett therefore escaped death; and after suffering many years’ imprisonment in the State apartments of Newgate, with this sentence hanging over him, but not unsolaced by social and even festive reliefs, was pardoned on condition of quitting his country for ever.

In the comprehensiveness and accuracy of his legal knowledge, Lord Eldon was perhaps the greatest of all English lawyers—certainly exceeded by no one of any age. If it is remembered how greatly, even in his time, the mass of statutes and decisions had expanded from the days of Lord Coke—how the provinces of common law and equity had assumed a systematic distinctness—and how easy of application his knowledge was to each of them in turn, and also to every branch of Scottish law which arose before him on appeal—it will be scarcely possible adequately to conceive the aptitude for study and the power of continuous labour which he must have exercised in the few years which elapsed before his time was engrossed by an enormous practice, which must have rendered systematic study impossible. After years spent in the Court of Chancery—exclusively engaged in equity, with the exception of the superficial varieties of his circuits, and the arduous duties of his great offices in State prosecutions—he assumed the functions of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas with as much ease, and performed them with as perfect a mastery over all subjects, as though his life had been spent in the practice of the common law; and indeed manifested a promptitude and vigour, which he was so often accused of wanting when called upon solely and almost finally to decide on the fortunes of suitors in the Court of Chancery. One passing allusion to his having just come from a court of equity, by way of apology for quoting a decision in that court, is the only circumstance throughout his judgments, reported by Bosanquet and Buller in the second volume of their Reports, which could lead to the suspicion that he had ever practised on the other side of Westminster Hall. In subtlety of apprehension,

apprehension, indeed, he is exceeded by Littledale; in ingenious application of legal analogies, by Holroyd; in lucid purity of expression, by Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Lord Lyndhurst; but in extent of knowledge and the facility of its application, he is exceeded by no Judge of whom we have either experience or memorial. It is true that his style is heavy and involved—that the principles of law and the circumstances of fact are sometimes blended in his judgments so as to appear confused—but the matter is always there which not only justifies the particular decision, but supplies the rule for time to come. So far was he from shrinking from the development of principle, that in the only case which, while he was Chief Justice, was sent from the Court of Chancery for the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas,\* he deviated from the usual practice of merely certifying the opinion of the Court to the Chancellor, and delivered a long exposition of the principles involved in the question—what words in a devise will pass leaseholds—discussing all the numerous authorities, and reconciling them to each other and to an intelligible rule. In this case, with a noble zeal for the fame of a deceased lawyer, he manifests that vigour of mind which was never perplexed except by the fear of doing injustice. Referring to some reported expressions of Lord Northington, impeaching without over-ruling the old case of ‘*Rose v. Bartlett*,’ he refused to believe that they had been used.

‘We all know,’ said he, ‘that Lord Northington was possessed of great law-learning and a very manly mind; and I cannot but think that he would rather have denied the rule altogether than have set it afloat by treating it with a degree of scorn, and by introducing distinctions calculated to disturb the judgments of his predecessors and remove the landmarks of the law.’

As Lord Eldon spoke of Lord Northington, so would he be spoken of himself. He too had ‘a manly mind’—firm in principle, apprehensive and slow in its application—deliberating sometimes to the injury of individuals, but maintaining the majesty of justice by the fear of precipitate decision—and (notwithstanding the complaints annually made of him in the House of Commons because he pondered long before he pronounced judgments which would decide the destiny of a suitor, and did not achieve impossibilities) over-mastering a world of labour which almost makes the mind dizzy in its contemplation. Nothing, indeed, could have enabled him to endure such labour but his undoubting faith in the great principles of his life—that kindness of nature which charms away animosities by its unaffected courtesy—and which,

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\* *Thompson v. Lady Lawley*, 2 Bos. and Bul. 303.



amidst the distractions of party, and the 'fears of change perplexing nations,' enabled him to preserve an exalted position in the minds of friends and opponents—

'An ever-fixed mark,  
Which look'd on tempests and was never shaken.'

With a gentler devotion to legal studies, but with accomplishments felicitously harmonizing with them, Lord Stowell nearly kept pace, step by step, with the promotion of his younger brother. His residence at Oxford for eighteen years—a period of collegiate seclusion unexampled in the life of a successful lawyer—prepared him to look on the varieties of human life and character which passed before him during the ensuing half century of professional labour, through a softening medium. Selecting for the scene of his practice the cloistered courts in Doctors' Commons, he avoided both the dazzling hurry of *Nisi Prius* advocacy, and those tremendous labours of the equity student which are scarcely enlivened by the arguments of the open Court of Chancery. But although the scene of his exertions was quiet and sequestered, his competitors few, and the discussions conducted with a sort of academical amenity, the subjects which, as advocate and as judge, he examined and adorned, spread widely throughout society: on the one hand, extending through the gravest considerations of international law to the horizon of the civilized world; and on the other, affecting those domestic relations in which delicate subtleties of passion and temper influence the most important of human rights and duties, and, above all the changes of fortune, tend to make life wretched or happy. In the dingy recesses of Doctors' Commons the hopes and fears, the frailties, the passions, the loves, the charities of many lives were discerned in ever-shifting variety—as in a *camera obscura*,—and never were they refined by such elegance as when touched by Lord Stowell. Of his efforts during his period of advocacy, when his evenings were enjoyed in the brilliant society of which Dr. Johnson was the centre, the world knows little; but his judgments during the years when he presided over the High Court of Admiralty and the Consistory Court, exhibiting all the aspects of each case, enable us to guess at the dexterity with which he presented the favourable views of the causes committed to his charge, and the beauty with which he graced them.

Of Lord Stowell's decisions the following character is given by Mr. Twiss in language worthy of the subject:—

'Lord Stowell had the good fortune to live in an age of which the events and circumstances were peculiarly qualified to exercise and exhibit

hibit the high faculties of his mind. The greatest maritime questions which had ever presented themselves for adjudication—questions involving all the most important points both in the rights of belligerents and in those of neutrals—arose in his time out of that great war in which England became the sole occupant of the sea, and held at her girdle the keys of all the harbours upon the globe. Of these questions, most of them of first impression, a large portion could be determined only by a long and cautious process of reference to principle and induction from analogy. The genius of Lord Stowell, at once profound and expansive, vigorous and acute, impartial and decisive, penetrated, marshalled, and mastered all the difficulties of these complex inquiries; till, having “sounded all their depths and shoals,” he framed and laid down that great comprehensive chart of maritime law which has become the rule of his successors and the admiration of the world. What he thus achieved in the wide field of international jurisprudence, he accomplished also with equal success in the narrower spheres of ecclesiastical, matrimonial, and testamentary law. And though, where so many higher excellencies stand forth, that of style may seem comparatively immaterial, it is impossible not to notice that scholarlike finish of his judicial compositions, by which they delight the taste of the critic, as by their learning and their logic they satisfy the understanding of the lawyer.”—*Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. iii. pp. 255–6.

The perspicuity of Lord Stowell’s judgments in the Admiralty Court obtained for them not only the respect, but the reluctant accordance of the foreign powers who were most interested in impugning them. Having sent a copy of some of them, privately printed, to the Admiralty Judge of the United States, he received the following remarkable answer:—

‘In the excitement caused by the hostilities raging between our countries I frequently impugned your judgments, and considered them as severe and partial; but on a calm review of your decisions, after a lapse of years, I am bound to confess my entire conviction both of their accuracy and equity. I have taken care that they shall form the basis of the maritime law of the United States, and I have no hesitation in saying that they ought to do so in every country of the civilized world.’

But the more popular judicial essays of Lord Stowell—for so his judgments may be not improperly regarded—are those pronounced in the Consistory Court in questions of divorce, restitution of conjugal rights, and nullity of marriage. Partaking more of the tone of a mediator than a censor, they are models of practical wisdom for domestic use. The judgment in the case of *Evans v. Evans*—a suit by a lady for divorce by reason of cruelty—presents a beautiful example of his enunciation of wise and just principles, of his skill in extracting from the exaggerations of passion and interest the essential truth, and of the amenity and grace with which he could soften his refusal to comply with  
a lady’s



a lady's prayer.\* Thus he lays down the rule which should govern such unfortunate appeals:—

‘The humanity of the Court has been loudly and repeatedly invoked. Humanity is the second virtue of Courts, but undoubtedly the first is justice. If it were a question of humanity simply, and of humanity which confined its views merely to the happiness of the present parties, it would be a question easily decided upon first impressions. Everybody must feel a wish to sever those who wish to live separate from each other, who cannot live together with any degree of harmony, and consequently with any degree of happiness; but my situation does not allow me to indulge the feelings, much less the *first* feelings of an individual. The law has said that married persons shall not be *legally* separated upon the mere disinclination of one or both to cohabit together. The disinclination must be founded upon reasons which the law approves, and it is my duty to see whether these reasons exist in the present case.

‘To vindicate the policy of the law is no necessary part of the office of a judge; but, if it were, it would not be difficult to show that the law, in this respect, has acted with its usual wisdom and humanity—with that true wisdom and that real humanity that regards the general interests of mankind. For though, in particular cases, the repugnance of the law to dissolve the obligations of matrimonial cohabitation may operate with great severity upon individuals, yet it must be carefully remembered that the general happiness of the married life is secured by its indissolubility. When people understand that they *must* live together, except for a very few reasons known to the law, they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know they cannot shake off: they become good husbands and good wives from the necessity of remaining husbands and wives—for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties which it imposes. If it were once understood that, upon mutual disgust, married persons might be legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their common offspring, and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness—in a state of estrangement from their common offspring—and in a state of the most licentious and unreserved immorality. In this case, as in many others, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good.’

We wish we could follow the famous civilian through all the delicate windings of this ‘pretty quarrel’ between Mr. and Mrs. Evans; the masterly analysis of the waiting-woman’s motives; the elegant etiquette of the lying-in chamber; the prerogatives of the nurse, and fantastical distresses of the mistress—and give some specimens of Sir William Scott’s gayer style. But the embroidery of each case is so equally woven, the effect so much

\* 1 Haggard, 35.

depends upon harmony of colour and exact proportion; the sly humour is so nicely, and almost imperceptibly, mingled with the worldly wisdom, that it would be unjust to tear away fragments and exhibit them as specimens. If there is a fault, it lies in a tendency to attenuation of the matter in sentences

‘With linked sweetness long drawn out;’

and yet it would be difficult to find a word we would change or a sentence we would spare. Although the refinement of expression is almost undisturbed, the sense is always manly—nothing affected, sickly, or sentimental—but common sense arrayed in the garb of fancy. The vivid exhibition of scenes in domestic life; the opposition of motives and passions; all invested with a certain air from the rank in society of the suitors (for the poor rarely indulge in the luxuries of the Consistory Court), reminds us more of the style of comedy which was fading from the stage before Sir William Scott retired from the bench, and which his dramatic tastes particularly fitted him to appreciate. He must have been indignant, even when Garrick performed *Archer*, at the impudent usurpation by the hero of the *Beau’s Stratagem* of the civilian’s office, when he sets up a rival court of his own for the dissolution of unhappy partnerships for life—audaciously declares

‘Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer’s fee;’

and consequently destroys the Judge’s function. In each of his best civic developments, the curtain seems lifted on an elegant drama of manners: husbands and wives quarrel and recriminate in dialogue almost as graceful as Sheridan’s; youths of fortune become the appropriate prey of rustic lasses, in spite of obdurate fathers; and a good moral, better enforced than most stage conclusions, dismisses the parties and charms the audience. He once said he could furnish a series of stories from the annals of Doctors’ Commons which should rival the *Waverley Novels* in interest; and we wish he had tried it!

In Lord Stowell’s latter days a cause came before him which afforded a strong contrast to the vivacity of those nuptial and connubial contests which had glowed and sparkled and loured so often before him; and if dull in the progress, grew beautiful in the judgment. It involved a question between the churchwardens of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, and the patentee of iron coffins, on the right of a parishioner to burial in the crowded churchyard at the usual fees, when his last earthly mansion was composed of materials so durable as to resist for an unusual number of years that decomposition which might enable the narrow space to receive a due succession of occupiers. This subject, so shocking in some of its attendant details, so mortifying to



human pride in some of its aspects, becomes in his hands suggestive of solemn but gentle disquisition on the essence of the sentiment which requires the reverent disposal of the dead, and on the forms through which, in various nations and times, it has been breathed. From the simplicity of patriarchal days, through the splendid varieties of that affected duration at which the Egyptian monarchs aimed, down to the humble necessities of a pauper funeral and brief sojourn of the untitled dead in a domicile of their own, before being associated directly with dust, he discourses—"turning all to favour," if not to 'prettiness,' and giving a vital interest to ashes and the urn. In his researches he delights to measure stately wit with that prodigious master in the empire of the grave, Sir Thomas Browne; and though he falls far short of the embossed grandeur of the sepulchral essay on 'Urn-Burial,' which stands alone for fantastic solemnity in English prose, he diffuses a gentle atmosphere over the poor-crowded cemetery, and regulates the ceremonies and gradations in the world of death with the same Grandisonian air with which he had adjusted the contests of the fair and innocent and frail among the living. After discussing the modes of sepulture, and vindicating the authority of his Court to arrange the differences, he thus sums up the matter in immediate dispute:—

'It being assumed that the Court is justified in holding this opinion upon the fact of a comparative duration; the pretensions of these coffins to an admission upon the same pecuniary terms as those of wood, must resort to the other proposition, which declares that the difference of duration ought to produce no difference in those terms. Accordingly, it has been argued that the ground once given to the body is appropriated to it for ever—it is *literally in mortmain unalienably*—it is not only the *domus ultima*, but the *domus æterna* of that tenant, who is never to be disturbed, be his condition what it may—the introduction of another body into that lodgment at any time, however distant, is an unwarrantable intrusion. If these positions be true, it certainly follows that the question of comparative duration sinks into utter insignificance.

'In support of them, it seems to be assumed that the tenant himself is imperishable; for surely there can be no inextinguishable title, no perpetuity of possession, belonging to a subject which itself is perishable—but the fact is, that "man," and "for ever," are terms quite incompatible in any state of his existence, dead or living, in this world. The time must come when "*ipsæ periere ruinae*," when the posthumous remains must mingle with and compose a part of that soil in which they have been deposited. Precious embalmments and costly monuments may preserve for a long time the remains of those who have filled the more commanding stations of human life—but the common lot of mankind furnishes no such means of conservation. With reference to them, the *domus æterna* is a mere flourish of rhetoric; the process of nature will speedily resolve them into an intimate mixture with their kindred dust;

dust; and their dust will help to furnish a place of repose for other occupants in succession.'

These seem serious matters of disquisition for advanced age; but Lord Stowell, like his brother, was too vividly assured of the life beyond the grave, to contemplate the close of this life and the subsequent decay of his mortal frame with anxiety; and though his faculties almost faded before he sunk into the tomb—gently as he had lived, and talked, and judged—his serenity of mind was undisturbed, and his grace of manner even to the last lingered about him.

In finally contemplating the history of these two brothers, we are struck with the harmonious interest which the picture derives from their unenvying, unbroken affection, which must have doubled to each the pride and success of his own life in that of the other. To William, John Scott, Lord Eldon, owed that he was not a tradesman in a country town; and year after year, as poverty pressed on him and briefs came slowly, he was indebted to the purse of one who felt the full value of money, but insisted on investing his own savings in his brother's fortune. Both sharing the same undoubting faith in the Established Church of their country; the same dread of innovation; the same recollections of their arduous, painful, merry school-days, and of the loveliness of the same University—they found in the differences of their tastes new grounds of mutual congratulation and pride,—Sir William delighting to speak of Sir John's almost incredible labours; while the Attorney-General took credit for the Civilian's gentle gaieties, and grew proud while listening to his social praise. Both were charged with an undue love of pecuniary accumulation; and, no doubt, they went firmly on, almost with equal steps, to the attainment of great wealth; but this not so much with an ignoble desire of mere money, as the steady wish to achieve an end of which the gain was only the symbol, and its amount the proof—part of that single aspiration to get the start of their fellows in the game of life, which disregarded all minor excitements, vanities, and successes, and placed '*Respice Finem*' for its rule. The bounties of Lord Eldon were unostentatious, frequent, and sometimes princely; magnificently conceived and often dexterously hidden; and although the long possession of the Great Seal enabled him to rival the estate which Lord Stowell derived literally from the fortune of war, there seems no reason to doubt the sincerity of the regret with which he left the Court of Common Pleas—the quiet of which suited his disposition, while its dignified office of administering the law of real property by ancient forms now no more, proposed to him genial labours and serene decisions. Both, indeed, were chargeable with a want of the splendid



hospitality befitting their station;—a fault the more to be regretted in the case of Lord Eldon, who, while filling at the bar its first offices, and during his long possession of the most dignified of all civil positions under the Crown, had cast upon him the duty of keeping alive the social spirit of the bar; encouraging its young and timid aspirants; disarming jealousies, and soothing the animosities which its contests may engender; and preserving its common conscience and feeling of honour, by encouraging the association of its members in convivial enjoyments under the highest auspices. But Mr. Twiss gives the true excuse—we can scarcely admit it as a perfect justification—for a dereliction of that duty which fortune casts on her favourites—in the distaste of Lady Eldon for society, and in the habits which she acquired when obliged to practise rigid self-denial,—and asserts, we believe truly, that ‘his domestic arrangements, from the time of his lady’s death, were such as befitted his great fortune and high station.’ This was, however, too late to repair the opportunities lost during many years, of not only securing the love but sustaining the character of the profession, to which he was devotedly attached in all its branches.

If, however, these great lawyers were not prodigal of extensive entertainments, they loved good cheer themselves, and delighted to believe that it was enjoyed by others. No total abstinence, nor half-abstinence, system was theirs. Whether the statement be true, which the genial biographer of Lord Stowell in the ‘*Law Magazine*’ makes, ‘that he would often take the refectation of the Middle Temple Hall by way of whet for the eight o’clock banquet,’ we will not venture to assert; but we well remember, more than thirty years ago, the benignant smile which Sir William Scott would cast on the students rising in the dim light of their glorious Hall, as he passed out from the dinner-table to his wine in the Parliament Chamber; his faded dress and tattered silk gown set off by his innate air of elegance; and his fine pale features beaming with a serene satisfaction which bumpers might heighten, but could not disturb. He and Lord Eldon perfectly agreed in one great taste—if a noble thirst should be called by so finical a name—an attachment to port wine, strong almost as that to Constitution and Crown; and, indeed, a modification of the same sentiment. Sir William Scott may possibly in his lighter moods have dallied with the innocence of claret—or, in excess of the gallantry for which he was famed, have crowned a compliment to a fair listener with a glass of champagne—but, in his sedater hours, he stood fast by the port, which was the daily refreshment of Lord Eldon for a large segment of a century. It is, indeed, the proper beverage of a great lawyer—that by the strength of  
which

which Blackstone wrote his Commentaries—and Sir William Grant meditated his judgments—and Lord Eldon repaired the ravages of study, and withstood the shocks of party and of time. This sustaining, tranquillizing power, is the true cement of various labours, and prompter of great thoughts. Champagne, and hock, and claret, may animate the glittering superficial course of a *Nisi Prius* leader—though Erskine used to share his daily bottle of port with his wife and children, and complain, as his family increased, of the diminution of his residue—but port only can harmonize with the noble simplicity of ancient law, or assuage the fervour of a great intellectual triumph. Each of the Scotts, to a very late period of his old age, was true to the generous liquor, and renewed in it the pastimes of youth and the crowding memories of life-long labour. It is related of Lord Stowell, that, a short time before his death, having, in the deepening twilight of his powers, submitted to a less genial regimen, on a visit from his brother he resumed his glass: and, as he quaffed, the light of early days flashed upon his overwrought brain—its inner chamber was irradiated with its ancient splendour—and he told old stories with all that exquisite felicity which had once charmed young and old, the care-worn and the fair—and talked of old friends and old times with more than the happiness of middle age. When Lord Eldon visited him in his season of decay at his seat near Reading, he sometimes slept at Maidenhead on his way; and on one occasion, having dined at the inn, and learned that the revising barristers were staying at the house, he desired his compliments to be presented to them, and requested the favour of their company to share his wine. He received the young gentlemen—very young compared with their host—with the kindest courtesy; talked of his early struggles and successes as much for their edification as delight—and finished *at least* his own bottle of port before they parted. Surely no lighter or airier liquor could befit such festal hours of honoured old age, or so well link long years together in the memory by its flavours!

In closing this imperfect notice of the lives of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, we venture to express a hope that Mr. Twiss's work, minutely tracing the course of one and reviving the remembrance of the other, will fix the attention of his own profession on examples which have raised, and should help to sustain it. If so, the work will be in good season. Great as the influence of the profession of the law is in this country, many causes have tended of late to perplex the objects of its ambition, and to tempt its aspirants to lower means of success than steady industry and conduct free from stain. The number of inferior offices which suggest the appliances of patronage, and offer low *stimuli* to its hopes—the increase

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of numbers, which weakens the power of moral control, while it heightens the turmoil of competition—and a feeling which pervades a certain class of members of the House of Commons, that any measure which detracts from the resources of the bar tends to the public good—have endangered the elevation of its character, in the maintenance of which the interests of order and justice are deeply involved. We can conceive of no more vivid proof of the importance of preserving a body which embraces within it alike the younger sons of our nobility and the aspirants of the middle classes, and offers to all the opportunity of achieving its highest and most lasting honours, than that which the history of the two sons of the good coal-fitter of Newcastle exhibits; nor any happier incitement to that industry which is power, and to that honour which is better than all gain, than the example it presents to those who may follow in their steps.

ART. III.—*Eöthen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East.* London. 1844. 8vo.

‘THE Splendour and the Havoc of the East’ open upon us in the first page of this original and brilliant book: the expression is characteristic at once of the author’s style, and of the regions to which it is happily applied. A style unborrowed and untrammelled—bold, highly-coloured, and versatile—enables him to illustrate his varied and comprehensive subject with singular effect.

He professes to give simply a record of impressions received during his travels in the East, and under the same category might nominally be classed many scores of recent literary performances. There is this wide difference, however, between the book before us, and almost all our other Oriental importations of late years: the latter, for the most part, furnish us with names of places and of things; the former represents the things themselves: the latter supply facts and statistics relating to the East; ‘Eöthen’ gives us the very East itself in all its own gorgeous or gloomy realities. The Servian forest with the Tatars’ cavalcade; the Turkish capital with its shawled and turbaned men and shrouded women; the stormy Levant, with its passionate Greek sailor; the hushed desert, with its Bedouin; and the plague-stricken city with its doomed inhabitants:—all these, as touched by this felicitous hand, leave upon the reader’s mind not a series of mere pictures, but a sense of actual experience.

There

There is little theory and no laboured deduction in this volume; but there is actual, vital reality. This is as it should be, in records of travels professing to be merely impressional: in their objective truth and fidelity consist their value; their subjective meaning will suggest itself to every mind capable of profiting thereby. The author, however, to a vivid imagination unites a masculine, sound sense, by which it is disciplined and controlled; and his language is full of meaning, even in the most playful displays of its rare power.

His subject itself is one not only of inexhaustible interest, historical and romantic, but of hourly increasing practical importance. Steam-power has burst its way through the old forgotten paths to India, and brought the East to our threshold. Suez is already assuming the aspect of an English colony, and Aden is become an Eastern Gibraltar. Until recently Egypt seemed to present an impassable barrier—it now affords a stepping-stone to our commerce. Peaceful enterprise has quietly opened those ‘gates of the East’ at which war stormed so long in vain. The lonely and silent desert now swarms with our caravans, and its indolent Arab starts to hear that constraining Norman voice whose cry is ever ‘onward,’ and whose burthen is ever ‘haste.’

While the rest of the world was contracted into half its space by the new agencies at our command, England could no longer remain sundered from her Indian possessions by the distance of half a year; and yet it was a sort of accident by which one man made his way across the isthmus of Suez, and conveyed English dispatches down the Red Sea. Thousands followed in his track, and Egypt became our way to India at once and *for ever*.\*

Thenceforth the Arab and the Osmanli became our neighbours, and their country our border-land. England was already feared and respected by the Ottoman people; her flag was familiar in all their ports; her commerce had pervaded the furthest recesses of their remote empire. They were impressed with a consciousness of her power and political honour, for they had seen her at once irresistible and disinterested in Egypt, Syria, and Algiers. They distinguished the Englishman from other Christians by his regard for truth and probity, and the inviolability of his home, and they almost forgave even his creed for its freedom from idolatry. On the other hand, the veil of partition which the pride, prejudice, and ignorance of Christendom had so long interposed between its nations generally, and those of the Eastern world, was gradually being removed. A

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\* The subject of an overland passage attracted the attention of the India Board and Company so long ago as 1829. So hopeless did the Red Sea passage then appear, that the route by the Euphrates was preferred for trial.—See ‘Q. Rev.’, vol. xlix. p. 214.



broader spirit of humanity disowned the superstition that Asiatics were necessarily and geographically barbarians placed by Nature in eternal enmity and contrast to the men of Europe. We began to recognise, in the Ottomans especially, a civilization peculiar to themselves, together with a character, principles, and time-honoured institutions, far more uniform, if not so perfect as our own.

The destiny that rendered this people the guardians of the more classic countries of the East was fortunate in one respect:—their calm, stern, and monotonous rule preserved the stamp of antiquity uneffaced, and almost unaltered, on the character of the native races, as effectually as their climate, by a sort of analogy, preserved material monuments. It is a popular error that attributes to the Turks the systematic spoliation of the architectural memorials of antiquity: these suffered necessarily in the first tumult of the invading hordes; but since then, they have been sheltered by this very invasion as completely as Pompeii in its ashes, or Palenque in its forests. The introduction of French officers into Mehemet Ali's service (in subversion of all the ancient prejudice of exclusiveness) has wrought a greater change in Egyptian character within seven years, than probably the seven centuries preceding had effected. The obelisk so lately brought to Paris has already lost the clear outline and eternal look possessed by its twin sister at Luxor.

This passive nature, and inertness to change, produce a uniformity in the Oriental character that renders generalization more safe and easy, and makes partial observation the more valuable as it may be applicable to the whole. Externals, too, are more faithful indices as the manners of a people are more primitive and simple; and thus the keen, searching eye, and faithful portraiture of even a rapid traveller like our author may read, and render with far more truth and effect, than deep study and lengthened disquisitions on a country like our own.

'Eöthen' is written in almost a conversational style, but it is such conversation as a Pythagorean might have used after his probation of long silence:—the production of one more accustomed to intercourse with his own mind than with that of others. He deals more in ideas than opinions, and seems to speak as it were in a soliloquy, amusing and convincing *himself* with vivid pictures and well-formed thought. There is apparent in almost every page a puzzling contrast between a vivacity of expression and practised wit that would argue a man of the world—and the bold originality, and daring indifference to the prejudices of society, which are seldom misinterpreted as indications of secluded habits. This last peculiarity constitutes

stitutes at once a merit and a defect: where there is strong light it would seem there must be also deep shadow; and the fault which darkens some of the brightest passages in his book is a reckless disregard for popular opinion—we mean in the better sense of the phrase. It is too easy to confound those prejudices which are born of ignorance and fed by vanity, with those *beliefs* which are founded on conviction, and consecrated by deep feeling. If, as we suppose, by standing much aloof from society, the author has better preserved his individuality, and cultivated a more lofty and independent tone of thought; he has yet sustained heavy damage by the want of that closer communion with his fellow-men which must have taught him more reverence for their faith, and more lenity even for their prejudices. It is with reluctance that we feel called upon thus to notice and protest against the spirit in which he has spoken of matters that should have claimed his forbearance, if unhappily for himself he could not grant them his respect. We by no means wish to espouse the cause of religious sentimentalism—or to prescribe that every traveller to Palestine should affect a demure style and solemn voice, as the ancient pilgrims assumed the ‘scallop-shell and sandal shoon;’—but there are not a few passages in ‘Eöthen’ that startle us, merely considering the work as that of a man distinguished in general by nothing more than the correctness and refinement of his taste.

We must admit, however, that the faults we have alluded to are honest, open faults; his opinions never lurk in insinuations, or lie ambushed in specious plausibilities. He puts them boldly forward—he claims no quarter, and asks for no sympathy with them. They are, therefore, the less dangerous; for while the mind revolts with loathing from anything approaching to cant, against the opposite error it conjures up its own best defence by a sort of natural antagonism. Nor do we think the writer himself hopelessly tainted with what stains his surface—far from it. Ever and anon, when the scorn of hypocrisy, or some other less justifiable feeling, has barbed his usually playful style with sarcasm, we find some thoughtful tone or gentle association starting up, and vindicating the natural religion of his mind.

The title of his book is somewhat quaint, but it is merely a more classical version of the *Orient*, of the *Morgenland*, of the *Levant*. The Preface is characteristic from the fearless spirit in which he challenges rather than invites attention; and from the genial and kindly tone that he assumes in addressing a younger friend. We read that he travelled, ‘not as one flying from his country because of ennui,’ but as one who ‘was strengthening his will and tempering the metal of his nature for that life of toil and conflict in which he is now engaged.’ He had



had no intention, he says, of publishing at the time he travelled ; and it was not until after the lapse of nine or ten years that the idea of doing so was suggested by the request of one about to traverse the same countries. He writes as if addressing this friend, and not 'as if his audience was to be a great and enlightened community, or any other respectable aggregate.' Nor yet had he the least intention of supplying his neophyte with an *Oriental hand-book*.

'I have endeavoured to discard from it all valuable matter derived from the works of others, and it appears to me that my efforts in this direction have been attended with great success ; I believe I may truly acknowledge, that from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research—from all display of "sound learning, and religious knowledge"—from all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free.

'My excuse for the book is its truth. My narrative is not merely righteously exact in matters of fact (where fact is in question); but it is true in this larger sense—it conveys, not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced upon any "well-constituted mind," but those which were really and truly received at the time of his rambles, by a headstrong and not very amiable traveller, whose prejudices in favour of other people's notions were then exceedingly slight.

'But it seems to me that the egotism of a traveller, however incessant—however shameless and obtrusive—must still convey some true ideas of the country through which he has passed. His very selfishness—his habit of referring the whole external world to his own sensations—compels him, as it were, in his writings, to observe the laws of perspective; he tells you of objects, not as he knows them to be, but as they seemed to him. . . . It is thus that he felt, and thus he strives to repeat the scenes of the Elder World. You may listen to him for ever without learning much in the way of statistics ; but, perhaps, if you bear with him long enough, you may find yourself slowly and slightly impressed with the realities of Eastern Travel.'—p. vii.

The subject opens with this striking passage :—

'At Semlin I still was encompassed by the scenes and the sounds of familiar life: the din of a busy world still vexed and cheered me—the unveiled faces of women still shone in the light of day. Yet, whenever I chose to look southward, I saw the Ottoman's fortress—austere, and darkly impending high over the vale of the Danube—historic Belgrade. I had come, as it were, to the end of this wheel-going Europe, and now my eyes would see the Splendour and Havoc of the East.'

This contrast was then considerably greater than at present ; and its effect was heightened by the quarantine laws, which virtually, by a fortnight, separated these adjoining countries to the same distance that America is from us now. The Osmanli was then as Asiatic and national in costume, manners, and bigotry,

as he had been in the days of Bajazet. The reforms of Sultan Mahmoud have changed all this: the Turk has ceased to be Oriental without becoming Frank—and is much in the situation of the modern London Jew described by Sheridan as the blank page between the New and Old Testament. He is almost in doubt as to his own identity; and this is the more painful and embarrassing, as until recently he believed himself to be the type of perfection, and his race the chosen people of Allah.

The author is now across the border; he has taken leave of Christendom, and done so, on account of the widely-severing quarantine, 'with nearly as much solemnity as if he had been departing this life.'

It is rarely that we meet with an instance of first impressions accurately rendered; they are so soon merged in larger experiences that they cease to strike the writer, whom they no longer concern, and therefore seldom reach the reader whom they do. The following are, however, as faithfully as vividly recorded:—

'We soon neared the southern bank of the river, but no sounds came down from the blank walls above, and there was no living thing that we could yet see, except one great hovering bird of the vulture race, flying low, and intent, and wheeling round and round over the pest-accused city.

'But presently there issued from the postern a group of human beings—beings with immortal souls, and possibly some reasoning faculties—but to me the grand point was this, that they had real, substantial, and incontrovertible turbans; they made for the point towards which we were steering, and when at last I sprang upon the shore, I heard and saw myself now first surrounded by men of Asiatic race. I have since ridden through the land of the Osmanlees, from the Servian Border to the Golden Horn—from the gulf of Satalieh to the tomb of Achilles; but never have I seen such ultra-Turkish-looking fellows as those who received me on the banks of the Save; they were men in the humblest order of life, having come to meet our boat in the hope of earning something by carrying our luggage up to the city; but poor though they were, it was plain that they were Turks of the proud old school, and had not yet forgotten the fierce, careless bearing of the once victorious Ottomans.

'Though the province of Servia generally has obtained a kind of independence, yet Belgrade, as being a place of strength on the frontier, is still garrisoned by Turkish troops, under the command of a pasha. Whether the fellows who now surrounded us were soldiers or peaceful inhabitants I did not understand; they wore the old Turkish costume; vests and jackets of many and brilliant colours, divided from the loose petticoat-trowsers by masses of shawl, which were folded in heavy volumes around their waists, so as to give the meagre wearers something of the dignity of true corpulence. The shawl enclosed a whole bundle of weapons; no man bore less than one brace of immensely long pistols, and

and a yataghan (or cutlass), with a dagger or two, of various shapes and sizes; most of these arms were inlaid with silver and highly burnished, so that they contrasted shiningly with the decayed grandeur of the garments to which they were attached—(this carefulness of his arms is a point of honour with the Osmanlee, who never allows his bright yataghan to suffer from his own adversity); then the long drooping mustachios, and the ample folds of the once white turbans, that lowered over the piercing eyes, and the haggard features of the men, gave them an air of gloomy pride, and that appearance of trying to be disdainful under difficulties, which I have since seen so often in those of the Ottoman people who live and remember old times; they seemed as if they were thinking that they would have been more usefully, more honourably, and more piously employed in cutting our throats than in carrying our portmanteaus. The faithful Steel [a Yorkshire servant] stood aghast for a moment at the sight of his master's luggage upon the shoulders of these warlike porters; and when at last we began to move up, he could scarcely avoid turning round to cast one affectionate look towards Christendom—but quickly again he marched on with the steps of a man not frightened exactly, but sternly prepared for death, or the Koran, or even for plural wives.

'The Moslem quarter of a city is lonely and desolate; you go up and down, and on over shelving and hillocky paths, through the narrow lanes walled in by blank windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewn with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of cast-away things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big wolf-like dogs lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks, or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron, and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the bazaar) with the dry dead perfume of strange spices. You long for some signs of life, and tread the ground more heavily, as though you would wake the sleepers with the heel of your boot; but the foot falls noiseless upon the crumbling soil of an Eastern city, and silence follows you still. Again and again you meet turbans and faces of men, but they have nothing for you—no welcome—no wonder—no wrath—no scorn—they look upon you as we do upon a December's fall of snow—as a "seasonable," unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God, that may have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed hereafter.' —*Eöthen*, p. 8.

This is painted to the life: there is bold outline in his language and colour in his words. We have here one picture of an Eastern city with its citizens, that applies nearly equally to all; but even Paradise was nothing without an Eve:—

'And perhaps as you make your difficult way through a steep and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy



clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough—but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labour and effort with which she tugs and lifts the burthen of her charms. She is close followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing except the dark luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rose-buds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this, which so dizzies your brain, is not the light changeful grace which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard downright outlines, and in the glow of generous colour. There is fire though too—high courage and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips.’—*Ib.*, p. 48.

Anastasius has nothing better than our author's passages of the pregnant picturesque; and perhaps we could not better illustrate the wide range which his method includes than by following him to his first interview with an Ottoman dignitary:—

‘Some people had come down to meet us with an invitation from the Pasha, and we wound our way up to the castle. At the gates there were groups of soldiers, some smoking, and some lying flat like corpses upon the cool stones. We went through courts, ascended steps, passed along a corridor, and walked into an airy, white-washed room, with a European clock at one end of it, and Moostapha Pasha at the other. The fine old bearded potentate looked very like Jove—like Jove, too, in the midst of his clouds, for the silvery fumes of the narguile hung lightly circling round him.

‘The Pasha received us with the smooth, kind, gentle manner that belongs to well-bred Osmanlees; then he lightly clapped his hands, and instantly the sound filled all the lower end of the room with slaves; a syllable dropped from his lips which bowed all heads, and conjured away the attendants like ghosts. Their coming and their going was thus swift and quiet because their feet were bare, and they passed through no door, but only by the yielding folds of a purder. Soon the coffee-bearers appeared, every man carrying separately his tiny cup in a small metal stand; and presently to each of us there came a pipe-bearer, who first rested the bowl of the tchibouque at a measured distance on the floor, and then on this axis wheeled round the long cherry-stick, and gracefully presented it on half-bended knee. Already the well-kindled fire was glowing secure in the bowl, and so, when I pressed the amber lip to mine, there was no coyness to conquer: the willing fume came up, and answered my slightest sigh, and followed softly every breath inspired, till it touched me with some faint sense and understanding of Asiatic contentment.

‘Asiatic

'Asiatic contentment! Yet scarcely, perhaps, one hour before, I had been wanting my bill, and ringing for waiters in a shrill and busy hotel.

'In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan; and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes it results that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry are official personages; and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well-undulating tones, which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet, unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or dragoman, as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that "the Pasha of so and so was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of common-places thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

'*Pasha*.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

'*Dragoman* (to the Traveller).—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

'*Traveller*.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

'*Dragoman* (to the Pasha).—His lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

'*Traveller* (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a deputy-lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easy, if my committee had

had not been bought? I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

'*Dragoman*—[is silent].

'*Pasha*.—What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karaghoolookoldour?

'*Dragoman* (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

'*Pasha*.—The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of heaven!

'*Dragoman* (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

'*Traveller*.—About Goldborough? The deuce he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

'*Dragoman* (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your highness that in England the talking-houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

'*Pasha*.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

'*Traveller* (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

'*Dragoman*.—No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

'*Traveller*.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

'*Dragoman* (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

'*Pasha*.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

'*Traveller*



' *Traveller* (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures: just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

' *Pasha* (after having received the communication of the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth; and by the side of their swords, the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the ledger-books of the merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

' *Dragoman*.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

' *Traveller*.—The Pasha's right about the cutlery. (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel.) Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy; but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships, and railways, and East India Companies. Do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip.

' *Pasha* (after hearing the Dragoman).—Through all Feringhistan the English are foremost and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English and the Osmanlees are brothers.

' *Dragoman*.—The Pasha compliments the English.

' *Traveller* (rising).—Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

' *Pasha* (standing up on his Divan).—Proud are the sires and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him; and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

' *Dragoman*.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.'  
—pp. 14—18.

This surely is worth all the so-called comedy that has been written in England during the last twenty years. It is perhaps a pity to go back to the prefatory remarks. We must, however, pause to say that there is a good deal of truth in the statement that the upper classes in Turkey consist, for the most part, of successful

ful and smooth-tongued courtiers ; and this fact would seem to be scarcely reconcileable with the character of truth and probity\* so much vaunted by their panegyrists. It must be admitted, however, that the unfavourable inference is not so clear under their social condition as it would be under ours,—at least in that numerous class of subordinate authorities who derive the impress of their character from the Government, and transmit it to the governed. Promotion among them is confessedly the reward of private service and affection, rather than of professed public merit: their irresponsible power, and the absence of all distinction of caste, enable them to exercise their caprice freely, and so far not unjustly, that the plea of ‘public claims’ is unknown. This patriarchal style of patronage is highly unfavourable to that spirit of intrigue which is the very life of office among the higher authorities of the empire. Even here, indeed, court favour sometimes confers promotion in such a manner as to baffle all calculation ; yet its freaks excite no surprise. For instance, a few years ago Sultan Mahmoud took a fancy to a majestic-looking fellow who rowed in his caïque, but who was a cobbler by profession,—the Sublime will suddenly converted him into an admiral ; and, probably, not a post-captain in the service considered himself ill-used by the appointment. So little did the new dignitary himself consider his elevation anomalous, that he assumed the title of *Baboodgé Pasha*, or ‘the Cobbler Chief.’

We now start for Constantinople ; and the following description of the journey thither is applicable to the mode of travelling throughout the East:—

‘The actual movement’ from one place to another in Europeanized countries, is a process so temporary—it occupies, I mean, so small a proportion of the traveller’s entire time, that his mind remains unsettled so long as the wheels are going ; he is alive enough to the ex-

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\* The following trait of Turkish honesty deserves to be recorded. When Mr. Fellowes was removing to the river the sculptures acquired at Xanthus solely by means of his energy and intelligence, some growing corn seemed to be injured by the sledges that passed over it. Mr. F. expressed his wish to recompense the proprietor, and a deputation of Turks proceeded to examine the ground. They reported ‘that the seed was uninjured—that if God sent rain it would spring up again, and that no damage was done.’ The equally scrupulous Englishman insisted on the contrary, and the Moslems finally assessed the damage at thirteen pence.

We are happy to be able to supply a *pendant* from our own recent observation at home. A Northamptonshire farmer rented some land which contained a covert in favour with Lord F.’s Hunt. The first spring afterwards he applied to his Lordship’s agent for compensation for the damage done to his grass by the trampling of horses, &c. His claim was allowed, and he received 50*l.* indemnity. The following rent-day he refunded the 50*l.*, saying that ‘the injury he had anticipated had not taken place ; on the contrary, he found his land improved by what he had complained of.’ We recommend both of these anecdotes to the numerous lords and gentlemen who have *not* acted to railway companies after the fashion of Mr. Labouchere in Essex.—See *Quar. Rev.*, No. cxlvii. p. 241.

ternal objects of interest which the route may afford, and to the crowding ideas which are often invited by the excitement of a changing scene, but he is still conscious of being in a provisional state, and his mind is constantly recurring to the expected end of his journey; his ordinary ways of thought have been interrupted, and before any new mental habits can be formed he is quietly fixed in his hotel. It will be otherwise with you when you journey in the East. Day after day, perhaps week after week, and month after month, your foot is in the stirrup. To taste the cold breath of the earliest morn, and to lead or follow your bright cavalcade till sunset through forests and mountain passes, through valleys and desolate plains; all this becomes your *MODE OF LIFE*, and you ride, eat, drink, and curse the mosquitoes, as systematically as your friends in England eat, drink, and sleep. If you are wise, you will not look upon the long period of time thus occupied by your journeys as the mere gulfs which divide you from the place to which you are going, but rather as most rare and beautiful portions of your life, from which may come temper and strength. Once feel this, and you will soon grow happy and contented in your saddle-home.

‘We had ridden on for some two or three hours—the stir and bustle of our commencing journey had ceased—the liveliness of our little troop had worn off with the declining day, and the night closed in as we entered the great Servian forest, through which our road was to last for more than a hundred miles. Endless, and endless now on either side, the tall oaks closed in their ranks, and stood gloomily lowering over us, as grim as an army of giants with a thousand years’ pay in arrear. One strived with listening ear to catch some tidings of that forest world within—some stirring of beasts, some night-bird’s scream; but all was quite hushed, except the voice of the cicalas that peopled every bough, and filled the depths of the forest through and through with one same hum everlasting—more stilling than very silence.’—p. 29.

‘We should have been glad to hear, or, what we should rather expect from our author’s style, to see something more about Servia, one of the most interesting and least known countries of Europe. The border-land of the Eastern and Western Worlds, it is informed by the spirit of each, without prejudice, it would seem, to its own individuality. It has been frequently conquered by the Turks, but the Christian population continued to co-exist with their invaders; and as frequently, though gradually, worked out the almost unconscious supremacy that Christianity invariably acquires when brought into collision with *El Islam*. The Servians, as a people, have passed their historic life in recovering, by passive strength of character, the vantage ground that, as armed insurgents, they have as often lost under their luckless leaders. Their Christian creed is curiously grafted on Moslem manners; their poetry combines a Gothic quaintness with Oriental imagery; and their superstitions themselves are gracefully classic, and yet strangely tinged with the mythology of both Scandinavia and Arabia.



Arabia. With respect to the language we have the following testimony from Niebuhr, who made it his study:—

‘I think the old Slavonic language, as spoken in Servia, is the most perfect of the living European languages. It has quite the power and the honesty of the German language, and a philosophical grammar.’

The author finds something new to say even on the well-worn Golden Horn, and that city which

‘Athwart its splendour, black and crooked, runs,  
Like a Turk verse along a scimitar.’\*

But we must pass on to the Troad, not to renew controversy on the localities we have so lately discussed, but for the following bit of evidence and tact:—

‘Methley and I had pored over the map together; we agreed that whatever may have been the exact site of Troy, the Grecian camp must have been nearly opposite to the space betwixt the islands of Imbros and Tenedos:—

Μεσσηγυς Τενεδοιο και Ιμβρον παιπαλοεσσης,

but Methley reminded me of a passage in the Iliad in which Jove is represented as looking at the scene of action before Ilion from above the island of Samothrace. Now Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, which is a larger island, stretching its length right athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the eagle eye of Jove might have seen the strife even from his own Olympus, I still felt that if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, old Homer, so material in his ways of thought, so averse from all haziness and overreaching, would have meant to give the Thunderer a station within the reach of men’s eyes from the plains of Troy. I think that this testing of the poet’s words by map and compass may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well, now I had come; there to the south was Tenedos, and here at my side was Imbros; all right, and according to the map: but aloft over Imbros—aloft in a far away Heaven was Samothrace, the watch-tower of Jove!

‘So Homer had appointed it, and so it was; the map was correct enough, but could not, like Homer, convey *the whole truth*. Thus vain and false are the mere human surmises, and doubts which clash with Homeric writ!

‘Nobody, whose mind had not been reduced to the most deplorably logical condition, could look upon this beautiful congruity betwixt the Iliad and the material world, and yet bear to suppose that the poet may have learned the features of the coast from mere hearsay; now then, I believed—now I knew that Homer had *passed along here*,—that this

\* This metaphor, so happily illustrative of a view which the author never saw, is from Mr. Browning’s ‘Paracelsus.’

vision of Samothrace over-towering the nearer island was common to him and to me.'—pp. 64, 65.

There is a rich chapter on Smyrna—in which the author discusses *inter alia* the modern Greek character, and pronounces thereupon rather more broadly than, as he admits, might have become his opportunities:—

'If I could venture to rely (which I feel that I cannot at all do) upon my own observation, I should tell you that there was more heartiness and strength in the Greeks of the Ottoman Empire than in those of the new kingdom—the truth is, that there is a greater field for commercial enterprise, and even for Greek ambitions under the Ottoman sceptre, than is to be found in the dominions of Otho. Indeed the people, by their frequent migrations from the limits of the constitutional kingdom to the territories of the Porte, seem to show that, on the whole, they prefer "groaning under the Turkish yoke," to the honour of "being the only true source of legitimate power" in their own land.

'For myself, I love the race; in spite of all their vices, and even in spite of all their meannesses, I remember the blood that is in them, and still love the Greeks. The Osmanlees are, of course, by nature, by religion, and by politics, the strong foes of the Hellenic people; and as the Greeks, poor fellows! happen to be a little deficient in some of the virtues which facilitate the transaction of commercial business (such as veracity, fidelity, &c.), it naturally follows that they are highly unpopular with the European merchants. Now, these are the persons through whom, either directly or indirectly, is derived the greater part of the information which you gather in the Levant, and therefore you must make up your mind to hear an almost universal and unbroken testimony against the character of the people whose ancestors invented Virtue.'—p. 75.

'The Greek Church has animated the Muscovite peasant, and inspired him with hopes and ideas which, however humble, are still better than none at all; but the faith, and the forms, and the strange ecclesiastical literature which act so advantageously upon the mere clay of the Russian serf, seem to hang like lead upon the ethereal spirit of the Greek. Never, in any part of the world, have I seen religious performances so painful to witness as those of the Greeks. The horror, however, with which one shudders at their worship, is attributable, in some measure, to the mere effect of costume. In all the Ottoman dominions, and very frequently, too, in the kingdom of Otho, the Greeks wear turbans, or other head-dresses, and shave their heads, leaving only a rat's-tail at the crown of the head; they of course keep themselves covered within doors, as well as abroad, and never remove their head-gear merely on account of being in a church; but when the Greek stops to worship at his proper shrine, then, and then only, he always uncovers; and as you see him then, with shaven skull, and savage tail depending from his crown, kissing a thing of wood and glass, and cringing with tears, prostrations, and apparent terror before a miserable picture, you see superstition

stition in a shape which, outwardly at least, looks sadly abject and repulsive.'—p. 78.

Let us relieve this picture with one worthy of Titian's pencil :—

'As you move through the narrow streets of the city, at these times of festival, the transom-shaped windows suspended over your head on either side are filled with the beautiful descendants of the old Ionian race; all (even yonder empress that sits throned at the window of that humblest mud cottage) are attired with seeming magnificence; their classic heads are crowned with scarlet, and loaded with jewels, or coins of gold—the whole wealth of the wearers;—their features are touched with a savage pencil, which hardens the outline of eyes and eye-brows, and lends an unnatural fire to the stern, grave looks, with which they pierce your brain. Endure their fiery eyes as best you may, and ride on slowly and reverently, for facing you from the side of the transom, that looks long-wise through the street, you see the one glorious shape transcendent in its beauty; you see the massive braid of hair as it catches a touch of light on its jetty surface—and the broad, calm, angry brow—the large black eyes, deep set, and self-relying like the eyes of a conqueror, with their rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them—you see the thin fiery nostril, and the bold line of the chin and throat disclosing all the fierceness, and all the pride, passion, and power that can live along with the rare womanly beauty of those sweetly turned lips. But then there is a terrible stillness in this breathing image; it seems like the stillness of a savage that sits intent and brooding, day by day, upon some one fearful scheme of vengeance, but yet more like it seems to the stillness of an immortal whose will must be known and obeyed without sign or speech. Bow down! Bow down, and adore the young Persephone, transcendent queen of shades.'—p. 84.

The author has no fear or false delicacy in using the full power of our pithy language—nor need he, for he can wield it well.

We have so recently visited Jerusalem in company with Lord Lindsay and Dr. Robinson,\* that we shall not pause to discuss it now—and, to say the truth, we do not feel so much at home with our author in the 'Terra Santa,' as in his more *secular* localities. Nevertheless, such testimony as his is too important to pass unnoticed; and the impious mummeries by which the Holy Sepulchre is profaned afford a full and fit opportunity for the exercise of his satire. With regard to the former, he is inclined to believe in the correctness of the more interesting sites, and he discusses the subject almost earnestly; adding, however, in his peculiar vein, 'that with respect to the minor details—such as the precise spot where the cock crew, for instance—he is far from being convinced.'

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\* See vols. xxxix. and lxix., pp. 166, 150 of the *Quarterly Review*.

'I felt



‘I felt some interest in knowing how the events of the Gospel History were regarded by the Israelites of modern Jerusalem. The result of my inquiry upon this subject was, so far as it went, entirely favourable to the truth of Christianity. I understood that *the performance of the miracles was not doubted by any of the Jews in the place*; all of them concurred in attributing the works of our Lord to the influence of magic, but they were divided as to the species of enchantment from which the power proceeded; the great mass of the Jewish people believed, I fancy, that the miracles had been wrought by aid of the powers of darkness; but many, and those the more enlightened, would call Jesus “the good magician.” To Europeans repudiating the notion of all magic, good or bad—the opinion of the Jews as to the agency by which the miracles were worked, is a matter of no importance; but the circumstance of their admitting that those miracles *were in fact performed*, is certainly curious, and perhaps not quite immaterial.’—p. 234.

The following sentences wind up an account of the festival of the Greek Fire at Easter, in which more than 200 lives were lost the preceding year:—

‘It is almost too much to expect that so many ministers of peace can assemble without finding some occasion for strife, and in that year a tribe of wild Bedouins became the subject of discord. These men, it seems, led an Arab life in some of the desert tracts bordering on the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, but were not connected with any of the great ruling tribes. Some whim, or notion of policy, had induced them to embrace Christianity; but they were grossly ignorant of the rudiments of their adopted faith, and, having no priests with them in their desert, they had as little knowledge of religious ceremonies as of religion itself; they were not even capable of conducting themselves in a place of worship with ordinary decorum, but would interrupt the service with scandalous cries and warlike shouts. Such is the account the Latins give of them, but I have never heard the other side of the question. These wild fellows, notwithstanding their entire ignorance of all religion, are yet claimed by the Greeks, not only as proselytes who have embraced Christianity generally, but as converts to the particular doctrines and practice of their church. The people thus alleged to have concurred in the great schism of the Eastern Empire are never, I believe, within the walls of a church, or even of any building at all, except upon this occasion of Easter; and as they then never fail to find a row of some kind going on by the side of the Sepulchre, they fancy, it seems, that the ceremonies there enacted are funeral games, of a martial character, held in honour of a deceased chieftain—and that a Christian festival is a peculiar kind of battle, fought between walls, and without cavalry.’—p. 225.

We must make room for one more most characteristic sketch from the chapter on Jerusalem:—

‘I saw the burial of a pilgrim; he was a Greek—miserably poor, and very old: he had just crawled into the Holy City, and had reached at once the goal of his pious journey, and the end of his sufferings upon earth:’

earth: there was no coffin nor wrapper; and as I looked full upon the face of the dead, I saw how deeply it was rutted with the ruts of age and misery. The priest, strong and portly, fresh, fat, and alive with the life of the animal kingdom—unpaid or ill paid for his work—would scarcely deign to mutter out his forms, but hurried over the words with shocking haste: presently he called out impatiently—"Yalla! Goor!" (Come! look sharp!), and then the dead Greek was seized; his limbs yielded inertly to the rude men that handled them, and down he went into his grave, so roughly bundled in, that his neck was twisted by the fall—so twisted, that if the sharp malady of life were still upon him, the old man would have shrieked, and groaned, and the lines of his face would have quivered with pain: the lines of his face were not moved, and the old man lay still and heedless—so well cured of that tedious life-ache, that nothing could hurt him now. His clay was *itself again*—cool, firm, and tough. The pilgrim had found great rest. I threw the accustomed handful of the holy soil upon his patient face—and then, and in less than a minute, the earth closed coldly round him.

'I did not say "Alas!"—(nobody ever does that I know of, though the word is so frequently written). I thought the old man had got rather well out of the scrape of being alive and poor.'—p. 230.

From these texts volumes might be written upon the melancholy condition of Jerusalem, where Christianity suffers far more from its pretended children than from its avowed enemies.

The whole chapter of the Desert is admirably done: we can only find room for this glowing sketch of its endless desolation and the tyranny of its sunshine, a most masterly specimen of *suggestive* description:—

'As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug; and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; he comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while, and for a long while, you see him no more—for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory; but you know where he strides over head by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken; but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache; and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache,

ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-bye the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.’—p. 258.

But even this desert has its solace; thought, with nothing new to feed on, can ‘chew the cud of memory,’ and realize the vision it recalls.

‘On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before; and, as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes, or moments, I cannot tell; but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened; but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “for church.” After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.’—p. 273.

The traveller’s was a ghostly sense of sound;—the music of the bells came upon his thought while sunk in sleep, and at the moment when they were pealing far away over the scene of his childhood—for it *was* the Sabbath-day—and lightly as he chooses to tell his story, it is very pain that before the slumber seized him



him he had been in a pensive day-dream of home. The ear, with its own memory, watches for the accustomed chime, and Imagination will not let it be disappointed. The wanderer wakens, and through the silence of the desert he hears it still—but from *within* :

‘ And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.’

We cannot leave the desert without giving a sketch of its only human inhabitants, the Bedouin :—

‘ Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren ; almost every man has large and finely-formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head-gear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly : his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes—his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering, the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic ; and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams, more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music I ever heard. Milnes cleverly goes to the French for the right word, and calls the Arabs “un peuple *criard*.”’—p. 248.

Childe Harold, as the author observes, would scarcely have found the domestic life of the ‘ desert ’ realize his sublime anticipations of repose :—

‘ The tents are partitioned, not so as to divide the Childe and the “ fair spirit ” who is his “ minister ” from the rest of the world, but so as to separate the twenty or thirty brown men that sit screaming in the one compartment from fifty or sixty brown women and children that scream and squeak in the other. If you adopt the Arab life for the sake of seclusion, you will be horridly disappointed, for you will find yourself in perpetual contact with a mass of hot fellow-creatures. It is true that all who are inmates of the same tent are related to each other, but I am not quite sure that this circumstance adds much to the charm of such a life.’—p. 251.

This society, however, has its charms for these ‘ over-roasted snipes ’ of Arabs ; and they would not forego the dry, howling wilderness, and the black tent beside the tiny sprinkle of water, for all the leafy luxury of the Apennines, and all the *boudoirs* of Paris. Could they, in their turn, have speculated on the mysterious state of English society, might not they also have found some difficulty in appreciating our enjoyment of it ? Here, for example, in the midst of their barren region, stood a wealthy and highly intellectual Frank, sharing their hardships, privations, and dangers, without any earthly apparent object save that of  
escaping

escaping from the society by whose standard he measured theirs. Here he stood, self-exiled from ambition, luxury, and ease; now rejoicing to lose himself in the desert, and now finding pleasure in the rattling of the tea-cups in his tent, and the little kettle, with her odd, old-maidish looks, as she sat upon the fire humming away old songs about England.'

He is on his way once more. Behold a sign of human life in the distance—it is a mere moving speck in the horizon—but as he hears it his people declare that it contains an Englishman, 'because,' say they, 'he is alone.' The traveller is pleasurablely excited, but simply for the reason that 'it is striking to observe the vast unproportion between his slender company and the boundless plains of sand through which they were keeping their way.' The attendants on either side rejoice that their restless masters are about to meet—men of the same country, the same rank, the same interests—they must surely have much to say, and there will be rare repose, and sipping of coffee, and smoking of chibouques. They come—they meet—they pass!

The two Englishmen, in the midst of the primeval desert, could not but conduct themselves towards each other as if their encounter had been under the bow-window of White's. These gentlemen could not speak—for they had never been introduced. The 'Lord of Mudcombe, possible policeman of Bedfordshire,' would rather have shaken hands with the Plague!

It would almost seem as if this great scourge of the East was rapidly disappearing, with other Oriental characteristics. According to Moslem belief, the establishment of quarantines was an impious interference with the will of Heaven. It was most salutary, however; and Smyrna, Stamboul, and Alexandria enjoy comparative immunity by means of their lazarettos. It is true their invisible enemy is also shut up within their walls; but the Spirit of the Plague, thus prisoned and confined, is no longer the conqueror that wasted Africa and Asia in his uninterrupted career.

It seems extraordinary that the character, causes, and proper treatment of this pestilence should remain a mystery up to this hour, though it was described by Thucydides and cured by Hippocrates two thousand years ago. Almost every medical practitioner who has an opportunity of observing its symptoms entertains a different theory with regard to its nature. The late Russian experiments at Alexandria deserve attention. The medical men who composed the commission of inquiry were non-contagionists: they procured the dresses of persons who had died of the plague, and paid Arabs at the rate of a shilling a-day to wear these dresses. The only precaution taken was to submit the  
clothes,

clothes, for twenty-four hours, to a moderate heat. The applicants for these dangerous trials were numerous; not one took the infection, and the Russians triumphed in their theory; but, strange to say, their president took the complaint himself, and died before he could decide on his mode of treatment.

The great cities of the East are seldom quite free from the plague; and most travellers have been struck by the appearance of the coffinless corpse of some Arab or Osmanli covered with a red cloth (the sign of danger), and attended by a policeman to keep off the crowd. Let us pass from these dismal details to the poetry of *Edthen*. When he was at Constantinople the plague was prevailing, but not in violence:—

‘With all that is most truly Oriental in its character the plague is associated: it dwells with the Faithful in the holiest quarters of their city; coats and hats are held to be nearly as innocent of infection as they are ugly in shape and fashion; but the rich furs and the costly shawls, the embroidered slippers and the gold-laden saddle-cloths, the fragrance of burning aloes and the rich aroma of patchouli—these are the signs which mark the familiar home of plague. You go out from your living London—the centre of the greatest and strongest amongst all earthly dominions—you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an Eastern prince—you find but a waning power and a faded splendour that inclines you to laugh and mock; but let the infernal Angel of Plague be at hand, and he, more mighty than armies—more terrible than Suleyman in his glory—can restore such pomp and majesty to the weakness of the imperial walls, that if, *when he is there*, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence and awe.’

At Cairo he encountered the pest in its utmost virulence:—

‘The Moslem stalks on serenely, as though he were under the eye of his God, and “equal to either fate;” the Franks go crouching and slinking from death, endeavouring to avoid contact with strangers; and some will fondly strive to fence out Destiny with shining capes of oil-skin.

‘To people entertaining such opinions respecting the fatal effect of contact, the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo were terrible as the easy slope that leads to Avernus. The roaring ocean and the beetling crags owe something of their sublimity to this—that, if they be tempted, they can take the warm life of a man. To the contagionist, filled as he is with the dread of final causes, having no faith in Destiny nor in the fixed will of God, and with none of the devil-may-care indifference which might stand him in stead of creeds—to such one every rag that shivers in the breeze of a plague-stricken city has this sort of sublimity. If by any terrible ordinance he be forced to venture forth, he sees death dangling from every sleeve; and, as he creeps forward, he poises his shuddering limbs between the imminent jacket that is stabbing at his right elbow, and the murderous pelisse that threatens to mow



now him clean down as it sweeps along on his left. But most of all he dreads that which most of all he should love—the touch of a woman's dress ; for mothers and wives, hurrying forth on kindly errands from the bedsides of the dying, go slouching along through the streets more wilfully and less courteously than the men. For a while it may be that the caution of the poor Levantine may enable him to avoid contact, but sooner or later, perhaps, the dreaded chance arrives : that bundle of linen, with the dark tearful eyes at the top of it,—that labours along with the voluptuous clumsiness of Grisi,—she has touched the poor Levantine with the hem of her sleeve ! From that dread moment his peace is gone ; his mind, for ever hanging upon the fatal touch, invites the blow which he fears ; he watches for the symptoms of plague so carefully, that sooner or later they come in truth.'—p. 292.

'I believe that about one half of the whole people was carried off by this visitation. The Orientals, however, have more quiet fortitude than Europeans under afflictions of this sort, and they never allow the plague to interfere with their religious usages. I rode one day round the great burial-ground. The tombs are strewn over a great expanse among the vast mountains of rubbish (the accumulations of many centuries) which surround the city. The ground, unlike the Turkish "cities of the dead," which are made so beautiful by their dark cypresses, has nothing to sweeten melancholy—nothing to mitigate the odiousness of death. Carnivorous beasts and birds possess the place by night, and now in the fair morning it was all alive with fresh-comers—alive with dead. Yet at this very time when the plague was raging so furiously, and on this very ground which resounded so mournfully with the howls of arriving funerals, preparations were going on for the religious festival called the Kourban Bairam. Tents were pitched, and *swings hung for the amusement of children*—a ghastly holiday ! but the Mahometans take a pride, and a just pride, in following their ancient customs undisturbed by the shadow of death.'—p. 286.

As Sydney Smith somewhere exclaims (in print)—'O what a comfort it is to meet with a superior man !' This book has much in it that we do not approve—much that we do not like—but we echo the overbored divine's honest burst as we lay down 'Eöthen,' and contemplate a lengthening shelf of modern Tours all waiting for the tribute of our eulogy. This is a real book—not a *sham*. It displays a varied and comprehensive power of mind, and a genuine mastery over the first and strongest of modern languages. The author has caught the character and humour of the Eastern mind as completely as Anastasius ; while in his gorgeous descriptions and power of sarcasm he rivals Vathek. His terseness, vigour, and bold imagery remind us of the brave old style of Fuller and of South, to which he adds a spirit, freshness, and delicacy all his own.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Treatise on Painting, written by Cennino Cennini in the Year 1437, with an Introduction and Notes by Signor Tambroni.* Translated by Mrs. Merrifield. London. 1844.
2. *Lectures on Painting and Design.* By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. London. 8vo. 1844.

IN Asiatic countries the success of most human undertakings is still supposed to depend upon the choice of the hour for their commencement. The Shah in council may have decided upon an expedition of war or chase, but neither horse nor hound may leave the royal stables till the court astrologer shall have announced a fortunate conjunction of the heavenly bodies. An author of the Western World has no astrologer at his elbow; and if he had, the stars in their courses could hardly be expected to follow or govern the shifting taste of the reading and purchasing public. If we, however, had been called in to sanction the publication of Mrs. Merrifield's volume, we should without hesitation have told her to go on and prosper, for we remember no instance of a work which has made its appearance under more felicitous circumstances, as far as the moment is concerned. At a period when public attention is directed to the decorative arts in general, but most especially to a branch of them till lately nearly extinct in the civilized world—when ingenuity is on the stretch to recover the forgotten processes by which the miracles of Italian art, especially its frescoes, were produced—a performance containing authentic notices of the methods pursued by the decorators of the Campo Santo cannot fail to be welcome. It is true that since the year 1822, when an Italian editor rescued the MS. from its repose in the Vatican, it has been available to such of our artists as were fortunate enough to meet with the volume and competent to deal with the difficulties of its antiquated terminology. It is now, however, by feminine interposition and accomplishment, for the first time made available to the mass of English readers. Many even of those likely to take a professional interest in its contents are not as well qualified to profit by them in their original language as Mr. Eastlake, who cites the work in the appendix to the first report of the Royal Commission, or Mr. Haydon, who also quotes it. The man too is the very man we love to meet, the ghost of a thousand we should wish to summon. An artist, an enthusiast, a mariolater with Roman Catholic piety enough for Lord J. Manners or the hagiologists of Littlemore, but no mystical discourser on æsthetics. A twelve years' apprentice of Agnolo Gaddi—the son of Taddeo, the pupil of Giotto—who, in times when the atelier was a laboratory, had ground his master's

master's colours and his own on porphyry slabs for many a weary hour, had boiled his glues and primed his panels, and made his pencils of baked minever and bristles of the white pig, and finally put on record all these and a thousand other minutiae of his art for the benefit of students to come. Truly the public is indebted to Cardinal Mai, to Signor Tambroni, and to Mrs. Merrifield. Come what may of the recent impulse given by the Royal Commission to fresco, like Hamlet this trio—we must avoid the classicality triumvirate in deference to Mrs. Merrifield—have placed the pipe in our hands; and if we cannot make it discourse the eloquent music it produced of old, the fault is ours, not theirs, or poor old Cennini's. Yes, poor and old; for, less fortunate than his master, who died worth 50,000 florins, and sleeps under a sumptuous monument of his own design, Cennini composed his 'Treatise' at the age, or on the verge, of eighty, a prisoner for debt in the Stinche or Fleet-prison of Florence, the refuge of his extreme years, and probably his tomb.

The actual value of the technical information which the work contains, it is not within our province or ability accurately to estimate. Its precepts are, however, with some exceptions, as clear as the occasional obscurity of so ancient a nomenclature can permit; and there is a conversational tone, and a grave and quaint simplicity in its style, which remind us strongly of Izaak Walton. Few modern professors of angling, from Mr. Scrope to the gudgeon-fisher of the Thames, would now resort to dear old Izaak or Juliana Berners for serious instruction in their art. They do not now cut their own hickory sticks for rods, nor are they curious in the purchase of Spanish needles wherewith to make their own fish-hooks. If, however, for the last two centuries the angler's art had been as little cultivated in England as it has been in most other countries, and if, meanwhile, Izaak's treatise had remained in MS. in the Bodleian, its discovery in the present day might be pregnant with results to the fishes of our rivers. It must be remembered that, with respect to fresco, the simplest record of ancient practice may possibly be of importance, even if only confirmatory of doubtful traditions—how much more so if suggestive of any process lost in the long interval during which fresco painting has been virtually in abeyance! Cennini, indeed, lays his foundation deep, and ascends from the most elementary technicalities to the higher chemical secrets of his art; from making a pen, and rubbing out a design with bread, to the preparation of ultramarine—an operation so delicate, that he describes it as less suitable for grown men than for striplings—for the somewhat incomprehensible reason that they remain continually in the house, and their hands are more delicate.

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Beware, especially, he says, of preparing it in old age. His directions for making brushes, or pencils of minever, show that the artists of his time did not use them with long handles. We suspect that Cennini would allow himself far surpassed in this article by the Parisian manufacturers of the present day, of whom Mrs. Merrifield informs us there are but four first-rate, and these of the female sex. We know of nothing which comes nearer perfection for its purpose than a Paris *pinceau de martre*; and, though high priced, it is cheap, from its durability as well as its excellence.

Viewing, however, for the moment Cennini's work merely as a literary fossil, apart from the technical value of its precepts, we venture to pronounce that neither the Camden nor the Spalding have contributed any more agreeable addition to our fast increasing stock of records of former ages. If after some centuries of oblivion the old Florentine has been fortunate in the moment of his resuscitation, he has been at least equally so in the literary excavators who have brought his pages to light. The preface and comments of his Italian editor, Signor Tambroni, academician of St. Luke's, are of high value; and the English translation is further recommended by notes which evince much research and knowledge, and by graphic illustrations drawn on stone by Mrs. Merrifield, which tempt us to say to her in the words of Cennini's 13th chapter, there applied to drawing with the pen: 'Do you know what will be the consequence of this practice? It will make you expert, skilful, and capable of making original designs.' This lady is not, we believe, an artist by profession, but her outlines prove her to be one by love and accomplishment, and her notes show a familiarity with the mysteries of the painter's laboratory, which the rapid coverers of modern canvas in their breathless haste for exhibition seldom condescend to acquire.

In the opinion of Signor Tambroni, the cause of the oblivion which so long covered Cennini's work is to be found in the shortness and supercilious nature of the remarks which Vasari condescended to bestow upon it, and which are just sufficient to show that he had seen but not read it. Of the latter fact Vasari affords double evidence in attributing to the work notices of subjects, such as mosaic, on which it does not touch, and in accusing it of omitting others which it distinctly notices. Others, however, have set a juster value on the work, of which three MS. copies are known to exist; and it has been occasionally investigated by Italian writers on art, but still apparently with less attention and accuracy than it deserved. Bottari, in his notes on Vasari, did the good service of exciting Signor Tambroni's more effective curiosity on the subject, who, in his own words,

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'hoped to find in it some information relative to the mode of colouring practised in the fourteenth century, and also relative to the nature of the colours which we see still existing in great brilliancy, to the extreme regret [we should rather have said *envy*] of the painters of the present day, who have lost all remembrance of the vehicles and of the mode of using them.'

With such hopes he applied to the learned librarian of the Vatican, Angelo Mai, of palimpsest notoriety; and by his intervention among the Ottobonian MSS. the text of Cennini was before long discovered. It indeed is but a transcription of the year 1737 from one of the older copies. The initials of the transcriber's name, P. A. W., bespeak a foreigner's hand, as do many blunders, according to Tambroni, his negligence or ignorance; but the editor, with the assistance of literary friends, has laboured to repair these defects, and there is no reason to believe that any portion of the original has been suppressed or omitted.

Before we proceed to any notice of the contents, we must briefly extract from the editor's preface what little appears to be known of the author. As a painter he seems to have left behind him to the present day but one specimen, a fresco of the Virgin and Saints, mentioned with commendation by Vasari, and which having been, by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Leopold, transferred to canvas, is still extant in the Florentine Gallery. Cennino finished his treatise, as he states at its close, on the 31st of July, 1437; and in his exordium he writes:—

'I, Cennino, son of Andrea Cennini, born in the Colle di Valdelsa, was instructed in these arts by Agnolo, son of Taddeo of Florence, my master, who learned the art from Taddeo, his father, the godson of Giotto, whose disciple he had been for twenty-four years.'—p. 2.

As Agnolo Gaddi died in 1387, if we suppose Cennino to have been in his service at that time, his apprenticeship, which, he says, occupied twelve years, must have commenced in 1375 at the latest. The usual age for such commencement varied from twelve to eighteen. The latest date we can therefore assign for his birth is 1363; but, as it is a mere assumption that he continued with Agnolo till the death of that master, he may have been born as far back as 1350. In any case it is clear that the knowledge which he has embalmed for the use of posterity was conveyed to him in direct and continuous transmission from Giotto. We know nothing further of the fortunes of Cennino but the melancholy fact, already mentioned, that his treatise was composed and finished in a debtors prison, when, at the lowest computation, its author was in the seventy-fifth year of a life of ill-rewarded toil. From this sad retreat, in a strain of cheerful piety, which argues no discreditable origin to his misfortunes, he proceeds to invoke the persons of the

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the Trinity—that most delightful advocate of all sinners the Virgin Mary—St. Luke the Evangelist, the first Christian painter—his own advocate, St. Eustachius—and generally all saints, both male and female, of Paradise—not for his liberation from prison, but for their blessing on his endeavours to instruct posterity in the processes of the art he loved.

With the exception of mosaic, encaustic, and painting on glass, there is hardly a process of the limner's art with respect to which the curious in such matters will not find some account of the practice of the fourteenth century, with directions simple and minute, though, as might be expected, occasionally rendered obscure by uncertainty as to the precise value and import of Italian terms of so old a date. Signor Tambroni, we may observe, is of opinion that the practice of painting in encaustic had been discontinued previous to the time of Giotto. Cennini only mentions wax in two places, neither of which has any reference to painting. Nor does he mention essential oils.

For reasons to which we have adverted, it is probable that the portion of the work which will attract most general attention is the third, which treats of fresco, designated by the author as the most agreeable of all kinds of painting. With regard to the preparation of the wall for fresco, including the mixing of the plaster and the mode of its application, Cennini's instructions appear to accord generally with the methods laid down by other authorities, of which the curious will find a detail in the Report of the Fine Arts Commission. He makes no distinction in language between the first rough coat, by other writers commonly called the *arricciato*, and the *intonaco*, or final layer, which received the colour, applying the latter term to both. With respect to the whole process of the design, we apprehend that any difference existing between the method of Giotto and that of later masters was to the advantage of the latter. From Cennini's text we might almost infer that the design was sketched out on the *arricciato* without the assistance of a cartoon; but, from other accounts, and especially from a passage in Vasari's Life of Simon Memmi, quoted in the translator's notes, we have no doubt that a finished original design was prepared on paper, but of small dimensions, and copied off on the dry *arricciato* by the usual device of proportional squares. This copy was traced in the first instance with charcoal, and afterwards elaborated with a fine brush in water-colour. Over this the *intonaco* was laid piecemeal, and in quantities calculated as sufficient for the day's work; for though Cennini admits that in the damp weather of spring the plaster may be kept wet for the next day, he deprecates the attempt, and says that which is finished in one day is the firmest, best, and most



beautiful work. We are a little puzzled to judge from Cennini's text how the traces of the design were preserved through the intonaco sufficiently to guide the painter's hand. We infer that at this period the practice was not introduced of preparing a working drawing, traced from a full-sized cartoon, and indenting through it the design on the surface of the moistened plaster. In this respect, if our inferences be just, the later practice was a decided improvement on that of Cennini's time and school.

The large cartoon was noble practice towards subsequent operations, and the result was often in itself a work of the highest value—witness the cartoons by Agostino Carracci in the National Gallery (prepared for the ceiling of the Farnese palace)—and even those of Hampton Court, which, though prepared for the looms of Flanders, would have been equally applicable to the walls of the Vatican. We may here also mention, in preference to many other instances better known, the designs of Beccafumi for the pavement of the Sienna cathedral, a work which in our estimation has hardly its parallel for grace, tenderness, and sublimity. Many travellers are too idle, too careless, or too economical, to procure the removal of the boards which, except on certain feast-days, preserve this work from the hobnailed shoes of rustic devotees; and there is a popular travellers' error that a large sum is required for this purpose; two dollars is, or lately was, the fee, and the sight is cheap at the money. The discovery of the cartoons is, we believe, a recent one, and they were once purchasable at a low price. They are now beyond the reach of collectors, in their proper place, the Sienna academy, where we commend them to the attention of all travellers. We suspect that among the careless of this class—economical he never was—we must reckon the late Mr. Beckford, who, in a cursory notice, calls the designs of Beccafumi grotesque. He might as well have applied that epithet to the Madonna della Seggiola, or Titian's Venus of the Tribune. We suspect that he never saw them, or had their operculum removed, and that when he wrote the passage he was thinking of the older works in *pari materiâ*, and in the same cathedral, of Duccio, whose Jewish warriors in their Italian costume are both stiff and grotesque enough. Forsyth, in his terse manner, does Beccafumi better, but meeting and imperfect justice. Accidents of travel brought us, not long since, by a brief transit from Seville to Sienna, and Beccafumi's Moses striking the Rock came under our notice, when Murillo's masterpiece on the same subject was fresh in recollection. We preferred the mastic outlines and grey and white marbles of the Italian, to all the magic of the Spaniard's colour, with his fidelity to Spanish nature.

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With respect to the colours used in fresco, Cennini's directions can hardly fail to excite much interest among our eager students; and we venture to direct their notice to the following passage of the 37th chapter:—

‘Some painters wash over the whole face with the flesh-colour first; on that they put the verdaccio [a greenish colour, one part of black and two of ochre—p. 53], and retouch the lights; and the work is finished. This plan is adopted by those only who know little of the art: but do you pursue the method of colouring which I shall point out to you, because it was adopted by Giotto, the great master, who had Taddeo Gaddi, his godson, for his disciple for twenty-four years: his disciple was Agnolo, his son. I was Agnolo's disciple for twelve years, and he showed me this method, with which Agnolo coloured more agreeably and brilliantly than did Taddeo, his father.’—p. 42.

We suggest a careful comparison of the instructions which follow this passage, with various portions of the Report of the Royal Commission, which detail the practice of the present day at Munich and elsewhere. The main point in which the process recommended by Cennini differs from that which he condemns, is in the avoidance of superposition of one tint upon another; the main difficulty would appear to be to blend separate tints into one another without positive commixture, which he strongly deprecates, especially with the flesh-tints. Cennini pursues the subject of painting walls, both in fresco and secco, with much minuteness, distinguishing the materials common to both methods, or appropriate to either, and stating their applicability to the various different objects required from painters of his day and country—old men's beards, angels' draperies, &c. The following passage (chap. 87) argues the limited and unscientific degree of acquaintance with perspective possessed by the masters of this early period:—

‘Let the cornice which you make at the top of the house incline downwards towards the obscure [i.e. as it recedes from the eye], and let the middle cornice of the building facing you be quite even; let the cornice at the base of the building ascend in a direction quite contrary to that of the cornice at the top of the building.’

The example of the Chinese, as well as of individual beginners in design, proves that rules even apparently so obvious as these are not superfluous, but their vagueness indicates that Cennini knew of no method empirical or scientific for fixing with exactitude the points of sight and distance, and the degree of inclination of the lines converging to them. Chap. 88 recommends for landscape, in its character of a subordinate and accessory, a practice which was employed as an aid to composition by our Gainsborough:—

‘How to draw a mountain naturally.—If you would have a good model for mountains, so that they should appear natural, procure some large and broken pieces of rock, and draw from these, giving them lights and shades as you see them on the stones before you.’

If we pass from fresco and distemper to oil, we shall, as might be expected, find that subject treated with less detail than others, but still in a manner which shows that it was no novelty to the author, and which enables Signor Tambroni to repudiate with severity the theory of Vasari as to the date of the introduction of oil-painting into Italy. We apprehend that the notion attributed to Vasari, for there is some doubt whether he really held it, that Van Eyck, alias John of Bruges, was the discoverer of oil as a vehicle for colour, hardly requires refutation, as, however once popular, it has ceased to be entertained by those who have investigated the subject. It seems, however, still more certain that his account of the introduction of that process into Italy at so late a period as 1470, is disproved by the very existence of Cennini’s work, finished in 1437, and which contains such a sentence as the following (chap. 89):—

‘Before we proceed further I will teach you to paint in oil, on walls, or in pictures (which is much practised by the Germans), and also on iron or stone.’

Here it is to be remarked that he speaks of it as a process familiar to another nation, in which he probably includes the Flemings. According, however, to the story of Vasari, Van Eyck’s discovery, which he dates at 1410, was kept by him as a valuable secret from his countrymen and all others till he sold it to an Italian, Antonello da Messina, who is known to have been born some nearly forty years later, and ten years after the date of Cennini’s treatise, viz., in 1449 or 1447. The gross chronological impossibilities of this statement—which would bring Van Eyck to the age of 104 at the period of his alleged transaction with Antonello—would suffice to show that some vital error was involved in it, even without the assistance of Cennini’s treatise.

Without entering further into the discussion, we may say that two results appear to us, as to Mrs. Merrifield, to come pretty clearly out of a consideration of the whole question: one, that Van Eyck did not invent the use of oil as a vehicle; the other, that he did discover some signal improvement in its application, which, being at some period of the fifteenth century introduced into Italy, led to the advance of that branch of art, and which, we fear, is now lost, without having been replaced by any nostrum as effective. We ground this latter opinion upon mere observation



observation of facts. We write under serious apprehension that, for the works of many painters of the present century, Time will not perform that office of improvement described in Dryden's exquisite lines, and which he seems not yet to have wearied in performing for such works as the Van Eyck and Bellini's Doge in our National Gallery. Of these it might, indeed, have been said with more prophetic justice than of Kneller—

'For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,  
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand,  
Mellow your colours, and embrown each tint,  
Add every grace which Time alone can grant;  
To future ages shall your fame convey,  
And give more beauties than he takes away.'

Many instances have come under our notice in which the lapse of some twenty years has reduced pictures, of price and merit when they left the easel, to a condition which would make it difficult to account for the satisfaction they once afforded to our eye. We know that the anticipation, or something more, of premature decay is entertained on the other side the Channel with respect to some contemporary works of the highest excellence. Is it want of skill, or care, or labour in manipulation, which makes lights turn to chalk, and shadows to black? Men have been careless and sketchy in Italy of old, and the result has been painful as any now to be witnessed, but not, as seems to us, the same in kind. We believe that a secret has been lost, and that it is well worth inquiry whether we are to look for its recovery to the pigment or the vehicle, or both. As far as the pigment is concerned, Cennini's list of twenty-four, twelve only of which he approves and recommends, probably contains none of importance which are not known and appreciated at present. Were we to make an exception it would probably be in favour of *amatito*, a colour prepared by pounding a crystal, which Mrs. Merrifield thinks was native cinnabar. 'It makes,' says Cennini, 'such a colour as cardinals wear, and is proper for fresco, but not for any other use.' His directions, however, for the preparation of each show the care with which that preparation was conducted. Speaking of cinnabar, he says 'if you were to grind it for twenty years it would be but the better and more perfect;' and with regard to many of the others he enforces a similar precept. We are inclined to believe that any essential difference between ancient and modern practice consists in the vehicle rather than the colour. The Translator remarks in her preface, p. xiii. :—

'The propriety of using different vehicles on the same picture has lately been much discussed, and the general opinion appears to be unfavourable to it. Under these circumstances the practical directions of Cennino

Cennino will be read with much interest. In chapter 35 he informs us that some colours must be used with one vehicle, some with another, &c.—(p. xxi.). It may be proper to observe that Cennino does not mention the practice of mixing liquid varnish with colours, except in that remarkable chapter (161) in which he speaks of the custom of *painting the living face with oil colours*, or colours mixed with varnish, in order to make the complexion brilliant; and to suggest to the artists who paint with the composition called *megelp* (mastic varnish and boiled oil), whether that can be a good vehicle which had been tried and rejected by the painters who flourished previous to, and during the age of Van Eyck. The addition of the litharge on which the modern drying oil is boiled is known to have a deleterious effect on colours, by causing them to change. It is somewhat curious that the painters of the nineteenth century should have revived and practised as a new invention what those of the fourteenth century tried and rejected; and more extraordinary still, that, unwarned by experience, they should continue to use it, in spite of the awful gashes and cracks that disfigure the pictures painted with this vehicle.'

Mr. Haydon is of opinion (see page 274 of his Lectures) that the old masters had no advantage over ourselves in their material, and that if Titian were to enter an atelier in Newman-street, he would be able to paint the *Diana and Actæon* with the colours and vehicles he would find to his hand. We think this may be true, and we hope it is so, but the question is whether the picture so painted would stand the test of three centuries. If Cennini were writing now, we believe he would call on all his saints to save him from *megelp*.

'Know,' says Cennini (chap. 109), 'that you cannot learn to paint in less time than that which I shall name to you. In the first place you must study drawing for at least one year; then you must remain with a master at the workshop for the space of six years at least, that you may learn all the parts and members of the art,—to grind colours, to boil down glues, to grind plaster (*gesso*), to acquire the practice of laying grotinds on pictures (*ingessare le ancone*), to work in relief (*relevare*), and to scrape (or smooth) the surface (*radire*), and to gild; afterwards to practise colouring, to adorn with mordants, paint cloths of gold, and paint on walls for six more years: drawing without intermission on holydays and workdays.'

—A formidable catalogue of mechanical processes for six years, which the modern discovery of the division of labour has spared to the student. We believe, however, that the intimate acquaintance with the materials and instruments of his art, which he purchased at so large a sacrifice in the fourteenth century, contributed much to the durability of his work,—to the lasting brilliancy of those colours which, after the lapse of four centuries, still speak the first intention of the master. It is probable, indeed,

indeed, that there was a good deal of pedantry in the teachers, and of slavish submission in the pupils of these times; that the secrets of art were doled out with a reluctant hand by those who saw future rivals in their apprentices, and that some were hoarded to the last. Still if genius occasionally had to endure trammels which must have cramped, perhaps impaired, its energies, it secured for itself the benefit of accumulated experience and uninterrupted tradition; and though we should not wish to condemn our youthful Jacobs to fourteen years' service under Labans of the Academy, we could wish to see something like the relation of the Giotto and Agnolo to their pupils more prevalent than it has yet been in England—more of the *emeriti* willing to teach—and more of the young willing to wait and learn. Cennini, at the moment when he is doing his best to enable the student to dispense with tuition, thus proceeds:—

‘There are many who say that you may learn the art without the assistance of a master; do not believe them; let this book be your example, studying it day and night. And if you do not study under some master you will never be fit for anything, nor will you be able to show your face among the masters.’

Cennini is very minute in his instructions for the use of gold in all its various applications, and of tin; but deprecates the use of silver, except as a cheap substitute for gold for beginners in miniature. The following directions are characteristic of the man, and of the feelings in which Italian art had its origin (chap. 96):—

‘It is usual to adorn walls with gilded tin, because it is less expensive than gold. Nevertheless I give you this advice, that you endeavour always to use fine gold and good colours, particularly in painting representations of our Lady. And if you say that a poor person cannot afford the expense, I answer that, if you work well, and give sufficient time to your works, and paint with good colours, you will acquire so much fame, that from a poor person you will become a rich one; and your name will stand so high for using good colours that, if some masters receive a ducat for painting one figure, you will certainly be offered two, and your wishes will be fulfilled according to the old proverb, Good work, good pay. And, even should you not be well paid, God and our Lady will reward your soul and body for it.’

Cennini's body was rewarded by the caption of a sheriff's officer, or his Florentine equivalent; but who shall say what consolation the old prisoner's soul, while yet in the body, derived from such devotional feelings as shine forth from this and similar passages scattered through his volume? Saintly faces may have smiled upon him through the stanchions of his dungeon, and  
gracious



gracious images have irradiated its inner gloom, such as shine not for solvent and successful men.

Of equal rank with gold in Cennini's estimation, and probably, in point of expense, even a greater tax on the resources of the struggling artist, was ultramarine, for the preparation of which he gives copious directions. The precious mineral of which this pigment is composed, lapis lazuli, has lately been the subject of one of the most signal triumphs of modern chemistry, which is thus spoken of by Liebig:—

'Of all the achievements of inorganic chemistry, the artificial formation of lapis lazuli was the most brilliant and the most conclusive. . . . The analysis of lapis lazuli represented it to be composed of silica, alumina, and soda, three colourless bodies, with sulphur, and a trace of iron. Nothing could be discovered in it of the nature of a pigment, nothing to which its blue colour could be referred, the cause of which was searched for in vain. It might therefore have been supposed that the analyst was here altogether at fault, and that at any rate its artificial production was impossible. Nevertheless this has been accomplished, and simply by combining, in the proper proportions, as determined by analysis, silica, alumina, soda, iron, and sulphur. Thousands of pounds' weight are now manufactured from these ingredients, and this artificial ultramarine is as beautiful as the natural, while for the price of a single ounce of the latter we may obtain many pounds of the former. With the production of artificial lapis lazuli the formation of mineral bodies by synthesis ceased to be a scientific problem to the chemist; he has no longer sufficient interest to pursue the subject.'—*Letters on Chemistry*. 1844. Vol. i. p. 9.

So far the great German. With all deference, however, for his authority as a philosopher, we doubt whether the painter will yet accept his manufacture as a perfect equivalent to the article used by the old painters, at least for the more delicate works of the pencil. For such expanses of colour as the roof of that church of Assisi, for which royal piety and munificence supplied the lapis lazuli, it would probably fulfil every condition required of brilliancy and durability, at the comparatively trifling expense described in the above passage. We find in the Translator's notes, on the authority of Dr. Ure, that an ultramarine of very superior quality, discovered in 1828 by a French chemist, M. Guimet, has been sold at about two guineas the English pound. We think we can recollect purchasing some fabricated from the natural lapis lazuli some years before this discovery at about four guineas the ounce. If M. Guimet's secret has been truly detected by a brother chemist, his compound approaches to a synthesis of the elements of Liebig's analysis, but is not a complete one. He has four of the elements, but the iron is not mentioned. For those who can afford the experiment, and prefer *stare super antiquas vias*, and to resort

resort to the native material, it may be worth while to study Cennini's process. It differs from the present in not subjecting the stone to the action of fire, in the use of *lixivia*, and other particulars. Successive extracts, decreasing in quality, were produced, the first two of which Cennini values at eight ducats the ounce. The result has stood the test of centuries, and the methods which produced it must be worth investigation.

Mrs. Merrifield remarks that there is no brown pigment on Cennini's list, whereas modern painters are in possession of fifteen. He recommends burnt and pulverized bones for the priming of panels, and we learn, incidentally, from his directions, that it was the practice of the diners of his day to throw the bones under the table. In chap. 7 he says,—

'You must now know what bones are proper. For this purpose take the bones of the ribs and wings of fowls or capons, and the older they are the better. When you find them under the table put them into the fire, and when you see they are become whiter than ashes, take them out, and grind them well on a porphyry slab, and keep the powder for use.'

There is a tradition in Murillo's birth-place that he was in the habit of manufacturing one of his rich browns by a similar process from the beef bones of his daily olla, and, as we have heard, this tradition has been turned to account by an artist well known at present in Seville as a successful copyist of Murillo.\* Adverting to the great Spaniard, we may add, on the authority which furnished us with this anecdote, that the purple which so often charms the eye in his works, and is one, perhaps, of their most characteristic features, was imitated from the stained fingers of the mulberry gatherers of the neighbourhood of Seville. It would be more to our purpose to be able to tell how the imitation was effected, but, though tradition is silent on this point, the slightest traces of the operations of such an eye as Murillo's are worth recording.

'We derive,' says Signor Tambroni, p. xliii., 'no small advantage from chap. 157 and the three following, where he speaks of painting in miniature, and of laying gold on paper, and in books. For we despaired of discovering the method of gilding in that beautiful and brilliant manner practised by the ancients, with which they illuminated their manuscripts; and we are under great obligations to Cennino, who has rescued this secret of the art from oblivion.'

\* We are inclined to believe that some of Cennini's blacks would on examination prove to be browns. Pure black should never be admitted on wall or canvas, for the simple reason that it hardly exists in any department of nature which can come within the sphere of imitation. In vegetable nature we have heard it stated that it is only to be found in the flower of the kidney-bean. De Candolle or Mr. Paxton might perhaps bring other instances.

Before



Before we bestow our concluding remarks on this amusing ancient, we must step aside for a little to the new work of an English veteran of the pencil and the pen, Mr. Haydon's *Lectures on Painting and Design*. The various performances of the painter of Solomon and Lazarus with the former of the above-mentioned instruments, it does not come within the scope of this article to criticise. Of his literary contribution to art our estimate is favourable;—we must avow a very general concurrence in views and opinions which come recommended by the vigorous language and manly style of one who could not so express what he did not believe, feel, and understand. On many important particulars affecting the education of the hand and eye Mr. Haydon's sentiments have been much before the public. He is known for an enthusiastic, but profound and discriminating worshipper of Phidias and Raphaël, and also as one who, in his admiration of the past, has faith and hope in the prospects of England. Though, for this reason, many of his views as detailed here will not be new to his readers, the form of *Lectures* into which he has thrown them is one which will bring them under notice in convenient compass and agreeable succession. The practical mode in which he treats and illustrates with a strong hand a favourite portion of his subject, the anatomical, will make his treatise, in the case of the young student, a valuable appendage to *Albinus* or *Lizars*.

Mr. Haydon thinks the Greeks dissected. While contemplating the *Theseus*, or passing the hand over the palpable excellence of those heroic shoulders, which tell even to the touch how Phidias lavished the treasures of his skill on objects destined in their position for concealment from other eyes than those of the gods he strove to represent, we should find it difficult to contradict Mr. Haydon's theory. We think, however, the fact he cites, that Hippocrates dissected apes, rather a stumbling-block than an assistance to it. 'Will you believe,' says Mr. H., 'that a man of genius stopped short at an ape?' Perhaps not; but if prejudice, custom, or religion had not made the interval between the ape and the human subject a wide one, the medical man of genius would hardly have troubled the ape at all; and if either Hippocrates or Phidias went further, they probably did so in secret, and never admitted human dissection to its proper place as part of a system of instruction. The question, however, is one of mere curiosity. It is clear that in times when, thanks to Mr. Warburton, the obstacles are removed, it would be madness for us to neglect a corrective, which, if Phidias did not possess it, gives us a chance the more of diminishing the distance between that master and ourselves. Having spoken (p. 176) with due  
and



and discriminating praise of Reynolds, Fuseli, and Opie, Mr. Haydon continues, 'All these had one irremediable defect; they had never dissected man or animal—they trusted to their capacities and practice; and all these have left nothing behind them but vague generalities.'

These are Mr. Haydon's English instances, negative, but sound, in support of his views. Let us stray to Italy, and substitute for Mr. Haydon's respectable trio M. Angelo, Raphael, and Lionardo. Of these M. Angelo dissected *ab initio*; Raphael, whose apprenticeship in art was devoted to draped Madonnas, did not. What was the consequence? As years and self-knowledge increased he felt his disadvantage, and studied anatomy, too late to redeem, in his own opinion, an inferiority he felt and acknowledged to the last, but not too late to make the Cartoons what they are, and what they would not otherwise have been. Lionardo did more than borrow from anatomical science. He was one who turned what he touched to gold, whose skirmishes were the pitched battles of other men. He repaid his obligations to anatomy by the elaborate illustrations of the human frame which Vasari records him to have executed for his anatomical teacher, M. Antonio della Torre. These designs, we may mention, were executed in the material of which Cennini speaks, the *matita rossa*, or *amatito*.

'What Cato did, and Addison approved,  
Cannot be wrong.'

A dictum full of fallacies when used by a swindler as a justification for suicide, but susceptible of a sounder application in this and many other instances.

We have given our feeble and unprofessional aid in corroboration of Mr. Haydon's exhortations, because we think with him that severe anatomical study, whether essential or not to the Greeks, is the true corrective for the prevalent vices of English art. We have little fear of opposite extremes, of pedantic displays of muscles, and attitudes forced and invented for that display. Faults of this kind are more likely to be generated by imitating imitations, by the practice of servile copies, which Mr. Haydon justly deprecates, than by going to the real sources of that power, which, like all things acquired by much labour, will sometimes tempt its possessor—as it tempted M. Angelo—to its too ostentatious display.

There are few sections of Mr. Haydon's work from which we might not extract some sound and effective passage. From some we might select subjects of friendly controversy, but having fallen on nothing which appears to us deadly heresy or dangerous error,

we

we prefer to commend the volume to all who take an interest in its subject, with the assurance that it will repay their study of it.

To return to old Cennini—we cannot dismiss the subject of oil-painting without pausing for a moment on a very curious branch of that process which existed in his time, but of which we never before met with any mention. The practice of painting the living countenance in that material (chap. 161) is charitably headed ‘How, having painted a human face, to wash off and clean away the colours.’ We are not aware whether the inventors of Lynch law in the United States have furnished any receipt for removing tar and feathers. The humanity of Cennini is as worthy of imitation as his piety. He proceeds:—

‘Sometimes in the course of your practice you will be obliged to paint flesh both of men and women’—

If the author had stopped here, we might have almost concluded that the patient of the fourteenth century resembled the histrionic enthusiast of Mr. Dickens’s novel, who entered so warmly into the part of Othello as to black himself all over; but Cennini adds,—

‘especially *faces* of men and women. You may temper your colours with yolk of egg; or, if you desire to make them more brilliant, with oil, or with liquid varnish, which is the most powerful of temperas.’

Then follow the directions for cleaning—

‘Do this,’ he says, ‘many times, till the colour be removed from the face. We will say no more on this subject.’

We wish he had said more, for it is very amusing. He goes on, however, to speak out on the subject of cosmetics:—

‘It sometimes happens that young ladies, especially those of Florence, endeavour to heighten their beauty by the application of medicated waters and colours to their skin. But as women who fear God do not use these things, and as I do not wish to make myself obnoxious to them, or to incur the displeasure of God and our Lady, I shall say no more on this subject. But I advise you, if you desire to preserve your complexion for a long period, to wash yourself with water from fountains, rivers, or wells; and I warn you, that if you use cosmetics your face will soon become withered, your teeth black, and you will become old before the natural course of time, and be the ugliest object possible. This is quite sufficient to say on the subject.’—chap. 162.

We think so; but from this strong language applied to the decoctions of white lead and other mixtures used by the Jezebels of his day, and from the absence of any similar caution against the use of oil and liquid varnish, we infer that no such consequences

quences were to be dreaded from the latter mode of preparing the face for exhibition. It becomes a question, therefore, whether the revival of the practice might not be attended with advantage, both by opening a new field of employment to an overstocked profession, and by improving the aspect of polished society. A mere likeness now once painted and paid for ceases to be a source of income to the artist, and becomes in every respect the property of the employer. We know at least no instance in which Mr. Grant or Mr. Pickersgill has been called in from year to year to follow on his own canvas the changes of advancing age, to insert the white hairs as they spring, or the wrinkles as they trace their furrows. Should the practice of painting the face itself be fairly revived, this order of things will be reversed—the face will in some sense change masters, and requiring from time to time a fresh coat of paint, will invest the family painter with a sort of beneficial interest in its features. We know of many countenances which could hardly fail to be improved even in the hands of the younger members of the profession; but imagination can hardly at present suggest the effects which will be produced should Mr. Turner apply himself to this new line of art: this, however, is not the point. We are looking to the interests of art and its professors, and not to merely saving journeys to Cheltenham for gentlemen lately returned from our Indian possessions, or to the renovation of faded Polkaists at the close of a London season. It is for high art we plead when we ask whether the Fine Arts Commission might not with advantage institute a premium for the best painted member of parliament, or other conspicuous and historical contemporary, to be exhibited at St. James's on her Majesty's next birthday.

The last nine chapters expound various methods of taking casts from the living human body and from inanimate substances, but not from the deceased human body. The practice of taking moulds from the living seems to have been one in familiar use at this period, and to have been employed for likenesses as well as for obtaining painters' models; for, in taking a cast of a lord, a pope, a king, or an emperor, we are cautioned to stir rose-water into the plaster. For other persons he says it is sufficient to use water from fountains, rivers, or wells only. Chapter 68 shows that the artist was sometimes his own subject. The self-devotion of a Curtius must have been required for the proceeding it describes.

'Take a quantity either of paste or wax, well stirred and clean, of the consistence of ointment, and very soft; spread it on a large table, a dinner table for instance. Set it on the ground, spread the paste on it to the height of half a braccio. Threw yourself upon it in any attitude  
you



you please, either forward or backward or on one side. And if this paste take the impression well, you must extricate yourself from it dexterously, so as not to disturb it.'

We doubt if either Sir Martin Shee or Mr. Haydon would second Cennini's proposal as to the use of a dinner-table, and we humbly confess that, wanting confidence in our own dexterity, we had rather throw somebody else than ourselves into half a braccio of wax or paste—for any purpose—in any attitude.

We cannot better conclude this article than by the expression of our cordial participation in the prayer with which the venerable Cennini concludes his treatise, that Heaven, and the favourite saints he particularises,

'may give us grace and strength to sustain and bear in peace the cares and labours of this world, and that those who study this book may find grace to study it and well to retain it, so that by the sweat of their brows they may live peaceably and maintain their families in this world with grace, and finally, in that which is to come, live with glory for ever and ever. Amen.'

ART. V.—1. *Palm Leaves.* By R. M. Milnes, Esq., M.P. London. 12mo. 1844.

2. *The Englishwoman in Egypt: Letters from Cairo, written during a residence there in 1842, 3, and 4, with E. W. Lane, Esq., author of 'The Modern Egyptians.'* By his Sister (Mrs. Poole). 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1844.

3. *The Women of England; their several Duties and Domestic Habits.* By Mrs. Ellis. Twelfth edition. 8vo. 1844.

4. *The Wives of England; their Relative Duties, Domestic Influence, and Social Obligations.* By the Author of 'The Women of England.' 8vo. 1843.

5. *Characteristics of Women; Moral, Poetical, and Historical.* With Fifty Vignette Etchings. By Mrs. Jameson. 2 vols., 8vo. 1832.

6. *The Romance of Biography; or, Memoirs of Women loved and celebrated by Poets, from the days of the Troubadours to the present age; a series of Anecdotes intended to illustrate the influence which female Virtue and Beauty have exercised over the characters and writings of men of genius.* By Mrs. Jameson. 2 vols. 8vo. 1837.

SO long as the Oriental administration of women had found no more solemn defender in Western Europe than Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the most earnest friends of our own domestic system might fairly lie still, and believe that their active interference

ference was scarcely called forth by a series of mere witty and ironical letters. But when a member of the Legislature, accustomed to the double and simultaneous duties of defending and opposing the Government—when a grave, thoughtful poet, well skilled to search out the springs of human sentiment—when an able polemical writer—when a philosopher versed in all schools of thought—when a man of the world, primely favoured and sought in the Faubourg St. Germain as well as at home in May Fair, deliberately tears himself away from the delights of society—proceeds on his lonely mission to the cities of the East—there makes his personal investigations—there calmly forms his opinions, and then comes back, and lends to the Harem all that support which is derivable from the effect of his writings no less than his personal influence, we cannot consent to let him remain unanswered. We must hear what he has to say, however astounding, and try to argue him down.

But let us not misunderstand the true character of the system now formally recommended to our attention by the high authority of Mr. Milnes. It is common to hear people speak of the compulsory seclusion of women, and the plurality of wives, as practices of a barbarous kind, peculiar to unlettered nations, and liable to be destroyed by the progress of civilization. The reverse is the truth. That sin of degrading the sex by refusing to rely on its honour, and putting it under restraint—it is the sin, not of new and barbarous tribes, whose habits are warlike and free, but of old decrepit nations grown jealous, and sharply suspicious by forty centuries' experience of the married state. In the primitive life of the savage who wanders abroad in search of precarious food, there is little perhaps of ardent love, still less of jealous precaution. The woman in that estate untaught as yet in the sweet mystery of dress, and toiling along through forests with a basketful of babies at her back, is scarcely so highly priced in the affections of men as to excite their anxious rivalry, and so remains hungry and free. When in progress of time the hunter becomes an owner of cattle, and follows pastoral habits, he grows more tenderly fond of his mate; but, living a tented life far removed from all neighbours except his own relations, he can feel and rejoice in the glow of expanded affections without drawing upon himself a proportionate amount of jealous anxiety. In this phase of life the woman all scorched, overworked, and ill dressed, is scarcely yet worthy of empire: but when families gather together, and live in cities that are states, and wage ennobling wars, then man attains (so far as mere personal grandeur and dignity are concerned) to the highest rank of which his nature is capable. And woman too. She now for the first time knows the

the strength that lies in beauty well wielded and well arrayed: she sees that dress is power. With long flowing simple robes, and pending braids of hair, and by the merciless grace of a proudly inceding step, she rules the rulers of men. She is now the very motive of enterprise—the prime incentive to martial virtue. The noblest, and yet the most human of antique heroes, was plainly indebted to this sweet impulse for all the fame he gathered; he was one ill sustained by mere robustness of nerves, but his valour was of the enthusiastic and chivalrous kind; and he was daring (he said it himself) because he so loved to win and to hold the approval of women with ‘long floating robes.’ But, time advancing, small states were merged or destroyed. The more complicated systems of republican policy resulting from this change seem to have been generally unfavourable to the influence of the sex; and when the states of Greece attained their highest celebrity, the women found themselves driven into deep retirement. The Gynæceum in point of seclusion was nearly a match for the Hareem.

The Roman matron, however, was not quite so easily managed; and the men who affected a boundless dominion abroad, led a difficult life at home. When, after the last Punic war, the Conquerors of Carthage had attained to the very height of their true greatness, the women were greater still, and had power sufficient to procure a complete change in the law of marriage. They had always been divorceable themselves; they now asserted their right to an equal contract, and obtained the seemingly delightful privilege of turning their husbands adrift; they acquired, too, an absolute and inalienable right to retain the property of which they might be possessed at their marriage. Man no sooner descended to a legal equality with woman in this respect than he found that he got the worst of it. The actual dissolutions of marriage which now took place, though vastly numerous, yet bore no proportion to the general discomfort which invaded ‘the blessed state.’ It is womanly to forgive, but it is womanly also to threaten; and the law now enabled every Roman matron to keep her poor husband under a perpetual notice to quit. The wives of course threw all the blame of this domestic misery upon the wretched husbands; and, adding insult to injury, and characteristically infusing a little religion, they ostentatiously set to invoking a deity that seemed to be made for their purpose—the Goddess Viriplaca, as they called her; that is, ‘Appeaser of husbands.’ Conceive the annoyance of a hen-pecked senator, compelled by his wife to go and beseech the goddess, as if it were he, poor fellow, whose anger required a cooling!

Under this system of rapid exchange and free circulation of  
women,



women, so little of domestic happiness was achieved, that although upon political grounds the positive duty of marrying was strongly inculcated, and clearly acknowledged by all, yet the number of those who ventured upon the great experiment grew every day more scanty. The noble Roman who had fully enough of public spirit to sacrifice his ease and to risk his life for the State, yet hesitated to encounter for her sake the cares and perils of wedlock. By the time of Augustus this evil had so far increased that statesmen became alarmed lest the eternity of the eternal city should be imperilled by the increasing scarceness of the citizens. The people were assembled in the presence of Augustus, and were divided into two distinct masses, the one on the right, and the other on the left of the emperor. On the right were the married men, dejected indeed, and care-worn, yet proudly supporting themselves by the consciousness of having dared and suffered in their country's cause. On the left were the bachelors, and great was the city's dismay (for the full extent of the evil seems to have been till then unknown) when it appeared that this selfish and timorous class far exceeded in number the wived patriots. The Emperor spoke, and strove to rouse the youth of Rome to make a venture in their country's cause, and bravely encounter fair brides. Abashed and confounded, the bachelors listened, and sadly awaited the fate which they saw approaching. The Pappian law, consolidating former enactments, was levelled point-blank against the crime of celibacy, and threatened it with cruel penalties. In all competitions for office, of high or low degree, the unhappy bachelor was to be postponed to his married adversary; and this was not all, for his right of succession to property was actually invaded, and wealth that otherwise would have accrued to him was suddenly arrested in its course of descent, and confiscated to the public treasury. On the other hand, the most enticing rewards were held out for the encouragement of matrimonial enterprise. The 'honours of old age' (which would scarcely be appreciated—unless perhaps by Young England—in these degenerate days)—precedence in the theatres (which meant, as it were, all the boxes and stalls at the opera)—perpetual preference in contests for place and public emolument—and even (in the event of three children born to him) immunity from personal taxes;—all these advantages, and many more, were showered upon the man whose courage and patriotism would enable him to undergo marriage. 'For less rewards than these,' said the Emperor, 'would thousands expose their lives; and can they not then entice a Roman citizen to arise and marry a wife?' The bachelors trembled, but did not obey; all kinds of fraud were resorted to with a view of eluding the law; and many a man got formally wedded to a harmless

child of four or five years old in order to obtain the civil immunities of a husband without enduring his troubles. After a time the complaints of the great unyoked created, or rather constituted, a mass of public opinion so strong, and so hostile to the strict execution of the Pappian law, that its cruelty was gradually mitigated—partly by subsequent enactments, and partly by mere force of custom and humanity. Even Nero, with all his cold steel-heartedness, was touched by the piteous wail of the men-about-town, and greatly advanced their emancipation by reducing the rewards of those odious public informers who lived by denouncing celibacy. Moreover, the emperors soon contracted the habit of granting dispensations and indulgences which enabled the happy possessors to retain their independence without incurring a forfeiture of their civil rights, and thus in the end the law as it were leaked away, as all laws must do which have nothing but words to uphold them.

Meantime, however, the established despotism of the emperors was drawing along with it a general corruption of manners so debasing, that the wholesome terror inspired by the Roman matron was gradually replaced by feelings alternately sensual and contemptuous. The whole dignity of woman depends upon the grandeur of the male character, on which she exerts her influence: it is this that is the sole foundation of her power. When, therefore, great empires load the earth, and the individual man reduced to personal insignificance by the compression of a steady despotism becomes a fractional quantity—a mere atomic element of the huge compacted mass, the salutary influence of woman (we put mere courtiers out of the question) must dwindle down to zero.

‘Comme les lois,’ says Montesquieu, speaking of a despotism, ‘y sont sévères, et exécutés sur-le-champ, on a peur que la liberté des femmes n’y fasse des affaires. Leurs brouilleries, leurs indiscretions, leurs répugnances, leurs penchans, leurs jalousies, leurs piques, cet art qu’ont les petites ames d’intéresser les grandes, n’y sauroient être sans conséquence. . . . Elles doivent être extrêmement esclaves.’—*Esprit des Lois*, liv. vii. c. 9.

The fate of the women under the declining empire of Rome illustrates and justifies this conclusion, and even our own history is curiously strong in confirmation of the Frenchman’s dogma; for in 1517, and close upon the very point of time when our monarchical system had most nearly grown into despotism, there issued the proclamation ‘that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses.’—*Hume’s History of England*, cap. 33, vol. iv. p. 274. Napoleon too, in this as in other respects (witness his violent expulsion of Madame de Staël), had all the Cæsars’ instinct.

But,

But, the mere example of an absolute Government, as well as the actual pressure of its authority, contributes to the subjection of women: 'Chacun suit l'esprit du gouvernement, et porte chez soi ce qu'il voit établi ailleurs.'—*Esprit des Loix*, ubi supra. Moreover, a subject who is practically held answerable in his life and his property for any indiscreet act of his wife's, must necessarily and in all fairness be empowered to keep her at home. Once possessed of this authority, he of course exerts it for his own jealous purposes, and detains his wife in durance without the slightest regard to the feelings of her lovers. Now it is not of course by establishing a rivalry between husbands and lovers that domestic happiness is to be secured, but still, when the wholesome possibility of rousing emulation is excluded by brutal force, the subjection and humiliation of woman are complete. From this time, and not before, the monetary value of the sex begins to be recognised. You do but mock a man if you ask him a price for the eagle that soars to her airy nest through storms and sunshine; but offer to sell him the linnet that sings in her cage, and, if he loves linnets, he'll buy. And accordingly, in Eastern countries, where the subjection of the sex is pretty nearly complete, a woman, instead of bringing a fortune to her husband, is herself a luxury appreciable by the pecuniary standard, and paid for in hard piastres. When once this point of degradation is attained—when once it is established that she who should be the willing partner of man's joys and sorrows, is to be bought for gold, the repetition of such purchases from time to time by the same person seems to follow as an almost necessary consequence; for to let a man buy his one wife, and to debar him from buying two, is to attempt nothing less than a sumptuary law; and that, we all know, is a kind of interference with human free-will not readily brooked by prosperous men, and always easy of evasion. If women, in short, can be priced, and treated as subjects of barter, they must perforce obey the ordinary laws which regulate the distribution of wealth, and accumulate in the hands of the rich.

Thus it seems that the enforced seclusion of the sex, and that practical, though not perhaps formal, polygamy which surely results from it, is not a rude bygone error—like that of drowning witches, or burning dissenters, or believing in Jeremy Bentham—but is, on the contrary, an incident of overwrought civilization, to which even we in our elderly days might arrive. Regarding, then, the Oriental management and distribution of women as an indication of national senility, we cannot take in good part Mr. Milnes' hint respecting the tranquil delights of the harem—or, as we are now instructed to write—*hareem*. Such a suggestion wounds our vanity in the same way as if we were told



the best shop for buying smart hair, or good, steady, quiet teeth. Old England, we say, is not so old as all that. We cannot, of course, pretend that all is perfection: on the contrary, we confess, in the name of the sex, that there is much to answer for. It is true that the gentle English woman can scarcely put on those terrors which made the Roman matron so formidable; but then, we must own, she has now and then some few provoking ways entirely unknown to the ancients: she can go to Exeter Hall—she can listen by the hour to the harangues of vociferous idiots—every vein on her brow throbbing with mental ecstasy, or animal magnetism, or both—and then, they say, she comes home and pours out the tea without one remaining spark of enthusiasm; she can also sometimes write books against her spouse—keep all her lover's notes—embroider slippers for favourite preachers—and, in short, make a good, plain, useful husband completely ridiculous. In the first instant of pain occasioned by seeing these things, we perhaps turn our eyes to the calm, decorous East, and find Mr. Milnes returning thence with such a sweetly quiet picture of *hareem* life, that unless we take the trouble of correcting our momentary impressions by a little reflection, that steady attachment to the cause of woman's freedom, which ought to be the creed of every true Englishman, may stand some risk of being disturbed or chilled.

The distinguished author of 'Palm Leaves' is, we believe, the first Englishman—or, at all events, the first publishing Englishman—who ever gained access to the sacred hareems of the Orientals. Ladies, it is true, have from time to time found admission, and have given us the result of their observations; but from the want of that fiery interest in the subject which none but men can feel, their accounts have failed to attain that point of perfection which is indicated by the French expression of 'leaving nothing to desire.' There was a strong demand, therefore, on the part of the public for some account of the hareem by a more ardent and less legitimate visitant of its mysteries. In this great commercial country, a demand on the part of the public for anything under the sun is sure to be followed by an abundant supply; and Mr. Milnes, in this instance, became the channel through which the required information has been obtained. The Society of Friends will naturally be curious to know by what ingenious stratagem the member for Pontefract has baffled the vigilant jealousy of a thousand years, and walked unmolested and free through those broad marble chambers and deeply-shaded gardens where Beauty and Mystery dwell. One contrivance they say is this: to put on the attire of a woman, and gain admission upon pretence of selling choice trifles

trifles from Paris and London, and especially toilet luxuries: did Mr. Milnes thus disguised make his way to the women's apartments, entreating them 'just to try his only true and genuine Kalydor for the People,' or his pots of modest 'blushing Paste à la jeune Angleterre,' and imploring them too to 'beware of the unprincipled persons who imitate his inimitable and refreshing Essence à la fraîcheur du soir?' Impossible. Our great social favourite, ever sparkling and foaming in the abundance of new and bright fancies, could never have passed himself off for even five minutes together as a buying and selling animal: besides, his assumption of the feminine character would have been defective in one respect, and too complete in another, for he would surely have betrayed to his prettiest customer the dangerous secret of his new mustachios. Did he then take the guise of a hakim or doctor, and so gain permission to visit a sick sultana? By such an artifice he might have managed to see the tip of her tongue between the folds of the purdar, and to feel her pulse through the web of a gold-threaded napkin; but this 'one tractarian more,' in his truly Catholic spirit, would never have rested content with any such partial experiences. Did he then pass himself off as the kizlar aga, or 'commander of the girls?' This could hardly be; for although there may be some points of affinity between officers of this description and the half-German school of philosophy to which Mr. Milnes, for the sake of variety, will now and then give his adhesion, yet we must recollect that the kizlar aga is almost always a black, and that to assume his outward appearance is not one-half so easy as to imitate his tones of thought. Then how were the guards won over? These stanzas shall tell, for they sound like a noble strain:—

'But the heaven-enfranchised poet  
Must have no exclusive home,  
He must feel, and freely show it,—  
Phantasy is made to roam:  
He must give his passions range,  
He must serve no single duty,  
But from Beauty pass to Beauty,  
Constant to a constant change.

'With all races, of all ages,  
He must people his harem:  
He must search the tents of sages,  
He must scour the vales of dream:  
Ever adding to his store,  
From new cities, from new nations,  
He must rise to new creations,  
And, unsated, ask for more.'—*Palm Leaves*, p. 80.

Distinctly

Distinctly from their lyrical value, these lines deserve to be written in letters of gold over Mr. Moxon's door, for never did man declare more largely the precious Rights of Poets. But surely it is only to bards who are tinctured with modern philosophy that this Magna Charta is applicable. A sagacious husband of even the Western world would have looked twice at Shakspeare, and even at righteous John Milton, before he gave him *carte blanche*. It is plainly their adoption of diluted Platonism that enables Mr. Milnes to claim for our contemporary rhymesters this very flattering privilege of going wherever they will, and doing whatever they can.

Talleyrand's opinion respecting the gift of speech has no application to poetry. It is not for the purpose of concealing thought, but for the purpose of concealing its absence, that the power of versifying is most commonly exercised. Mr. Milnes, however, has no need of this covering. There is a meaning in most of his poems, and in almost all we see how well the force of a kindly nature can impel the current of verse. This rhyming in him is not a mere 'whistling as he goes for want of thought.' He used to be almost always half in earnest (that is saying a great deal for these lukewarm times), but now that he comes gravely singing in praise of the Hareem, we must really venture to question his semi-sincerity. In many of his writings Mr. Milnes has seized with a poet's instinct upon those sweet phases of woman's character which never could have had an existence beneath the cold shadow of Eastern tyranny:—

' A throb, when the soul is entered  
By a light that is lit above,  
Where the God of Nature has centred  
The beauty of Love.—  
The world is wide—these things are small—  
They may be nothing—but they are all.

' A look that is telling a tale,  
Which looks alone dare tell;  
When a cheek is no longer pale,  
That has caught the glance as it fell;  
A touch, which seems to unlock  
Treasures unknown as yet,  
And the bitter-sweet first shock,  
One can never forget;—  
The world is wide—these things are small—  
They may be nothing—but they are all.'

—*Poems of Many Years.*

We cannot, we must not, believe that the author of these fond lines would really and truly efface from the world all that beauty  
of



of sentiment with which he breathes in verse; we cannot—we must not—believe that for the sake of mere decorum, and the humdrum temptation of a ‘quiet life,’ he would rob the Western world of its dearest treasure—the *willing* heart of woman. It is true we are arguing now in some degree *ad hominem*, or rather, to say the truth, *ad virum*, but we cannot yet part with the proper person of Mr. Milnes. We must divest the Harem of every particle of that support which it might derive from the mere authority of its advocate. One of the darling characteristics of that philosophy which slackens the poetry, and unmans the intellect of its followers, is a craving to believe in everything. These people see how grandly soared the imagination of men in old time when the world and its wonders were new; when doubt and discrimination, the destroyers of the poetic faculty, had scarcely yet gained a reception; and they fancy that by shamming the ancient credulity, they can rise once again from the ground. Delighted, as it were, with the playful innocence of childhood, they think they’ll be playful too, and so put on long petticoats, and shake their little rattles. It does not occur to them that simplicity assumed in these artificial times is a mere mental cosmetic, deceiving none, amusing some few, and repelling the mass of mankind. Thus they treat the separation between plain truth and gross falsehood as a technical and invidious distinction unworthy of a poetical temperament, as well as of ‘large’ and simple minds. Mr. Milnes, of course (we must use our old bathing phrase to express the proneness of his leap, and the totality of his immersion), at once takes a ‘header’ straight down into this shallow pool of philosophy, and comes up again with his eyes hermetically closed, and a mouthful of cast-away creeds. In these very ‘Palm Leaves,’ for instance, he loses no opportunity of showing his omniscience. Like the Romans of old, he opens his facile Pantheon to all the stray gods he can catch. His ‘One Tract More’—the cleverest, by the way, of all his writings—had quite established his character as an Anglo-Catholic of the high Littlemore type;—but the Oriental Steam Navigation Company at once converts him to Islam by the simple process of setting him ashore at Alexandria; and, before he has been three weeks in Egypt, he delivers himself of the poem called ‘Mahomedanism,’ which contains, we really believe, a sounder and better developed exposition of Mahometan faith than any imaum could have given. But Mr. Milnes returns by way of Greece, and finding himself at the deserted shrine of Delphi, he coolly gives in his adherence to the deity of the spot by a formal declaration of faith. Whether he goes along with certain of the fathers in their way of accounting for the veracity of the oracle he does not explain, but

but contents himself by repeating his own heathen credo, and expressing a little contempt for the unbelief of the Christian. Now whether he does or does not really yield his belief to the voice of the Delphian priestess is purely a matter of conscience, and one which must rest entirely between Mr. Milnes and Apollo; but this we must say, that if our poet will put his faith in all he reads and hears, he can hardly expect us to put our faith in him, and we must therefore consider the relative advantages and drawbacks of the Hareem system as calmly and dispassionately as if it had never received the honour of Mr. Milnes' adherence.

Yet, although we repudiate the authority of his example, we will gladly pause for a moment to look at his sketch of the Hareem:—

‘Behind the veil, where depth is traced  
By many a complicated line,—  
Behind the lattice closely laced  
With filigree of choice design,—  
Behind the lofty garden wall,  
Where stranger face can ne’er surprise,—  
That inner world her all-in-all,  
The Eastern woman lives and dies.

‘Husband and children round her draw  
The narrow circle where she rests;  
His will the single perfect law,  
That scarce with choice her mind molts;  
Their birth and tutelage the ground  
And meaning of her life on earth—  
She knows not elsewhere could be found  
The measure of a woman’s worth.

‘Within the gay kiosk reclined,  
Above the scent of lemon groves,  
Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,  
And birds make music to their loves,—  
She lives a kind of fairy life,  
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,  
Unconscious of the outer strife  
That wears the palpitating hours.’

—*Palm Leaves*, pp. 14, 15.

It will be seen that our Palmer, forgetting his own irruption, or counting that as nothing, assumes the inviolate sanctity of the hareem to be a matter beyond dispute. But is this the case? What says Lady Mary?—

‘The Turkish ladies are, perhaps, more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money and inventing

inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expenses are no way limited by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it; and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex.' (*Letters and Works*, vol. ii. p. 45.) 'The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry.' (*Ib.* p. 110.) 'As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now that I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writings that have given accounts of them. This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. . . . You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies that are rich having all their money in their own hands.'—*Ib.* vol. i. p. 373.

It is truly pleasing to see that these two defenders of the Oriental system attain their common conclusion by paths exactly opposite. The meek pilgrim of Pontefract approves the jealous precautions of the hareem, because he believes them effectual—the clever ambassadress regards them with contemptuous indulgence, because, as she says, they not only utterly fail in their object, but actually facilitate the trespasses of those for whose exclusion they are contrived. Good Mahmoud Effendi returns rather suddenly to his young wife's favourite chamber, and glances with rapture upon the sweet 'form that none but he can touch, the face that he alone of living men has right to see' (*Palm Leaves*, p. 17); but standing near her he finds a person in woman's attire, who seems to be treating for the sale of silks and stuffs; the face, long before he approached, was carefully covered up in the usual manner, so as to show no sign of itself except eyes; the creature is rather tall for a woman, and carries its drapery clumsily. How happy is Mahmoud Effendi, according to Mr. Milnes—how exceedingly wretched, according to Lady Mary! The poet assures him that she whom he loves is—

'An idol in a secret shrine,  
Where one high priest alone dispels  
The solitude of charms divine.  
And in his happiness she lives,  
And in his honour has her own,  
And dreams not that the love she gives  
Can be too much for him alone.'—*Palm Leaves*, p. 15.  
The



The ambassadress, on the other hand, tells us that happily the Effendi dares not for the life of him touch that silk-seller's veil (the yashmak), but that if he could draw it aside, he might find a good pair of whiskers! Whether there be better ground for Lady Mary's suspicion, or for the poet's happy confidence, we can hardly now determine, but at all events it is highly instructive to contrast my Lady's sagacity with the fond credulity of Mr. Milnes' sex.

But even supposing this system to be effective in preventing any actual invasion of the marital rights, how poor and flat is the virtue thus enforced! Freed from moral responsibility by coercion, the woman of the East may display all those virtues, and all those outward signs of virtues, which are required by the rules of the prison; but there must end her merit. The utmost that restraint can effect upon human beings is conformity—conformity with rules prescribed. Men may have in their helpmate the virtues enforced by compulsion, or the virtues that spring from free will, but they cannot have both. When an Oriental woman is free from the superintendence of others, she is free altogether. Mr. Reid mentions that the late Sultan's favourite wife obtained permission to visit the theatre of Pera. Her waggon was drawn into the pit by bullocks; she remained in this carriage as long as the performance lasted; but finding that the crowd immediately surrounding the equipage was almost entirely made up of Franks, she soon contrived to get her yashmak into that state of disarrangement which ensured its falling down from time to time, and otherwise conducted herself in a way that would not have been tolerated by the humblest of Ottoman husbands. On another occasion the waggons of the Imperial harem, whilst resting, if we rightly remember, in the shade of the trees near the 'sweet waters,' encountered a party of Englishmen who (unfortunately for their peace of mind) were accompanied by a courier very much better-looking than themselves. The result was that our countrymen returned immensely disgusted at the attentions which the sultanas thought proper to lavish upon their handsome attendant. So much for the fate of the Imperial husband, with all his enormous apparatus for enforcing decorum and virtue! And would Mr. Milnes really desire to exercise such a paltry empire as this, which extends to the mere limbs of gentle woman, and leaves her sweet fancy all free to light as it may upon couriers and serving-men?

Our bard, no doubt, when imagining his stanzas on the harem, saw plainly enough that the beauty of his picture would consist in the air of deep calm and soft repose with which he has really surrounded it—he saw too that all this calm and repose would be sadly endangered if he admitted upon the scene more wives than  
one,

one, and he has therefore taken the audacious poetical licence of importing into Mahometan countries a system of strict monogamy. To justify this, he tells us in a part of his preface, plainly founded on Lady Mary Wortley's letters, that a man who had married a woman of respectable family would scarcely venture to take a second partner. Now Lady Mary's observations were certainly pointed at those who have intermarried with members of the Imperial family, and if taken in reference to any of humbler race, are completely without foundation. The habitual reserve of the Orientals in speaking of women will account in some measure not for the existence of a sincere and well-founded doubt on this subject, but for the fact that it is possible to bring the matter in question at all. No traveller investigating the mystery whilst in the East could have failed to assure himself that a great proportion of the men indulge in a multiplicity of wives; but the blessed state of matrimony is a topic of conversation so carefully shunned by Mussulmans, and so little favoured even by Christian Rayahs, that if one being in England were to take up with the faith that Mahomet's liberality in point of wives had been all thrown away, he might very easily go from the Bosphorus to the Bramahpootra without being forced to part with his notion. Lord Bacon demolished the fallacy of *à priori* reasoning, but the practice of *à priori* observation is still in full use. Mr. Milnes has adopted it. Sitting in Pall Mall, he felt the poetic difficulty of being encumbered with numerous wives. No man better knows how to manage a sigh, a smile, a heart, and so on, but he saw at once that these things would not bear to be multiplied by four—that

‘The Una of my nights and days,  
My spirit's queen,’—(*Poems of Many Years*)

could not be turned into a quartetto; and that the difficulty of dragging in those ‘four fond hearts’ was insuperable. Proceeding to the Levant with his mind thus preoccupied, he at once effects a theoretical abolition of polygamy, and quietly confiscates for his own poetic purposes at least three-fourths of the Mussulman's dearest possessions.

The sheer truth of the matter stands thus:—Mahometans of the upper class for the most part indulge in an ostentatious profusion of wives. We say of wives, because though the list of a Mussulman's spouses is confined to four, yet the number of favoured slaves is unlimited, and the domestic station of these women is such that the distinction between them and the legal wives is of a purely technical kind. When Lord Palmerston (by way of a sugar-plum for the ladies of Exeter Hall, and surely not in

in ignorance of his subject, for that is the last defect that could be imputed to him) thought proper to order that Her Majesty's ambassador at the Porte should use his influence with a view to obtain the gradual extinction of slavery, he received from Lord Ponsonby a short and pithy reply, which, by referring to the example of the Sultan's mother, and the parentage of the chief men in the empire, showed plainly enough that the connexion between the Ottoman and the yashmak'd portion of his property is, to all intents, a family relationship, implying no sort of degradation. There is usually, however, a difference of race between the wife and the slave, the former being generally a native of the husband's country, and the latter, if white, being of the Georgian or Circassian stock. The slave too is generally, we believe, a better instructed person than the wife. It appears that girls captured in Circassia are usually disposed of, at a very early age, to Jewish merchants, and that these men are accustomed to take a strongly enlightened view of the education question. They find, it is said, by experience, that the cultivation of a child's intellect makes large return in beauty; and that a girl at fifteen will be many per cent. more beaming and attractive, if the mind that illumines her features be adorned with the graces of literature. A promising child, therefore, is often well taught in the poetry as well as the languages of Arabia and Persia; and thus is enabled to stand in advantageous contrast with those of her more homely colleagues who have been ritually married. Besides, she has the advantage of having been seen by her owner before the purchase, and is therefore less likely to be a subject of disappointment than a wife selected and taken upon the faith of mere verbal descriptions.

At the very time that our bard was wandering on the banks of the Nile, as blind as Homer, the 'Englishwoman in Egypt' was visiting many a harem, and carefully counting the wives. The excellent little book which results from her observations gives us, in a few pages, more information on the grand mystery of Oriental homes than we have ever been able to draw from other sources. Mrs. Poole plainly looked at all around her with a wish to reach pleasant conclusions: and at first she would hardly consent to part with the hope that the polygamy permitted to Mussulmans was really and truly practised. The truth, however, soon forced itself upon her observation. She was received with much cordiality and kindness in many of the 'high hareems;' and of these, if we rightly understand her, there was only one that owned the sway of a solitary wife. In all the rest of the establishments which she visited, there were not only many fair slaves, but two or more lawful wives; and even when she had satisfied herself as to the number of spouses contained in a single



single hareem, she could not feel certain that she had got to the end of the list.

‘I remember writing,’ says she, ‘in my simplicity, that I believed Mahommed Ali Pacha to have but two wives; but having been introduced to another of his wives, the mother of Haleem Bey, in his hareem in the citadel, I conjecture that there is yet another, making the full Muslim allowance, namely, four wives.’—*Englishwoman in Egypt*, Letter 30.

It is true that the Englishwoman’s visits were chiefly made to the establishments of wealthy and distinguished men. If she had gained admission to the homes of people belonging to the middle class, she would have found many an instance of a thrifty merchant rigidly stinting himself in nuptial luxuries, and going on year after year with a single yokefellow. On the other hand, amongst the labouring classes, there is a good deal of the recklessness and extravagance which often accompany poverty; and as an improvident Christian will fall into habits of drinking, just so an improvident Mussulman will often take to marrying.

We have no dread of seeing this kind of Mahometan licence admitted or tolerated for a moment in Western Europe. It is true Mr. Milnes, if he chooses, can quote St. Augustine, and tell us that the ordinances of religion on this point must bend to the customs of mankind; and that when polygamy is sanctioned by usage, it is not criminal:—‘Quando mos erat, crimen non erat; nunc propterea crimen est quia mos non est’ (in *Faust*, lib. xxii. c. 47). ‘When it was a custom it was no crime; now it is a crime because it is not the custom.’ But even if fifty ‘tracts more’ were written in support of this heresy, we still think that England would keep herself free from the stain. The spirit, the self-respect, the ripened intellect, but chiefly perhaps, after all, the long-enduring graces of the Englishwoman, and her matronly beauty surpassing the charms of her waltzing era, make it almost impossible that any sane husband, whatever the law might allow, could dare to give her a colleague. The temerity of such an attempt would be frightful, even where the husband might be rich enough to provide several establishments upon a scale of exactly equal splendour; but how much more so when all the claimants upon his marital affection dwelt under the same roof! Fancy being the eldest wife of a younger son who had over-married himself, and lived in a house with a narrow staircase!

But besides this chorus of wives and fair slaves, there is another class of connexions that swells the numbers of the hareem. The widowed mother of the owner, unless she be dead, or living with some other of her sons, is the *prima donna* of the establishment, which is also the home of aunts and sisters, and even sometimes

of

of more aged relations. Mr. Milnes speaks rather contemptuously of our knowledge upon this subject, as having been derived from the ballet, and therefore in all points false. This is talking too broadly. We have often seen the grandmamas of the hareem represented with admirable fidelity by some of the opera chorus 'girls.' Moreover, we are to recollect (and this applies to all who are rich enough to have a woman-servant) that the Oriental lady, like the princesses of old, lives perpetually surrounded by her handmaidens, and maintains with them an intercourse of the most familiar kind. Upon the whole, then, we believe that the 'school-room,' as it is called, of an English gentleman's house, in which three or four girls, of from twelve to fifteen, were teasing their grandmother, or playing and romping with their favourite maid-servants, would give a truer idea of the habitual life in the hareem than any other example which this country would afford. We speak of a hareem newly formed, for when the confluent families of children begin to grow up and multiply, the whole gynæceum notoriously degenerates into a nursery; and as no closed door is allowed, all quiet is out of the question. The Turk, indeed, does love repose, and nothing can exceed the liberality with which he indulges himself in the gratification of his taste; but he would not, we are sure, adopt Mr. Milnes' advice with respect to the readiest mode of attaining this blessing. When the longing for mere tranquillity comes stealing over his spirit, he follows that pious observance which we in more northern climes can scarcely appreciate. Upon some spot of ground near a mosque, made holy by religious associations, and deeply shaded by trees, he will sit as still as an idol of stone, calmly letting the hours swim round him, and seeming to gather in sanctity, not by worded prayer, nor even by dint of thought, but rather by the passive absorption of just so much truth as may come with the whispering breeze. When at last he has had his full of repose, and feels his nerves strung for the pleasures, the toils, and the sufferings of active life, then it is that he faces his hareem, and encounters the loud commands of his mother, the advice of his two grandmamas, the warnings of his aunts, the complaints of his unmarried sisters, the frolics of all his children, and the lively clatter of wives. Whoever, drawing a picture of an Oriental home, ascribes to the woman that gentle softness of character which ('Books of Beauty' inform us) are always found in Mayfair, must either be speaking in ignorance of his splendid subject, or else, from mere habit, is harping upon one of those false old strings which we are so apt to set twanging whenever the sex is our theme. The woman of the East (we speak now of the mass, and not of the higher ranks), for ever trooping with those

those of her own sex, is reckless and fierce, glad enough to take a bold part in rows and public disturbances, and almost fitted, in times of strife, to match with the Furies of the French Revolution. When reduced to a *tête-à-tête* with a stranger, she is at first indeed gravely formal, and humbles herself before man with solemn prostrations; but when that mere ritual worship is past, she sports like a nimble child, and no human being would ever extol or condemn her for that calm repose which our poet imputes to the imaginary queen of his harem.

But, after all, it is by her more highly gifted mind, or rather by her nobler habits of thought, that the European gentlewoman excludes her sister of the East from all pretension and shadow of claim to come and stand compared with her. In the cold moment of beginning our homily we almost promised to scrutinize fairly the relative merits of the harem and the drawing-room. We must forfeit our pledge. We cannot sit toiling to show the superiority of the Western world in this respect, nor gravely mark and set down the points of distinction between an immortal soul and a copper kettle-drum. We bid a farewell to the noisy realities of the harem, and another and kinder farewell to the lemon-grove, and the pattering fountain, and the quiet wife feigned by our poet, and gladly come back once more, as though from a voyage, to our own firesides in England.

This last half century seems to have wrought an ill change in the intellectual station of women. That plan of enforcing 'accomplishments' has at last so diluted and over-sweetened their minds that they have gradually become more similar the one to the other than thinking creatures should be. Miss Alpha loves music with exactly the same degree of phrenzy as Miss Omega; yet neither the first nor the last, nor any one of the intermediate sisters, can write so charming a letter, nor converse a quarter as well as her stately and calm grandmamma, who tells us about Mrs. Siddons. But the most evil sign that appears is an increasing languor, and want of spirit for social enjoyment. 'Lukewarmness and want of zeal,' said old Jeremy Taylor, 'are the malady of the age.' We repeat his words, and pin them upon this present era—not in reference to religion, but to our habits of social intercourse. How often a woman of the very humblest pretensions in point of social talents—who never, perhaps, reads a book, nor conceives an original thought—yet deems herself strong enough to say that society abroad has very slight charms for her; that guests in her house are more troublesome than amusing; and that, in fine, she is never so happy as when she can keep her husband at home, although she well knows she has nothing on earth to offer him except mere household facts! A drawing-room thus darkened against



against all bright ideas, all worthy thoughts, is for the poor male bird a hareem all over—but without its supposed security, and without those delightful plans for domestic additions and improvements, which vary the life and cheer the spirits of an Eastern husband. We say there is need for care lest the homes of England degenerate in this direction: we fear not that they can ever in mass become contaminated or impure, but rather that they may grow so dull and insipid as to deter our unmarried men from all nuptial enterprises; and that thus, as in Greece and Rome, the honoured and honourable matron may be gradually superseded by ‘humbler virtues’ (for so the historian speciously words it) and more inspiring minds. There exists without doubt in this country a vast amount of domestic happiness, but in many instances it is too completely latent to serve as an example. It would be well if our women could manage to increase the number not only of enviable but of envied husbands. We give, then, our welcome to Mrs. Ellis’s books—and chiefly for this, that they seem in some measure fitted to chase that ‘unliveliness and natural sloth’ which made John Milton cry out for divorce in his awfulest tones of anguish.

Mrs. Ellis carefully disclaims the idea of giving her sex the slightest assistance in any attempts to ‘manage’ their lords. We are strongly propitiated by this declaration, as well as by the ready excuses so generously offered for most of our failings and sins—yet we freely confess that we look at works written by women upon the science of domestic government with a kind of good-humoured suspicion which we can neither repress, nor justify, nor indeed very clearly explain, unless by saying that they make us remember that treatise on horsemanship which the tailor detected as having decidedly come from the pen of a chesnut mare. This subject of ‘Woman’ is so splendid, so terrible, so enchanting, so vast—and, in short (to use the language of the polka dancers), so ‘Catholic,’ that perhaps no imaginable treatment of it would ever seem quite satisfactory. Sometimes, for whole pages together, we find so much virtue inculcated, that we almost give ourselves credit for having perused some sermons, and long, by way of relief, to find our authoress stooping to practical views, and giving us a glimpse of the Utopian home which she strives to create by her counsels. We long, and not in vain—for presently the descent takes place; but is effected by the writer with such admirable gravity of countenance, that the gravity of the reader becomes impossible. Thus we are told that, ‘in the character of a noble, enlightened, and truly good man, there is a power and a sublimity so nearly approaching what we believe to be the nature and capacity of angels, that as no feeling can exceed, so no language can describe,’

describe,' &c. (*Wives of England*, p. 65): but presently, and without at all quitting her solemn, didactic style, the writer speaks of 'the complacency and satisfaction which most men evince on finding themselves placed at table before a favourite dish.' (*Ib.* p. 77.) In touches such as these there is something of a Cervantes-like humour, delightfully improved upon by drawing the elements of sublimity and bathos from the same person. Most pleasant it is to see the bright 'angel' fold up his celestial wings, lay a napkin under his chin, and sit down Sancho Panza confessed!

We agree with Mrs. Ellis upon the vast importance of conversational power in women. We agree with her also in thinking that in England the art of 'sweet talk' is not found in that perfect state of which there is reason to suppose it capable. For improvement in this respect Mrs. Ellis has one or two plans. Her conviction appears to be that the science of conversation is no more impossible than that of botany, and might therefore be furnished 'to order,' if proper directions were given to people engaged in teaching. It is characteristic of woman's sanguine and somewhat arbitrary disposition to hope and believe that almost every object of human desire may be attained by a simple exercise of authority. Thus we hear so often that 'men should make a law' against so-and-so, without much regard to the practical difficulties impeding legislation. Mrs. Jameson, for instance, is absolutely solemn in her denunciation of the Parliament for its remissness in not providing against the evil of falling in love unexpectedly:—

'Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the sexes—the passion of love, in short—should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators!—people educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world, but ask the priest. . . . Why should Love be treated less seriously than Death? Death must come, and Love must come; but the state in which they find us?—whether blinded, astonished, frightened, and ignorant; or, like reasonable creatures, fit to manage our own feelings?'—*Mrs. Jameson's Canada*, vol. iii. pp. 12, 13.

The same generous blindness to difficulty which enables Mrs. Jameson to believe in the efficacy of a Falling-in-love-preparation Bill permits Mrs. Ellis to entertain a rather more reasonable hope—namely this, that the subtle craft of conversation may be brought to perfection by system; and she even ventures to lay down three 'rules,' as she calls them, for the attainment of the precious faculty. 'Adaptation,' she says, 'may be laid down as the primary rule—vivacity, or rather freshness, as the second—and the establishment of a fact, or the deduction of a moral, as



the third.' (*Women of England*, p. 150.) The importance of rule the first is obvious and incontrovertible; but it is even perhaps more requisite to conceal, than to exercise, skill in this direction; for men (we mean men of any sense or modesty) are apt to recoil from a conversation which they perceive to be purposely adapted to their tastes. The second of the recipes is surely rather a condition of success, than a rule for succeeding: it seems cruel to tell a girl without a stirring spirit, and without originality of thought, that she should make it a rule to be vivacious and fresh in her conversation; we might as well advise a dwarf to be five feet eleven in height, or coolly request our dry Amontillado from Xeres to behave itself more like Champagne. The third rule sounds so harshly as almost to dispel the idea of that delight which we seek in woman's society; her converse, it seems, is to be driving towards 'the establishment of a fact or the deduction of a moral.' Statistics and ethics! Are these to be our portions in the drawing-room? For 'facts,' we need scarcely say, we retain an unfeigned respect, and have always rejoiced that they were not entirely exterminated by Canning's terrible sarcasm; but we think that the faculty of the woman's mind consists rather in refracting, than in reflecting the truth—and that one of her most fascinating powers is that of subduing mere facts by feelings, and putting the hard realities and formal rules of life in a charmingly wrong point of view. This very enunciation of the three 'rules' is an illustration of the power we speak of; for as a guide to colloquial perfection it is thoroughly inefficient; and yet if it had been thrown out in actual conversation, it would have been lively, amusing, and suggestive of pleasant replies. Precisely the same observation applies to the suggestions for teaching the art of talking in schools for young women:—

'Each girl, for instance, might be appointed, for a day or a week, the converser with, or entertainer of, one of her fellow-students, taking all in rotation; so that in their hours of leisure it should be her business to devote herself to her companion, as it is that of a host to a guest. A report should then be given in at the expiration of the day or week, by the girl whose part it was to be conversed with; and by encouraging her to state whether she has been annoyed or interested, wearied or amused, in the presence of her companion—who should in her turn have the liberty of commending or complaining of her, as an attentive or inattentive listener—a good or bad responder—such habits of candour and sincerity would be cultivated as are of essential service in the formation of the moral character.'—*Women of England*, p. 151.

This too, we say, is an *example* of sprightly conversation, rather than a plan for attaining it. We can scarcely believe that the  
scheme



scheme will ever be really followed in schools ; but if it had been half-gravely thrown out in society, and before an appreciative audience, it might have led to mirth and clashing of wit.

If we were somewhat alarmed by that third 'rule,' establishing that women's conversation is all to end either in a 'fact' or a 'moral,' we are relieved of our anxiety upon the first score by recollecting what it is that women mean by a 'fact.' It is nothing very stubborn after all. Thus Mrs. Ellis, adopting the form of words appropriate to the establishment of a fact, gravely tells us that

'England, as a nation, has little to boast of beyond her intellectual and her moral power. It is in this that her superiority is felt and acknowledged by the world; and in this it might almost be allowed her to indulge a sort of honest pride.'—*Wives of England*, p. 208.

Now, here is a sentence written without the wish to deceive one single human being, and yet completely untrue. England—respectable in chemistry and most of the 'ologies'—good enough at her books—passable in morals, is illustrious by force of her arms. When we allow our national vanity a moment's complacency we do not really and truly plume ourselves upon our science, our literature, or our continence ; but we do take pride for this, that the prowess of our warriors has won for England her glory and her strength : when we grow boastful in our hearts, we do not run about blushing with the conscious pride of having for our fellow-countryman a Rev. Mr. Close, or a Dr. Dionysius Lardner, but rather we bend our minds back to the moment when Nelson stood joyous to see 'how that fine fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action,' or to that eight o'clock on the well-spent Sunday evening, when the Duke galloped down to Adam's brigade, and bid Sir John Colborne 'go on.' To say, then, that we have 'little to boast of' beyond our intellectual and moral excellence is not establishing a fact, but singing a canticle ; and the truth is, that a really amiable woman will seldom distinguish between those two operations. Her love of goodness is so strong that she has not patience to speak her wishes in the optative mood, but at once affirms that which she desires to be true, and hence come all those phrases in which we are told that 'true glory consists'—in geology, galvanism, hydrostatics, inoculation, Sunday-schools, lying-in hospitals, mesmerism, conversion of Jews, and a hundred other pursuits,—more meritorious, no doubt, than warfare, but totally disconnected from all ideas of glory. This habitual abuse of language from good motives—this continual repetition of amiable untruths—tends wofully to flatten the conversation of women. They so lower the standard of their verbal currency, that words—our own racy English words—quite lose their  
1 2 poignancy

poignancy and strength. What a zest is given to society by almost any woman who has the courage to talk with a close verbal adherence to her real meaning! Mere literal truth, spoken out from gentle lips, outshines wit.

And even by the threat of deducing a moral we find we have been 'more frightened than hurt.' A woman's 'moral' is not a very hard morsel. To assure mankind in this respect we will turn at once to Mrs. Jameson's graceful page, and take from her, almost at random, a couple of moral reflections: the mention of 'Lady Wortley Montagu' (*sic*) is in reference to her having introduced the practice of inoculation:—

'There stands, in a conspicuous part of this great city, a certain monument, erected, it is said, at the cost of the ladies of Britain; but in a spirit and taste which, I trust, are not those of my countrywomen at large. Is this our patriotism? We may applaud the brave, who go forth to battle to defend us, and preserve inviolate the sanctity of our hearths and homes; but does it become us to lend our voice to exult in victory, always bought at the expense of suffering, and aggravate the din and the clamour of war—we who ought to be the peace-makers of the world, and plead for man against his own fierce passions? A huge brazen image stands up, an impudent (false) witness of our martial enthusiasm; but who amongst us has thought of raising a public statue to Lady Wortley Montagu?'—*Romance of Biography*, vol. ii. pp. 288, 289.

And again:—

'What a new interest and charm will be given to many of Moore's beautiful songs when we are allowed to trace the feelings that inspired them, whether derived from some immediate and present impression, or from remembered emotions,—that sometimes swell in the breast, like the heaving of the waves when the winds are still!'—*Ib.* p. 356.

These passages show that from almost all materials, however they may be apparently barren of wholesome fruits,—that even, in short, from the legend of St. Senanus, or from our brazen Achilles of Hyde Park Corner, the truly right-minded woman may manage to draw forth a moral; we quote them, however, in order to lull the alarm occasioned by Mrs. Ellis's proposal for 'deducing a moral' in ordinary society: it is irksome to meet with instruction just when we expect entertainment, but moral reflections of this description will never damp the liveliness of a dinner-table. We feel sure that, even in moments intended for mere relaxation, we could cheerfully listen to innocent ethics like these without the annoyance of feeling that, at times set apart for amusement, we were being made wiser or better. In saying this we are far from intending blame. Mrs. Jameson's ability as a writer is unquestionable. She is fond of propounding odd views upon



upon all kinds of subjects, but this perpetual oppugnancy is delightfully contrasted by the elegance of her style—an elegance not resulting from mere fastidiousness in the avoidance of faults, but from the vigour of the writer's mind, and her strong poetic feeling. Her pages moreover are rich with the fruits of good reading, and although the subjects which she chooses are often such as might easily draw her on to the utterance of many inanities, she guards herself so effectually against this worst of literary sins as to be never at all insipid.

It is not to be doubted, we fear, that the conversational power, as well as the graceful craft of letter-writing, for which the last century was famous, has waned. We believe that this result is partly attributable to the daily, nay almost hourly press which, in great measure, supersedes the tongue of the talker, and the pen of the ready writer. Its effect upon society, in this respect, is analogous to that of our stupendous machinery upon individual industry. A hundred years ago the poor English matron could sit at her spinning-wheel, with the prospect of a certain, though humble reward. Time passed; men had made their iron-limbed Frankenstein—had given him steam for the breath of his life,—and soon he stood up against his makers—a terrible rival—a giant asking for work. He works well, and will earn his hire; but work he must have—more work than women could do by their ten hundred thousand fire-sides. The spinner loses her distaff; they say, to console her, how cheap she can buy cotton stuffs, but her small occupation is gone. And so the functions of talking and letter-writing are usurped by the press. All learnable facts not absolutely trivial or personal, and all meet reasonings upon them, are seized and gathered together we know not how, or by whom, in the dead of the night, and before the slow morning of winter can fairly dawn they are scattered abroad like the light, and given to all mankind. For conversational purposes it is in vain that the most happy events—in vain that the greatest disasters befall us. Our congratulations and condolences are no longer spoken from the lips, but thrown into type. Mr. Lumley (notwithstanding his generally brilliant management of the Opera) may have forgotten to engage Tamburini or the Emperor of Russia; if this neglect has occurred, or if Grisi has lost a note, or gained a stone—if, as happened last year, a great convulsion takes place in the pasteboard heavens, destroying the new moon, and preventing the 'shadow dance,'—we give no tongue to our sorrow—to our deep sense of injury—to our just indignation, because we rest secure that these distressing emotions will be gravely expressed by newspaper writers in all fitting tones of anguish and solemn remonstrance. Thus the range of conversation  
generally



generally has been sadly contracted ; and the field remaining open to women has been still further circumscribed by the wanton and not very brilliant ridicule which men are accustomed to throw upon the learning of the quicker sex. The women, in truth, have been fairly laughed out of their wits. Afraid to glance at science lest they should be thought romantic—afraid to know who are the cabinet ministers lest they be deemed too learned—afraid to steep their sweet souls in poetry lest they be seized and crushed as notorious mathematicians (their mothers have told them how poor Lady Byron suffered!)—they have gradually receded from all the best topics of conversation,—except, indeed, the highest and most difficult of all—we mean the grand subject called ‘Nothing.’ None but the very first class of talkers are competent to touch this subtle topic with brilliancy and effect, and yet how many will boldly attempt it without one particle of the wit or inventive power that can enable them to trifle successfully! It is this error, perhaps, which more often than any other renders society irksome. The true cause of the weariness felt is kept back. Neither men nor women much like to allow that they feel the stress upon their imagination occasioned by the avoidance of serious topics, yet feel it they do ; and, in most instances, the pain of making an effort must be accompanied by the annoyance of failure. Men, however, will never confess this ; to do so would be to admit that a strong demand upon their fancy and imagination is painful, and, in order to show that the reverse of this is true, they often affect to dislike information in women. The women, unfortunately in too many instances, have taken men at their word, and have determined that, happen what may, they will take care not to be clever. The energy of a woman’s determination is a powerful impulse, and when she has once firmly resolved to cultivate her capacity for silliness with steadiness and attention, the ultimate failure of her endeavours is scarcely possible.

The less women are confident in their fancy and inventive power, the more, we think, they should rely upon the boundless resources with which the literature of their country as well as their own powers of observation, if strongly and carefully exerted, may easily supply them. A woman without the slightest pretension to superior ability, if she would go into society with the firm resolve to seek for topics of interest, mark well the scenes that daily pass before her eyes, make herself mistress of a few well-chosen books, and wield the knowledge thus gained with feminine tact and delicacy, might render herself a delightful companion to men, and especially to those who during nine-tenths of their wakeful hours have troubles and toils to encounter.

And

And now, whilst advertng to the conversational resources afforded by literature, we will speak of a practice by which, as we think, the invigorating power of books is sadly paralysed. The press has a constant issue of journals containing in many instances well-written but short critiques, interspersed with copious extracts. To thousands of people these papers suffice; they go on tasting the cream that is skimmed for them, and never once look upon the 'honest face' of a book; the number of works of which they thus learn the titles with a more or less indistinct guess at their general contents is of course immense; but the healthful labour of mastering a single book, and forming a judgment of its merits, is wholly foregone. And with what result?—with what result, we mean, upon the life and spirit of society? In all the wide range from which the gifted woman can still choose topics of conversation with one of the other sex, there is none perhaps upon the whole so safe and so genial as that of the book which both have just read with interest; and even if the judgments formed have been different, how wholesome and invigorating, how good for the taste and the judgment, how stimulative of the intellect, how favourable for the love of fairness and fair play, is the gentle strife thus provoked! And now hear the vapid exchange of phrases that too often forms the substance of literary colloquy:—'Have you read such a book?'—'No, I've not, but I've seen some extracts—I thought them rather pretty, and the newspapers speak very well of it—at least I'm certain that they have been speaking well of *some* book—and I think that the work you mention must be the one that I mean—is not there something in it about a steeplechase in August?' Now compare such a person's mind—in reference merely to conversational aptitude—with that of a spirited woman who is warm with the love, or bright with the scorn of a volume newly read. The knowledge—the mental ownership (if so we may phrase our meaning)—of a single genuine book freshly cast from a human mind is worth all the sweets that bees can gather together from out of a thousand flowers. We may keep our wits upon sugar-plums until they are well nigh starved.

The practical inefficiency of these books by women on women results, as we think, from their meek and generous fault of laying on 'tender shoulders' too heavy a load of duties. When we read of so much bitter toil long-enduring and never repaid—so much of heavenly patience, and sweet resignation, we are truly rejoiced to look up from the piteous page, and gladly remind ourselves that after all this is only a piece of advice, and that there never has really been seen so much of suffering virtue. Now all this exhortation to perfect goodness, is it not rather the work of your Dean of St. Joseph's, or your Canon of All Saints, than of the gentle



gentle prêchouse who would give homely practical counsel to her lovely sisters? The reverend or very reverend dignitary, whether arrayed in black gown, in surplice, or in cope and alb, is set high above us; he cannot, he dares not compound with the spirit of evil, but, speaking the word that is given him, and with little of trust in his own unaided exertions, he must still persevere to the end, and never an instant remit his sublimely difficult task of teaching perfection to mortals. We know how heart-weary and sad the purest of prebendaries will sometimes become when they think of the good they preach, and yet see how evil grows round them. But a matron advising pretty girls or brides respecting this world below is not at all bound to take such a lofty position, and we believe that her influence for good might be increased a thousand-fold if she would abandon that habit of being eternally hierophantic. The distinction between disgraceful sins and venial errors should be kept so strongly in view as that the language of uncompromising denunciation which is properly levelled against the former shall not lose its wholesome force by being applied to the latter. If we really wish to do good, we must bear with the honest faults of woman's nature, and not be *always* threatening them with complete extirpation. Take for instance the sin of vanity: you may rail against it by treatise and tract, you never will hoot it away. But think well of this; that a well-regulated foible is nearly as good as a virtue, and even perhaps more attractive. And such a foible is vanity, which really requires light and gentle guidance rather than perverse frustration; it is a fault that corrects itself, for vanity shrinks from every violation of taste, and taste is shocked by every kind of excess or unfitness. If we tell a young beauty not to be vain, she will put us on the shelf with the rest of her good books, and tell us to come again on Sunday. But if we implore her not to be vain of the wrong colours—convince her of the triumphs attainable by the 'simplicité hypocrite' of a quiet toilet—persuade her that a ruined husband is sure to go out of fashion—we may so direct her foible that it shall become the very zest and charm of her character, as in that sweet sketch of the poet—

'Ah! she once had a village fame;  
Listened to love on the moonlit heather;  
Had gentleness, *vanity*, maiden shame.'

—*English Songs, by Barry Cornwall, p. 8.*

We point to this as only one example of the labour which may be lost, and the actual benefits which may be sacrificed, by overstraining our requirements. We are made up of foibles and faults, and to destroy all these one after the other is to extinguish sweet human nature—to efface us from out of the earth. We cannot



cannot be really improved by advice which requires us to lose our identity.

But, after all, the defects which we impute to these books are of a kind which impair their efficacy, but cannot render them hurtful. They will all do some good, and our graceless complaint is this—that they will not do more. They are written in the kind, generous, and noble spirit of the English gentlewoman. They contain no pernicious advice. Their tendencies are all in the right direction; they persuade the wives of England, remitting public duties, to come and adorn their own homes; and if by force of such counsels one single fireside shall be made more bright and happy—nay, if one poor piece of embroidery shall be worked for the deserving husband instead of the popular preacher, they will not have been given in vain.

We have spoken of one or two womanly errors, and tried to screen their more innocent foibles from a too-determined attack. Upon so vast a field as that of the faults by which men endanger or mar altogether the happiness of the wedded state we cannot pretend to enter, but there is a failing more peculiarly characteristic of our own countrymen which occurs to us at this moment as deserving of mark. French women are accustomed to charge the Englishman with a want of candour in his relations towards the sex. This complaint is the more striking, since it seems at first sight to impugn the character for truth and straightforwardness which the Anglo-Saxons have usually enjoyed, and have fairly, we think, deserved. It would seem that the reserve and pride of the Englishman's character are so strong a counterpoise to his love of truth, that he will rarely exercise this latter virtue to the extent of disdaining concealment. The Frenchwoman is permitted free access to the very heart of any among her own countrymen by whom she is really beloved: she knows all his foibles, as well as the exact amount of his income; this last she divides by twelve, and so concludes exactly how much her adorer should spend in each month; what horses, and carriages, and opera-boxes they ought to have; or (in humbler life) how many francs can be spared for their Sunday excursions. She becomes the accomplice of all his little plans and contrivances, and even of his crimes. Such full community of feeling as this is rarely enjoyed by the Englishwoman. Now when we think for a moment of the vast amount of pleasure which men and women might have in taking free counsel together, we cannot avoid believing that both of the sexes are losers by all this stately reserve. But it is the woman that suffers most hardly; she is so constituted as to derive one of the sweetest of all her pleasures from the mere knowledge or belief that man reposes trust in her. This is not a mere drawing-room

drawing-room taste, but common to all the sex. The hundred daily advertisements of women seeking to earn homes by their industry almost always express their anxious wishes to enjoy, however humbly, the *confidence* of their employers; and when a merchant of London, some four or five years ago, advertised in the Times for a 'confidential person' to take care of his rooms, without the usual precaution of forbidding personal application, the narrow streets near the Bank were rendered absolutely impassable for several hours by swarms of 'trustworthy widows.' So strongly in female bosoms is planted that fond desire to be trusted by man! And well, we believe, would man be repaid if he answered this yearning with more of habitual candour and frankness towards woman. He may do so without much fear of her thwarting his views. The true woman will set up no abstract subtilties against the strong current of her personal feelings. *She* never yet fell into the heresy exploded by Canning's scornful wit, of 'preferring measures to men.' When Mrs. Jameson (who is to be usually understood as speaking in the name of the sex) compares the royal patroness of Rizzio with England's vestal queen, how finely she shows her knowledge of the female heart—how pleasant is the candour with which she exclaims, 'take the two queens as women merely, and with a reference to apparent circumstances, I would rather have been Mary than Elizabeth!'—*Romance of Biography*, vol. i., p. 275.

We hope—nay, we proudly believe—that the honourable freedom of our women may long be made to rest on those only foundations which can keep it secure against change—the purity, the harmony, the genial brightness of our English homes; and in order to this good end, we will humbly venture to utter these few short counsels for the propitiation of the stern Viriplaca, that deafest of Roman deities. Our hints are of course mere addenda to the magnificent catalogue of virtues which Mrs. Ellis inculcates, but the first that we have to offer is one which derives some base importance from the fact of its being accompanied by a treacherous disclosure. We are betraying the secret weakness of our sex, but the truth must be told, and the truth is no less than this—that man too is vain!—vain even of personal looks! It is only by a greater command over his feelings, and by superior powers of dissimulation, that he has been able to pass himself off as a less vain creature than woman. In unsophisticated society the transcendent vanity of the male never fails to show itself openly. We see this in savage life, but we see it too in the more mature stages of civilization. When the Europeans first visited Patân, they found the men so conceited as to go about veiled and carefully wadded, in order to protect themselves,



selves, as they pretended, against the violence of woman's affections. The Englishman, of course, does not carry his foible so far—indeed he usually prides himself less on the beauty of his form than on a distinguished air, which he hopes shall make itself felt in spite of a homely outside. When vanity of this peculiar phase exists, it will be sometimes so intense in character as to have the force of an imperious passion rather than of a mere foible. There is many a man who goes about London well born, rather short, plain-looking, and so ill and so oddly dressed, that you would suppose him to take a sort of pride in being an ‘unstamped’ gentleman; yet this is not so—the whole delight of his life is in being enabled to fancy that the husk, however rough, must nevertheless allow his good blood to show itself. Deprive him of this fond belief, and you dry up the small but precious source of his every-day happiness. It is easy to see the vast importance of a wife's being acquainted with any such weakness as this, and of her treating it humanely and skilfully; yet the woman must never turn flatterer—must beware lest home degenerate into a mere palace. She must rarely venture to praise upon her own responsibility, but she may treasure up the kind sayings of others, and gently repeat them at happy and chosen moments; and then, if she loves her lord, and knows him, as it were, by heart, it will delight her to watch the pretended sullenness and the real exultation with which he will receive the balm. By this, and by a thousand other tender contrivances—as, for instance, by merely touching the favourite subject, without the smallest deviation from truth, or the spirit of truth—for a lying wife would indeed make a home accursed—she may so order it that, of all her husband's domestic evenings, at least one-half shall be made happy by an opportunity of indulging the sense of gratified vanity. But the power of giving this exquisite pleasure is destroyed by the intemperate use of it. A husband returning to his domestic hearth should always feel that there is a probability—should never feel that there is a certainty—of having his complacency gratified. We think that, speaking generally, the chance of his finding this solace on any particular evening should be about three to two in his favour; but in the event of illness or severe disappointments, the patient's allowance should be increased. In case of his misconduct, it ought to be diminished, or even discontinued for short periods, but not of course for such a length of time as to freeze and snap the affections.

This advice too we offer: that the wife, and especially the bride, despise not the opinion of her husband's unwedded friends. These men, or at all events some of them, will justly enjoy the reputation of having critical skill in the appreciation of beauty, and even  
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of feminine virtue, 'by reason,' says Milton, 'of their bold accustoming, and because their wild affections, unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience.'—*Doctrine of Divorce*, cap. 3. Among these, perhaps, there may be one whose words have become almost oracular, either from a natural ascendancy of character, or by that habitual economy of praise and blame which renders the one so precious and the other so sharp to taste. Now when a man marries, he probably does so in obedience to his own strong will, and without much regarding the views of other people; but he has no sooner returned from his wedding-tour than his feeling in this respect is somewhat changed, and he then begins to think of public opinion, and to look round anxiously and dubiously in order to see how the grand event of his life is regarded in the circle of his friends. And now the 'great judge' will see his comrade's 'choice,' and quietly form his opinion. He sees, is kind and courteous, but does not pronounce. He may either confirm the marriage by some pithy phrase of true gratulation, or else he may begin to call the bridegroom 'poor So-and-so,' and look on his face condolingly. It is woe for the poor lady if she fails to gain over this terrible arbiter.

And mark again this (we glanced at the subject before): a husband must not be kept upon household and family topics—that vile prison diet on which so many affections have been cruelly starved. From the world of science or from the world of letters, or, best of all, from the outer and palpable world, where men and women live, and talk, and act, doing evil and doing good, the wife must be ever importing fresh treasures to make her home-fire burn brightly. If this be neglected, 'there must come'—(it is once more Milton who speaks)—'that unspeakable weariness and despair of all sociable delight which turn the blessed ordinance of God into a "sore evil under the sun," or at least to a familiar mischief—a drooping and disconsolate household—captivity without refuge or redemption.'

The world must go on its own way: for all we can say against it, radiant beauty, though it beams over the organization of a doll, will have its hour of empire—the most torpid heiress will easily get herself married; but the wife whose sweet nature can kindle worthy delights is she that brings to her hearth a joyous, ardent, and hopeful spirit, and that subtle power whose sources we hardly can trace, but which yet so irradiates a home that all who come near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of womanly presence. We best learn the unsuspected might of a being like this when we try the weight of that sadness that hangs like lead upon the room, the gallery, the stairs, where once her footstep sounded, and now is heard no more. It is not  
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less the energy than the grace and gentleness of this character that works the enchantment. Books can instruct, and books can amuse, and books can exalt and purify; beauty of face and beauty of form will come with bought pictures and statues, and for the government of a household hired menials will suffice; but fondness and hate, daring hope, lively fear, the lust for glory, and the scorn of base deeds, sweet charity, faithfulness, pride, and, chief over all, the impetuous will, lending might and power to feeling—these are the rib of the man, and from these, deep-veiled in the mystery of her very loveliness, his true companion sprang. A being thus ardent will often go wrong in her strenuous course—will often alarm—sometimes provoke—will now and then work mischief, and even perhaps grievous harm, but she will be our own Eve after all—the sweet-speaking tempter whom Heaven created to be the joy and the trouble of this ‘pleasing anxious’ existence—to shame us away from the hiding-places of a slothful neutrality, and lead us abroad in the world, men militant here on earth, enduring quiet, content with strife, and looking for peace hereafter.

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ART. VI.—1. *Report from Her Majesty's Commissioners for Inquiring into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor Laws in Scotland.* 1844.

2. *Remarks on the Evidence taken before the Poor Inquiry Commission for Scotland.* By W. P. Alison, M.D. 1844.

3. *On the Contagious Fever of 1843 in connexion with Destitution.* By W. P. Alison, M.D. Edinburgh, 1844.

4. *The Poor in Scotland, compiled from the Evidence taken before the Scotch Poor Law Commission.* By Philip Pusey, Esq., M.P. 1844.

THE present age exhibits on its surface no want of sympathy with the poor. The press teems with appeals to the charitable feelings of the public, and corresponding proofs of their success. New institutions for the relief of misery in some of its varied shapes, in addition to all the multiplied establishments already in existence, are daily proposed at public meetings, and set on foot by the co-operation of munificent individuals. To judge from the journals which record our sayings and doings, we seem to be the most charitable people under the sun. And yet no sooner is one blot upon our character for philanthropy removed than a new one is discovered. It is found that there exist still other forms or masses of human wretchedness hitherto disregarded, though lying close under our eyes, and equally requiring our active sympathies for their assuagement.

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It is not, in fact, the sentiment of benevolence that is wanting anywhere among us; but rather the faculty of discriminating between real and false claims upon our humanity—of discerning with accuracy the mode and form in which charity can best exert itself to lessen the amount of human suffering. A vast stock of kindly feeling wastes itself continually in misdirected alms to idle vagrants and begging impostors—still more, perhaps, in sentimental indignation against poor law commissioners and workhouses—which, properly directed, might supply all that is really wanting in the necessarily limited legal provision for the poor. Exclamations are often vented against the severity of the New Poor Law, after the perusal of some tale of woe dressed up for effect by a newspaper editor or correspondent, when a very little judicious exertion of an active character might enable the indignant philanthropist to discover and relieve an amount of real suffering—almost at his elbow—exceeding that which so excites his sympathy when recorded in type. It is easy to draw the strings of a full purse in behalf either of a charitable institution, or an importunate beggar; but it is a harder effort personally to watch the working of an institution—to look to the selection and treatment of its cases—to visit the hospital, the workhouse, the asylum, the gaol—carefully examine their management, and urge the correction of their abuses—to supplement the deficiencies of the Poor Law by seeking out such paupers as are too timid or too helpless to apply to the Board, and mark that difference which private charity ought to maintain between the claims of the virtuous and the profligate pauper, but which it is beyond the province of a public provision for the relief of destitution as such properly to notice.

We believe the Amended English Poor Law to work well for all classes, but especially for the poor themselves, *when well administered by its officials*. And by this term we do not mean the much-abused ‘Somerset House Triumvirate;’ but the guardians and their paid subordinates, the relieving officers, workhouse governors, and medical officers. If these neglect their duties or fulfil them in a harsh or grudging manner, no doubt the results will often be lamentable. But all systems must be administered through agents liable to error. Nor do we know where more trustworthy agents could be sought for such offices than among the class of persons now entrusted with them. And if errors and abuses do nevertheless prevail, or are anticipated, what is the natural check that should correct or prevent them? What but the active and vigilant supervision of all the respectable and benevolent persons resident in the neighbourhood? If, instead of sitting in their arm-chairs, and idly bewailing exaggerated cases of hardship which they read of as occurring under ‘the

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New Poor Law,' or writing letters themselves to the newspapers, stigmatizing workhouses as prisons, and the Commissioners as tyrants, those who feel (as who can avoid feeling?) a deep interest in the conduct of the Poor Law authorities, were actively to watch the details of that conduct in their own neighbourhood, frequently visit the workhouse of their own Union, question its inmates, recording their observations in the book always kept for this purpose in every workhouse;—if they would pursue the same course of careful investigation with respect to the out-door paupers; and, when they find anything amiss, talk the matter over with the guardian of their parish and the relieving officer—or, if need be, address the Board itself;—if this be done, not by fits and starts, nor in a captious, prying, fault-finding spirit, but constantly, systematically, calmly, and courteously, there need be little fear but that the system will be worked with due regard to the rights of the poor and the principles of humanity. As a last resource the Central Commission may be appealed to against the neglect or misconduct of local authorities. But if, on the contrary, the clergyman and other benevolent inhabitants of the parish think that, not being guardians, they have nothing to do with the poor law, and eschew all active superintendence of its operation, leaving everything to the official parties directly entrusted with the administration of the law—if, still worse (as in some instances known to us), even the official guardians, the magistracy of the district, stand aloof from the Board, and refuse to act, because perhaps on one or two occasions they may have found themselves outvoted by a majority of guardians of an inferior class in society—then, indeed, may abuses creep in and by degrees extensively prevail—then may the new system become as liable to censure, and as faulty, though the errors may be of a different, perhaps an opposite character, as that which it superseded.

The outcry of the Anti-Poor Law press against 'workhouses' would lead a man who reads nothing but his newspaper to believe that little or no relief is afforded to the poor in any other shape—whereas, the Parliamentary Returns continue to show, as they have for years past, the proportion of paupers throughout the kingdom relieved by allowances out of the house to those relieved in it, to be as six to one! And while the one-seventh domiciled in the house are provided with ample food of a quality superior to that usually consumed by the independent agricultural labourer—with excellent beds, clean good clothing, comfortable rooms—nurses, if sick, and constant medical attendance, as well as religious instruction and assistance;—the other six-sevenths who are relieved at their own homes, if their allowances appear scanty to those who are not accustomed to 'make a  
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little,' as the phrase is, 'go a great way,' yet prefer those allowances, such as they are, to the more costly comforts we have named above provided in the workhouse, since they are never, we believe, refused admittance there if they desire it; and may therefore fairly be supposed in no danger of starvation. The usual allowance for outdoor paupers in the Unions of the South of England we believe to be at the rate of from 2s. to 3s. per week for adults, and from 1s. to 1s. 6d. for children, according to the price of bread. And, small as these sums must appear to our readers, we *know* many who contrive to maintain themselves in health, and preserve a very decent appearance, even though house-rent has to be paid out of it, as well as food, clothing, and fuel. *How* this is done, is indeed a problem which we have often tried, but in vain, to solve.\* Still the fact is visible in thousands of instances, and undeniable. It must be remembered also that the independent labourer, himself paying rates, has fully as hard a struggle to maintain himself and his family on the scanty earnings of his labour. And while this is so—would it were otherwise!—it would be unjust and unwise to raise the condition of the pauper above his.

On the whole, therefore, we see no reason to be dissatisfied with the present operation of the English Poor Law. In Ireland the new law is scarcely as yet so fully in work as to justify an opinion upon its sufficiency for the end in view.

The deficiency of the public provision made through the greater part of Scotland for the relief of the poor, had long been regretted by many; but it was not until the more crying evil of the total absence of any care whatever for the poor of Ireland had been mitigated by the passing of the Irish Poor Law of 1837, that combined and systematic efforts were commenced in Scotland for the purpose of awakening the attention of Government and the Legislature to the almost equally fearful and increasing destitution of that country.

Among the foremost of those benevolent persons who have exerted themselves to procure this result is the well-known Dr. Alison of Edinburgh, who has been indefatigable in urging the necessity of legislative interference for the purpose of freeing his country from the disgrace of starving her poor while her laws affect to provide relief to them, as well as from the long train of worse evils which everywhere inevitably follow the neglect of this paramount social duty—namely, mendicancy, crime, disease, and mortality, extending to an amount far beyond the limits within

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\* The truth is, that suppose the allowances to be *double* what they are, a gentleman or lady, who should sit down to calculate necessities and prices, would be about as much at a loss to account for the existence of a poor family being maintained on such allowances!

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which they might be confined under a judicious system for the relief of destitution. Mainly through his exertions, and the impression made by his publications, a society was formed in Edinburgh in 1840, styled 'The Association for obtaining an Official Inquiry into the Pauperism of Scotland,' by which several successive reports were drawn up and circulated. At the same time numerous petitions were likewise presented to Parliament, and memorials to the Secretary of State were agreed to by nearly all the municipal councils of the Scotch burghs. Foremost among these bodies the magistrates and council of Edinburgh appointed a Committee of their number, with the Lord Provost at its head, 'to consider the best mode of conducting an inquiry into the condition of the destitute poor of Scotland.' The Report of this Committee stated, as the result of their inquiry among the managers of the Royal Infirmary, Fever Hospitals, and Houses of Refuge, as well as numerous clergymen, missionaries, lay visitors, and other persons conversant with the state of the poor—

1st. That there exists extreme and extensive *destitution* in the large towns of Scotland, particularly Edinburgh and Glasgow; and that the parochial assistance and voluntary aid given to the destitute poor are *totally inadequate* to supply them with a sufficiency of wholesome food, lodging, and clothing.

2nd. That one of the effects of this extreme and extensive *destitution* is to render these cities peculiarly liable to those attacks of contagious fever by which they have often suffered grievously for many years past; thus aggravating in turn the evil by throwing many helpless widows and orphans upon the public charities. It was observed in the Royal Infirmary Report (1838) 'that the increase of fever in Edinburgh indicates a *gradual deterioration* of the poor in this city, which ought to fix the attention of all ranks of the community;' and Dr. Perry, after describing the miserable poor of Glasgow, adds, 'This state of matters will not stand still, but will soon lead to the most serious results.'

3rd. That the undue pressure of the poor upon the great towns of Scotland is largely caused by the inadequacy of the relief granted in many [of the rural] parts of Scotland.

The committee followed up this expression of their opinions by a strong recommendation that the proposed Government Inquiry into the Condition of the Poor in Scotland should be confided, as was the case in the Irish Preliminary Inquiry, to one or more of the English Poor Law Commissioners—not only on the obvious ground of their extensive experience and information upon the subject of pauperism and its remedies, and of the valuable inquiries already largely instituted by them into the sanitary condition of the Scottish towns—but, above all, of their perfect freedom



from partiality in the matter—'it being quite manifest to the Committee that *no Report or Commission whatever* can possess the slightest claim to weight and authority, *unless its members be devoid of all feelings of private or personal interest, and be perfectly neutral*; and that on this peculiar question *the English Commissioners are truly the only persons in whom, from their absolute neutrality, full confidence can be placed.*'

Influenced by these and similar representations, Government, in January, 1843, appointed a Commission to Inquire into the Administration and Practical Operation of the Poor Laws in Scotland. Unfortunately, the recommendation so strongly urged as to the composition of that Commission, was not attended to. One (Assistant) English Poor Law Commissioner, it is true, was named in the list—Mr. Twisleton; but with no less than *five* Scotchmen—able and amiable persons, most undoubtedly; but still as Scotchmen—three among them of fortune, high position, and connection with the heritor or landed interest of Scotland, upon whom the burden of a poor assessment principally falls; the other two ministers of the Kirk, and in the habit, therefore, of managing the present system as chairmen of their kirk-sessions—pretty sure to enter on the inquiry with a bias on their minds: certainly not so *neutral and devoid of local interest* in the question as the Magistrates of Edinburgh declared to be *absolutely essential* to give authority to their Report. And in the results of the Commission, just presented to Parliament, we have, unhappily, a full confirmation of this impression: we find the five Scotch Commissioners agreeing in a Report, which the English Poor Law Commissioner totally dissents from and protests against! The Scotch majority, while they admit the total inadequacy of the present system for the effectual relief of destitution, recommend a patching and mending of it, without, in the opinion of the English Commissioner, and certainly likewise in ours, any such change as can give a reasonable security for its being more efficient in future than it has heretofore been.

Perhaps it will be said that the English Commissioner was as likely to have been prejudiced in favour of the English scheme as the five Scotch Commissioners of the Scotch. We do not think this a sound argument; and for this reason:—The English Commissioner, before the Report was drawn up, must be supposed to have acquired quite as full a knowledge of the Scotch system as any or all of his five colleagues possessed,—for he had been unremittingly occupied for more than a twelvemonth in personally examining its working in almost every town and district: on the other hand, he alone of the six possessed the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the improved system of English poor law,

its operation and effects: he alone, therefore, was able to compare fairly the one with the other. The Scotch Commissioners have no doubt read and heard much—on very doubtful authority, perhaps—of the English system. But they must be supposed to *know* very little of its real working; especially of those peculiar features on which its efficiency depends, and which are wanting in the Scotch law—its workhouses—its mode of dealing with the able-bodied—its relieving and medical officers—and the superintending control of the Central Commission. In all probability, all that they knew on these cardinal points was that they are exactly those which are most controverted and abused by our loudest-tongued declaimers against ‘The New Poor Law.’ And with this limited range of information and experience, and the jealous fears naturally and unavoidably suggested by the little they did know, or thought they knew, of the English system, and an equally unavoidable bias in favour of their own, however confessedly inadequate—with the natural desire, moreover, to propose no more change than they could be certain was necessary—and, feeling themselves very much in the dark on the general question of poor laws, rather to improve on the bit-by-bit plan, than to venture to recommend a ‘radical reform,’—is it wonderful that the Scotch gentlemen should have preferred, ‘*stare super antiquas vias*,’ to abide by the principles of the present Scottish mode of relieving (as it is by courtesy styled) the poor of Scotland with some slight alterations (most of them directed to the greater convenience and ease of the rate-payers), rather than to rush upon the to them unknown and naturally dreaded difficulties of ‘Union bastiles, Somerset House despots, and able-bodied pauperism?’

But, in truth, the Report and recommendations of any set of Commissioners need be considered of no extraordinary weight, when accompanied, as in the present case, by the publication of the entire mass of information collected by them in the course of their inquiry, every tittle of evidence heard, every opinion given to them, and a detailed statement of every case they examined. With these materials it is competent to every one to form his own opinion on the question; and to many, possessing a wider range of experience on similar matters in addition to that supplied by the reported evidence, to determine it with perhaps a greater probability of coming to a right conclusion than the Scotch Commissioners themselves. It is true that the three blue books containing this evidence are formidably bulky, and not many will undertake thoroughly to digest them. But then, on the other hand, it is quite as clear that this bulky evidence is only so voluminous, because it was supposed to be necessary to examine and print the state of the poor in every individual parish, we believe,



in Scotland—nay, almost the case of every individual pauper in them; and likewise to inquire, take down, and print, the opinions on the question of almost every individual minister, elder, heritor, agent, physician, surgeon, collector, or distributor of poor-money through the entire breadth and length of Scotland. In fact, the evidence is a mass of needless repetitions; and a little sifting reduces all that is really valuable in it to a very moderate compass. A few dips into it almost at hazard will give a very fair sample of the staple of the whole. And such selections—for few of which can we find room—will be found in a very manageable form in the skilful pamphlets of Dr. Alison and Mr. Pusey.

The law of Scotland on this subject is very nearly identical with that of England (as it was in the last century), having been passed about the same time—in the reign of Elizabeth—with the same object in view: namely, the suppression of mendicancy and vagrancy, as well as the more directly humane intention of diminishing the sufferings of the poor; and, moreover, very nearly in the same words—the only essential difference being the omission of the requirement to ‘set to work’ the unemployed poor.

It is in *its phraseology* equally imperative and compulsory with the English law. It has been determined by the courts of law to give to the destitute poor an equal *right* to relief; and yet, practically, its compulsory enactments remained for upwards of a century through all Scotland, and in the majority of parishes until within a very short period—in many they remain at the present day—a complete dead-letter—set at nought, disobeyed, and disregarded by the parties legally compellable under it to support the poor of their parishes—of no avail whatever to save the destitute from perishing of want—to take from the mendicant his excuse for begging, from the thief his apology for crime: or practically to concede to the poor of the locality that legal right which the statute verbally conferred on them—which the courts of law have uniformly confirmed—and which, were the case reversed, and it had been a claim imposed upon the poor in favour of the rich, would have been undoubtedly enforced and exacted from first to last in every parish in the kingdom. We feel this to be the turning point of the whole case: and it will enable us the more easily to put aside a vast deal of unmeaning, but, on that very account, puzzling and mystifying matter, with which the question really at issue has been unnecessarily complicated.

Our readers are, of course, aware that a controversy has long been carried on in Scotland as well as in England as to the general advantages and disadvantages of any legal relief whatever to the poor. In England the question has been pretty well decided by public



public opinion long since—at all events, the passing of the Irish Poor Law, in 1837, exhibited the almost unanimous opinion of the Legislature upon it. In Scotland, however, the opposite feeling prevailed, formerly most extensively, among the educated and literary classes especially, and has lingered longest there. The Scotch school of political economists has generally supported the doctrine which condemns a poor law, as leading to a surplus population, and improvident habits: while, owing to the peculiar character of that system of quasi-public charity which has in Scotland always been relied on to supply to a certain extent the want of an efficient or active poor law—namely, the church collections and their distribution by the kirk-sessions—the leading officers of its religious communities have imbibed a natural prepossession in favour of a system which conferred so much authority and influence on them as the sole dispensers of public charity. Chiefly, we believe, under the influence of the natural bias thus created, many zealous and able enthusiasts from among the pastors and elders have zealously contended, as some still continue in the face of facts and evidence to contend, for the superiority of the *voluntary* system of poor-relief over the compulsory—for the advantage, in a moral, physical, and social view, of leaving the poor to private charity alone—the Legislature taking no thought whatever to secure them from starvation.

Among these enthusiasts, one in particular, Dr. Chalmers, has for many years written, preached, and with prodigious energy practically laboured to prove the justness of this doctrine of non-interference; and in times past we have, ourselves, occasionally thrown a spear with him on the question. Certainly, if there were but a grain of truth in that doctrine—if it were not as clearly and demonstrably false as the planetary system of Tycho Brahé—the eloquence, energy, and almost superhuman activity of Dr. Chalmers would have established it long since. But it could not bear the light of discussion and the test of facts; and though we do find still prevailing here and there among the witnesses, especially those of Dr. Chalmers's own profession, who were examined by the Commissioners, the fond hallucination that it is better to leave the poor to support the poor, than to take by taxation anything for this purpose from the rich—that all charity must be withered by the blighting influence of an assessment, the poor themselves hardening their hearts towards each other, and totally neglecting their relatives the moment the parish begins to take any care of them—and the wealthy never subscribing to a charitable institution, or interesting themselves in the least in the condition of their distressed neighbours, if they are made to pay a poor-rate—that all prudence and forethought must necessarily be  
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exchanged for a reckless disregard of the future, and a complete abandonment of industrious and frugal habits, the moment the law holds out the assurance that no one need absolutely starve—yet we do find likewise that a very extensive change has been taking place on this subject in public opinion even in Scotland: we find a very large proportion of the most intelligent witnesses examined (and especially we would mention, as nearly without exception, all those most practically conversant with the wants and condition of the poor—such as medical men, managers of poor-funds and hospitals, police-officers, and, to their credit, many landlords and agents, though of course there are exceptional cases)—we find these acknowledging that their opinions have been very much shaken or entirely changed upon the question, of late years, by further experience and discussion; and that their present conviction is that the principle of a compulsory assessment for the full and complete sustentation of the destitute poor of all classes is the only sound one—the only one that can save the country from being overflowed by an increasing mass of wretchedness, disease, and want. Above all, we find in the evidence a body of FACTS absolutely overwhelming, in proof of the stupendous fallacy of the non-interference economists—facts proving the very reverse of all their assertions, both with respect to the efficiency of the voluntary system of poor relief, and the evils resulting from the compulsory one: showing that, in truth, it is exactly where no assessment has been yet introduced that the evils dreaded by them are most rife—the surplus population multiplying fastest—improvidence and recklessness of the future most prevalent—the neglect of relatives most frequent—the wealthy least inclined to charity—the pretended independence of the poor consisting in a general dependence on mendicancy and vagrancy, which renders them a nuisance to the classes just above them far exceeding in annoyance the payment of any rate that could be imposed for their support—and their pretended moral character in such of their children as escape the diseases brought on by hunger, filth, and cold, being trained in habits of beggary and vice, which bring them into frequent acquaintance with the interior of the gaol.

The non-interference system, in fact, could not be more favourably tried than it was in Glasgow by Dr. Chalmers himself. And it was on the evidence of his asserted success there that he grounded his opposition to a Poor Law. Now what has experience really demonstrated there? True, so long as he remained at the head of the Parochial System (as he calls it) in St. John's parish, applying all his powerful energies and extraordinary eloquence to the task of urging contributions from the wealthy, mutual charity among the poor, and patience and resignation in  
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the very destitute—so long as that one parish remained under the personal care of a man whose unrivalled abilities made him a sort of autocrat over the whole of that great city of Glasgow—commanding the ardent co-operation of whomsoever he chose to honour by any sign of his confidence—so long were the extreme evils incidental to his system warded off. But what happened in all the other parishes of Scotland, where there was no Dr. Chalmers? The evidence tells us—either necessity compelled the introduction of an assessment, or the poor were starved. Nay, what happened even in the other parishes of Glasgow, with the example of Dr. Chalmers's system and very presence to aid and abet the effort? Just the same! Nay, what happened even in the parish of St. John's itself, shortly after Dr. Chalmers quitted it? Why, a total break-down of the whole system! The very simple fact that his system *has never* been successfully carried out in *any one* parish in Scotland, except in that which enjoyed the benefit of his strenuous support to it—(if indeed, even there, it could be declared successful, which we see good reason to doubt)—and that after his withdrawal it completely failed there likewise\*—the very parish of St. John's itself having been obliged, like the rest of Glasgow, to have recourse to an assessment—this simple fact would unseal the eyes of any but one blinded by the most perverse enthusiasm in favour of a favourite crotchet, on which his life has been almost spent and his reputation staked.

Under these circumstances we may consider ourselves relieved from any necessity of debating the general expediency of a statutory maintenance for the destitute with the disciples of the Chalmers school, and consider the question to this extent as long ago determined in the minds of all whose humanity is directed by judgment, and who, instead of dwelling with pleasure on the sentimental picture of one starving being sharing his last crust or potato with another,† desire, not merely in the interests of humanity, but likewise for the sake of the peace, order, and morality of society, that the property of the country should be made responsible for preventing the existence of extreme destitution, or its only alternative, permitted mendicancy and vagrancy.

Even the Scotch Commissioners profess to go this length, at least so far as we can understand their views, which are not very intelligibly stated. At least, they do not in their Report give encouragement to the notion that the poor should be left to private charity. On the contrary, they lament the inadequacy of the amount of relief afforded to them at present from both public and private sources; and, though not recommending that

\* App. I., p. 340, &c.

† See Dr. Chalmers's Evidence, App. I., qu. 4819.



assessments should be made compulsory everywhere, they yet seem to look forward to a time when they will become universal, under the influence of public opinion operating on the local proprietors, without any change of the law.

But this is not enough. Public opinion, or we are much mistaken, will require more than a faint hope held out of its gradual influence operating a change on the feelings of the Scottish heritors as a class, and inducing them to do their duty by their fellow-creatures. It is time to consider that the law already, and for centuries past, has established the *right* of the poor to relief—aye, and to *sufficient* relief,—and has enjoined parochial assessments as the means of raising the funds for this purpose—thus *making the adequate sustentation of the poor a legal condition of the tenure of property*. And, however the Scotch Commissioners may endeavour to blink the question—by giving half a dozen lines only to this—the cardinal point of the whole problem they had to solve—and pages to minor matters relative to settlements, able-bodied pauperism, and so forth—it cannot be concealed, and it must not be forgotten, that of this, their statutory right to sufficient relief in destitution from the property of the heritors, the poor have been, and are up to the present moment, deprived throughout the greater part of Scotland; that, for this purpose, the parties liable to the charge have employed, and still employ, every shift and means of evasion; sternly refusing, in most cases, to obey the law—daring the wretched paupers, or their humane advocates, to proceed to compel relief by the slow and expensive process alone open to them—in the Court of Session; in others, resorting to every kind of substitute, voluntary subscriptions, small in amount and temporary, charity sermons, church collections, licensed and badged mendicancy, a regular quartering of the poor on their neighbours,—anything, in short, rather than submit to the direct and plain injunctions of the ancient, just, and unquestioned law of the land.

The example of England could hardly fail to tell upon the districts of Scotland immediately beyond the border. And the rapid increase of population in the great towns necessarily compelled earlier attention to the poor than was the case in the rural districts removed beyond the English influence. It is impossible to doubt—and indeed we know it to be the fact—that every here and there in the rural districts the residence of a kind-hearted family of fortune has been sufficient to supply all defects in its own neighbourhood. This is of course—but in general it may be substantiated, that, from the first, the burden of assessment has been ‘fought off’ by the heritors, or landowners to the very latest possible moment, and by every shift and device, until the

the pressure of the horrors occasioned by an accumulation of unrelieved misery, with its necessary concomitants—beggary, pestilential disease, and crime—have forced upon them a partial adoption of that remedy which the law, disregarded and set at nought, had long before prescribed.

The usual mode of avoiding assessment was by distributing to the poor collections made at the church doors; and these, in early times, even for a long period subsequent to the passing of the statute of 1579, continued to be the only fund from which the poor were maintained. Until nearly the middle of the last century assessments had, by this means, been warded off by the parties liable by law to maintain the poor. Their natural, though unjustifiable reluctance to tax themselves for the purpose was generally backed by the clergy, who not only prided themselves on being able to raise the necessary funds by their influence and exhortations among their parishioners, but were unwilling that the distribution of the poor-fund should pass out of the hands of the Kirk Session altogether, as was usually the consequence of an assessment.

The general preference evinced by the Scottish clergy to the system of relief by voluntary church contributions, distributed by the Kirk Session, is only to be thus accounted for. The inadequacy of the funds they could provide in this manner for the purpose must have been obvious to them all, and is admitted universally. We regret, however, to find the General Assembly still giving some sort of countenance to the opposition to assessment in their Report, printed as a supplement to that of the Commissioners of Inquiry—a document which we will not characterize further than as surprisingly weak, partial, evasive of the real question, and utterly unworthy of the respectable body from which it proceeds. We may take this opportunity of remarking that, even had the church contributions approached to a sufficiency previous to the late secession, it is quite hopeless to expect more than a far inferior supply from that source in future. It is stated generally throughout the Evidence that this unhappy event has greatly reduced the amount of the collections everywhere, and in not a few places nearly annihilated them.

The larger towns, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, Montrose, Forfar, and others, as well as the border counties and burghs, have been compelled long since to make up the deficiency of the voluntary contributions by assessment; but even yet the former are exclusively relied on through the greater part of Scotland. Let us turn to the facts collected by the Commission of Inquiry to see in what manner and to what extent either system of relief fulfils the object of sustaining the destitute poor.

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The first point that must strike any one who examines the evidence is the extreme inequality of the amount of relief afforded in different parts of Scotland. At Montrose, Arbroath, Forfar, Dundee, and several other places in the counties of Angus and Fife, the allowances, though described by the witnesses as, on the whole, insufficient as a sole source of maintenance, yet amount to from 2s. to even 4s. a-week to the impotent poor on the roll. In Ross-shire, on the other hand, from 3s. to 4s. *a-year* seems the usual stint!—a pittance which can scarcely be of sensible value towards supporting existence. Of course the poor must live—those, at least, who do live—by mendicancy. No wonder the minister of Kirkmichael in this district says,

‘There is a great deal of begging in my parish. Those who beg are the best supported among the poor. Every one at whose door they call gives something, either a halfpenny or a little meal. We have a number of beggars from other parishes. The people complain of beggars as a burden on them.’

So also Mr. David Macdonald, a large tacksman of Assynt, and a very intelligent witness:—

‘The highest allowance, within my knowledge, given to paupers on the roll is 3s. 6d. a-year. The paupers go round to their neighbours and acquaintances once a year to collect meal and potatoes. This they call *thigging*—they do not admit that it is begging. I would undoubtedly recommend the levying of an assessment for the support of the aged and infirm poor.’

In Sutherland, Caithness, the Orkneys, and Western Isles we find prevailing the same utter neglect of the poor, and denial of any public relief to them—for what is an allowance of 3s. or 4s. a-year? In Inverness-shire affairs are much the same. In some of these districts the poor are ‘quartered’ on the inhabitants, who are in turn expected to lodge, as well as feed them. No wonder many state like Mr. Henderson of Moss-bank, Shetland,—

‘I do not like this system of quartering the paupers upon us. The annoyance is so great that I would rather give double the sum which they cost to maintain them in any other way. Many of them are dirty and filthy in their habits. It is difficult to keep them clean at nights. I make a bed, or a shake-down, for them in the corner of the kitchen. I never feel certain that they do not bring vermin with them. I have heard plenty of tenants object like myself to this system.’—App. II. p. 218.

In some districts Saturday is set apart for begging, and crowds of twenty-five or thirty beggars are described as often assembled round a door for this purpose.

‘Begging, in fact,’ says the Rev. G. Robertson, minister of Thurso, ‘has become use and wont here. It is in the case of many of the poor a necessary means of subsistence. If they do not beg they must starve.

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I have, however, no doubt of the pernicious effects of begging, especially on the young. It destroys all feeling of independence, encourages indolence, and promotes fraud and imposition.'—*Ib.* p. 355.

Who can doubt it? And yet, if we are to believe the opponents of a poor-rate, it is solely from fear of destroying the independence, industry, and morality of the poor that they would leave them to the resources of private charity—and scruple to interfere with this beautiful system of permitted general mendicancy!

But this system, such as it is, by no means supplies the wants of the poor. We might fill sheets with the recital of scenes of misery witnessed by the Commissioners, and cases of famine, nakedness, disease, and multiplied death, the direct result of its inadequacy—rendering a large portion of Scotland a complete counterpart to the worst districts of Ireland. Of course there are no assessments in these quarters. The trifling amount of the collections gathered from voluntary contribution may be judged from that of the miserable allowances afforded out of them. But even this burden falls on the wrong shoulders. Listen to the minister of Killearn: 'I am sorry to say the richer part of the inhabitants of the parish are not the most charitable to the poor' (*Ib.* p. 23). The Rev. Simon Frazer, of Kilmorach, in Ross-shire, says, 'The rich tenants seldom stretch out their hands to put money into our Church collections.'—(*Ib.* p. 21.) And yet it is a favourite assertion of the opponents of a rate that, in its absence, collections may be depended on!

If an assessment is resorted to in such districts, as an experiment, the heritors are soon tired of it, and return to the old system of refusing all relief, and leaving the poor to the blessings of the system of 'sympathy and mutual dependence.' What these are we may learn from Mr. Aldcorn, a surgeon in Oban, where an assessment had been consented to by the heritors in 1841, but discontinued in 1843:—

'As a proof that the poor were better off under the assessment than they were without it, I may state that after the distribution under the assessment ceased in January, 1843, *three-fourths of all the bed-ridden and very destitute paupers died within three or four months of that time.*'—(*Ib.* p. 162.)

What are we to say of the heritors whose refusal to continue the assessment occasioned this appalling destruction of life?—heritors bound, let it be remembered, by law to assess themselves to sustain the poor of their parish! Would the Rev. Dr. Chalmers venture to extol these his zealous disciples?

There is a cuckoo-note repeated by the advocates for non-interference, that 'an assessment would dry up the sources of private

private charity.' We have seen how inadequate is the supply so afforded. But it is difficult to maintain the respect due to the sacred profession of clergymen who continue, in the teeth of all experience, to repeat this. Such is the Rev. Alexander Stuart of Cromarty, who says,—

*'I am afraid it will be necessary to have an assessment from the pressure of distress. We have endeavoured to ward it off as long as we could. I am afraid that the poor would trust to the assessment, and that it would dry up the sources of private charity.'*

The reverend gentleman adds, on cross-examination,—

*'I never resided in a parish where there was an assessment. I do not know from experience that, in such a parish, the streams of private charity are, in fact, dried up.'*

The very next witness, Mr. Jeremiah Joyce, says just the same,—

*'I do not know from experience that an assessment dries up the sources of private charity, but I should think so. I have heard people say so, and it is my opinion.'*—App. III. pp. 4, 5.

It is evident that the sentimental eloquence of Dr. Chalmers has overborne their better judgments, and the testimony of their own knowledge, as to the total inefficiency of the resources supplied by private charity in their own parishes.

It is remarkable that those who talk in this way fancy themselves actuated solely by a spirit of benevolence. It is for the sake of the morals of the poor that they leave them to be relieved by each other. It is a beautiful sight to them to see the half-starving wretch share his bowl of begged potatoes with one still nearer death by famine than himself. The wealthy are too often easily persuaded to refrain from disturbing the sentiment of the picture by their interference. Mr. Macarthur says, 'One class of impotent poor are kept from actual starvation by another class able to get about, who beg for them.' The Rev. John Noble, minister of Fodderty, says, 'The heritors (landowners) have not, as far as I am aware, ever assisted to relieve the poor' (*Ib.* p. 25).

In many extensive districts there are few resident gentry, and the absentee heritors give nothing—or very rarely send some small sum, influenced by the dread of a threatened assessment. The Rev. John Mackenzie, minister of Carnoch, says,—

*'There are no resident heritors. They (the absentee proprietors) do not send subscriptions in aid of the Church collections.'*—(*Ib.* p. 27.)

*'I know a proprietor in my parish,'* says the Rev. David Carment, minister of Roskeen, *'who draws 2000*l.* to 3000*l.* a-year from it, and contributes only 3*l.* to the poor-fund.'*

The estate of Glengarry, on which the impotent poor receive  
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but 3*s.* 6*d.* apiece from the Church collections in the year, has a rental of 7000*l.* a-year, increased from 800*l.* in 1784—(App. II. p. 474).

The rental of the Duke of Hamilton, in Arran, is 10,000*l.* a-year. There is no assessment. His Grace is seldom in that part of his possessions; but he gives through his factor pensions to certain of the poor, to the amount of about 180*l.* per annum. This is stated to the Commissioners as highly creditable to the Duke. And, compared with the conduct of many other large proprietors, it appears indeed to be so. But how much would such an estate contribute to the relief of the poor in England? And as it is admitted by all that the poor, when destitute, have a legal statutory right to sufficient relief from the heritors, to be levied by assessment, why are the proprietors of one part of the island alone to be permitted to shirk and evade the acknowledgment of that right, and the duty imposed upon them by a law as sacred, surely, and as fitting to be obeyed, as that by which they hold their estates? Why are they to be allowed stubbornly to refuse the claims of the poor, which the owners of property throughout the rest of the island readily concede, at a cost of 10, 15, and 20 per cent. of their rentals? Even in Ireland the landlords have been reminded by the organs of Government, that 'Property has its duties as well as its rights.' But this is not the case of Ireland, where at that time no Poor law had been enacted. In Scotland a legal provision for the poor, sufficient to preserve them from destitution, is a part of the ancient written law, declared, confirmed, and enforced by the tribunals whenever the question has been litigated. And it is by open defiance of the legal claims of the poor, that the heritors alone escape assessment. The Court of Session cannot be approached by the pauper, for want of means. The rich man avails himself of this, to rob him of his right. Can it be represented otherwise? And shall not the Legislature interfere to redress this crying injustice?

Moreover, the niggardly conduct of the heritors of extensive districts necessarily drives a large portion of their wretched inhabitants to resort to the towns, and other parts of the country, where some respect is evinced for the principles of humanity and express enactments of the law—thus overburdening them with paupers not properly belonging to them. This, indeed, is a very general complaint throughout the towns and the lowland counties, where assessments have been introduced.

In these localities, as might be expected, the condition of the poor is not what we have found it in the unassessed districts. But it must not be imagined that the introduction of an assessment places matters at once on their proper footing, and secures the  
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due relief of the destitute. Very far from it. It has been in most cases introduced only under the pressure of extreme necessity, to supplement the deficiency of the voluntary collections; and the same struggles, shifts, and evasions which the heritors, before this necessity was yielded to, made to escape its infliction, they now continue in order to keep its amount as low as possible. Throughout nearly all the assessed parishes into which the inquiry of the Commissioners extended, it appeared that the wants of the poor are by no means taken as the measure of the sum to be raised by assessment; but on the contrary, the amount which the heritors themselves agree to raise forms the limit of the relief given to the poor! The managers of the fund urgently represent the sum they need for the purpose, on which the heritors proceed to grant one-half, or some fraction of it; out of which the poor are relieved so far as it will go, but in a manner generally quite insufficient for their maintenance. Allowances, for example, are made to the helpless poor of 3d., 6d., or 1s. per week, sums obviously, and in the opinion of nearly all the witnesses examined, insufficient to maintain life upon if expended in food alone, much less to provide lodging, clothing, fuel, attendance and medicine. The poor are thus driven of necessity, even in the assessed parishes, to eke out their living by mendicancy.

In Edinburgh itself, Mr. Marshall, treasurer of the Society for the Relief of the destitute Sick, says—

‘The funds provided by the parochial assessment are extremely inadequate to the wants of the poor. In scarcely any case does a poor person receive more than a shilling a week, though utterly unable to do anything; and that in most cases does no more than pay for house-rent; and consequently they must, either by begging, stealing, or some other shift, find food and raiment. Families of three, four, or five, receive generally but 1s. 6d. or 2s. a-week, and after providing for house-rent there is nothing over for food and clothing.’

The Rev. T. Guthrie says,—

‘In many cases they would require double the allowance they receive; and in many instances, people have no choice but to steal or starve. I may be allowed to add, that I know the system has a most pernicious effect on the habits of the people. They are obliged to resort to begging, which can never promote the spirit of independence among the people. . . . I find many instances in which parents abandon their children—it arises from the wretchedly low state to which they have fallen—so low that I have sometimes seen parents glad when their children died. It tends to destroy all good habits, and extinguish the very feelings of human nature.’

Mr. John Gray says,—

‘Begging, within these few years, is increased tenfold in Edinburgh.  
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I am situated myself in the suburbs, and I don't know whether the same beggars do not call four or five times a-day.'

The Rev. Thomas Clarke, also of Edinburgh, says—

'I visited ten rooms lately, and there was not a particle of furniture in any one of them. The people were lying on the floor—upon just as much straw as you could hold in your hands.'—(App. I. p. 116.)

We have no space to go into further details of the horrible mass of destitution existing in the splendid metropolis of Scotland. There an assessment is indeed levied: but it is impossible for the managers of the poor-funds to extract from the parties who make the assessment anything like a sufficiency for the effectual relief of the poor. If under the pressure of extreme urgency, such as that occasioned by the cholera, the managers expend more than the sum awarded, the rate-paying body, as the Town Council in the city has done, refuse point-blank to pay the debt, declaring the managers personally responsible; and debts to the amount of many thousand pounds have been thus accumulated against the distributors of relief in some of the parishes of Edinburgh. This absolute denial of funds forces the managers to be equally pinching and peremptory in their refusal of adequate relief to the destitute. As one example of their niggardliness, which will vouch for the rest, we may state that when, in times of extreme distress among the poor, soup-kitchens have been set up by charitable societies in the town, the managers of the poor-funds have been in the habit of cutting down the paltry allowances they give—already insufficient, as we have seen, to pay more than the lodging of each pauper—by the amount of the daily basin of soup the poor wretches might thus obtain! \*

No wonder the poor resort to the gaol for shelter and food, and beg to be allowed to remain there, as appears from the evidence of the very humane governor of the Edinburgh prison.

In Glasgow, one of the greatest centres of British opulence, matters are, if possible, even worse. 'The fact cannot be concealed,' says Captain Miller, the exceedingly intelligent and able Superintendent of Police,

'that hundreds of persons die annually in Glasgow, from diseases brought on by want of proper nourishment; and from what has come under my own personal observation, I am convinced that many persons die in consequence of being treated in their own houses, where they have neither food, fuel, nor clothing, while labouring under fever, and other infectious diseases. . . . In all cases the relief afforded is very inadequate to the wants of the poor. The allowance is scarcely sufficient to enable them to pay the rents of their miserable dwellings. Indeed, a great many are principally dependent on public and private charity for

\* Mr. Craig's Evidence, App. I., 4012.

the means of subsistence. . . . In the very centre of the city there is an accumulated mass of squalid misery, probably unequalled in any other town of the British dominions. . . . There is concentrated everything wretched, dissolute, loathsome, and pestilential. These places are filled by a population of *many thousands* of miserable creatures. The houses in which they live are altogether unfit for human beings, and every apartment is filled with a promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children, in a state of filth and misery. In many of the houses there is scarcely any ventilation. Dunghills lie in the vicinity of the dwellings, and from the extremely defective state of the sewerage, filth of every kind constantly accumulates. In these horrid dens the most abandoned characters of the city are collected—from whence they issue nightly to disseminate disease, and to pour upon the town every species of abomination and crime. The people who dwell in these quarters of the city are sunk to the lowest possible state of personal degradation, in whom no elevated idea can be expected to arise, and who regard themselves, from the hopelessness of their condition, as doomed to a life of wretchedness.’—App. I. p. 323.

And this is Dr. Chalmers’s pet place, where he declares no assessment is needed, and he would give even the Church collections to educational or any other than charitable purposes, lest there should be any interference with the precious ‘moral and Christian effluxes of sympathy’ between the extreme poor, which under these circumstances he delights to witness!

Without burdening our pages with further extracts of the sort, it may suffice to state, in order to give a notion of the extent of relief afforded to the poor in Scotland, that from one end of the country to the other, in the towns as in rural districts, *no attempt*, it appears, is made to provide medicine or medical attendance for the sick or dying poor, from any public fund whatever! Unless where there occurs a happy rural parish, or district, blessed with a really liberal Christian gentleman in the shape of landlord—unless in such a case as this, the sick poor are *uniformly* left to the private and gratuitous charity of the medical men themselves—who, to their infinite honour be it said, appear to fulfil this Christian duty to the utmost of their power without expecting remuneration. But think of the struggling surgeon or apothecary of a wide, and perhaps populous district, having to attend every case of sickness, disease, or accident occurring among the poor, at his own cost and charges, finding even the necessary drugs and (if it were possible he could afford it) the nourishing diet, without which drugs are so often useless—*out of his own empty pocket*, or to see them perish before his eyes!—while all this time, the heritors of the parish are snugly enjoying their ample rentals in Leamington or in Florence—wholly reckless of their being bound *by law* to provide all that is necessary for the sustentation of the poor on their estates—



estates—and snapping their fingers at any threat of being compelled by the Courts of Session to fulfil the condition on which those estates are held! The result of this total neglect of the poor under some of the most terrible visitations of sickness, Dr. Alison states:—

‘In Glasgow the mortality from fever has been as high as 20 per cent. of the whole mortality: this was in 1837. In Dundee it has been 15 per cent., and nearly 11 per cent. for seven years together, whereas in no town in England has it been 8 per cent. of late years: the highest has been 7·7 per cent.’

Dr. Alison has since published his ‘Observations on the Epidemic Fever of 1843,’ in which he clearly connects the diffusion of these disorders with the circumstances peculiar to the destitute part of the population. It appears even that, in addition to the ordinary typhoid fever, a new epidemic (*nova pestis*) has shown itself in Edinburgh and Glasgow on this occasion, clearly traceable to the great privations suffered by the poorer classes during the preceding two or three years. Thus the evils which result from contagious fever are *doubled*; and the charitable portion of the community must expect to be burdened with the maintenance and support of the destitute poor and their families in frequently-recurring epidemics of this *new* kind of fever, as well as of typhus. In fact the present Scotch system of refusing any, or, at all events, adequate relief to the destitute poor, though helpless, sick, or dying, operates as a most grievous tax on the charitable *for the relief of the uncharitable*. A small number of benevolent individuals are subjected to the whole burden, justly imposed, in other countries, on the entire community, in proportion to the means possessed by each of its members for the fulfilment of this paramount Christian and social duty. In Scotland, numbers of the wealthy classes escape all contribution. The members of the legal profession in Edinburgh—they being a large and by far the wealthiest and most aristocratical class in the town—possess under the present law a privileged exemption from assessment!

Take but one instance as a measure of the extent to which the law is at present obeyed by persons subject to its behests. The Court of Session decided last winter, unanimously, in the case of a poor widow with a number of children, that 6*d.* a-week for each child unable to work, with 6*d.* for the mother, was *much too small* an allowance—(our English readers, accustomed to give treble that pittance in similar cases, will readily assent to this)—and ordained that in that case a better allowance be given. In the teeth of this decision, which ought to have regulated all allowances in similar cases throughout Scotland, *not a single improvement has been made in any of them*; and Dr. Alison instances a

case occurring immediately after this, in which he *vainly* urged upon the managers of the poor in West Church parish, Edinburgh, to increase the pay of a poor widow of delicate habits, with three young children, who struggled through last winter on the usual pension of 1s. a-week between the four! This poor woman was the first who took the new form of epidemic in the very populous house, or rather warren, in which she lived, and communicated it to more than sixty of its other inmates, two of her own children falling its first victims.

We have now stated, as briefly as possible, the leading features of the condition of the poor in Scotland, as disclosed in the evidence taken by the Commissioners. With regard to the alterations called for in the law by these terrible revelations, there are, we think, three chief points which all must admit to be essential:—

1. That assessment *must* be made universal and compulsory over all Scotland.
2. That the relief it affords *must* at least be made adequate to support life in the impotent poor who have no other resource, so as to take from them all necessity or apology for mendicancy.
3. That some efficient guarantee *must* be provided for the fulfilment of these two great objects.

What should be the mechanism adopted for this latter purpose may be open to question, but not so that it should be of such a nature as to give perfect security for their attainment. We certainly do consider that nothing short of the organization of the parishes of Scotland into Unions, with a staff of paid officers to each for ascertaining the wants of the poor, subjecting them to close and constant inspection, and distributing relief accordingly (including, of course, medical officers, and a Board of unpaid Guardians, acting under the superintending control of a central Commission), can be at all effectual to this end; and we think likewise that a workhouse is essential, as a test of the doubtful cases, to every well-regulated system of relief.

These appear to be the opinions of Mr. Twisleton, the English Commissioner, judging from his protest against the Report of his Scottish colleagues. Will it be credited that these gentlemen, after taking the prodigious mass of Evidence we have barely glanced at, but which in every page proves the utter inadequacy of the relief afforded under the present system (which indeed they admit), as well as the contempt with which the parties required by law to give full relief to the poor of their parishes now disregard and neglect its enactments, recommend—not that the law should be made really compulsory—that the right

of



of the poor to relief, recognized in words by statute, should be practically enforced by the Legislature—not this, but *just the reverse!* They really recommend that the law under which the heritors are bound to *relieve* their poor should be REPEALED! They would take away from the destitute poor the nominal *right* they by statute now possess, and substitute *nothing* in its place; but trust to the ‘gradual influence of reason and good feeling, aided by *public opinion*,’ and an annual investigation into the state of the poor (!) to bring about gradually some vague change for the better!

Next in importance to the great object of practically enforcing the ancient Scottish law of relief, by assessment, to the impotent poor, comes the much-vexed question of its extension to the able-bodied, on which we must declare we could never comprehend how a second opinion can be entertained by any one who is convinced of the expediency of any poor-law at all; and this for the very simple reason, that an able-bodied person, being really *destitute*, if not relieved, *must* beg, steal, or starve. You cannot, in the interest of society, allow him to follow either of the two first courses; and if he be denied relief to the verge of starvation, he then falls into the class of impotent or sick poor, and so becomes a burden to the public in that shape. The only wise mode of treating the case must be to apply such a *test* (whether of labour or the workhouse, or both) as shall prove the alleged destitution, and then relieve *before* the able-bodied applicant is converted into a vagrant, a thief, or a sick and helpless pauper. We think moreover with Mr. Twisleton, that in towns, where, during seasons of depression of trade, large bodies of operatives are thrown out of employment, and become necessarily dependent for subsistence on public charity, it is desirable that, besides a poor-house with wards for the able-bodied (which every union of parishes, in town or country, ought to possess), ‘the managers of the poor should have a discretionary power, with consent of a board of supervision, to assess the inhabitants for the purpose of setting to work destitute unemployed persons, without requiring them to enter such poor-house.’

There remain minor questions relating to the machinery of the law, such as *the law of settlement*, at present confined almost entirely to three years’ industrial residence—a term which most of the witnesses examined, we see, very reasonably desire to be extended to seven years at least.

In the law, or rather the practice of *rating*, a singular discrepancy appears at present to prevail in different parishes—some rating the heritors alone, others the heritors and occupiers jointly, others assessing, besides, the residents in proportion to their



means and substance, not their rental—a principle unknown to the English law. That the practice should be rendered uniform and consonant to some one principle in all cases, is too obviously expedient to need assertion.

The treatment of *lunatic paupers* and *orphans* is another branch of the subject requiring special legislation.

With respect to the composition of the body by which relief should be administered, it can hardly be disputed that the funds raised by assessment should be at the disposal of representatives of the parties assessed, chosen in the manner of guardians of the English and Irish unions.

But as to the court or authority to which an appeal should be allowed by paupers, or those interested for them, in order to compel sufficient relief—a point on which much difference of opinion seems to exist in Scotland—there may be room for hesitation. In England no such authority is lodged anywhere, except that any magistrate may order relief in cases ‘of sudden and urgent necessity,’ *i. e.* of extremity; but the officials of the parish or union are responsible for disobeying the Act which enjoins relief, under the usual penalties of a misdemeanor; and should death ensue from their continued neglect or refusal, we believe their offence would unquestionably amount to manslaughter. It may be questioned, however, whether the same check can be equally relied on in Scotland, even though the law be defined and laid down with clearness, so as to make it the imperative duty of the proper officer to afford sufficient relief in cases of unquestionable destitution; for the reason that in England the practice, custom, and habit has ever been to give sufficient relief—in Scotland the very reverse: so that it is doubtful whether juries could be depended on in the latter country to convict, even of misdemeanor, parties who had disobeyed the law in this manner. It may be necessary on this account, in legislating for Scotland, to take special precautions against continued neglect and disregard of the law by the parties on whom it imposes the duties of relieving the destitute poor. *In some shape or other*, ample guarantees must be taken that the heritors, or their agents or tenants, on whom the burden is imposed, shall no longer evade its obligations—no longer, as hitherto, make a virtue of ‘staving off’ or ‘beating down’ an assessment by starving the poor, to whom the law has given, and its highest courts have confirmed, a *right* to an adequate sustentation from them.

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ART. VII.—*The Ideal of a Christian Church considered in Comparison with Existing Practice.* By the Rev. W. G. Ward, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 8vo. London, 1844.

THE author of the volume before us is justly chargeable, as we think, with most serious errors. But we are on that account not less anxious to give the pledge, that he shall receive at our hands no rude—we trust we may add no uncharitable treatment. If his book, bearing as it does upon most important questions of religion, be marked by extraordinary degrees of prejudice and exaggeration, this very fact is a reason for using especial care to exhibit it only by a fair and dispassionate representation; and if it seem to impose as a duty the employment of decided language of reprehension, it also demands every effort we can make to attain, and to preserve, the temper of a judge, though without arrogating his authority.

We shall commence by presenting some of those softening shades which will, in the eye of the general reader, relieve the more glaring colours of the book. And first of all we must quote a passage, in which, with evident sincerity and an engaging warmth, Mr. Ward places himself in the category of the struggling sinner, and not of the aspiring saint.

‘Should it be imagined that the free strictures and confident opinions in which I may indulge imply any arrogation to myself of moral superiority over those whom I criticise: should it be imagined that when I acknowledge the English system to be in many particulars uncongenial with my own feelings, I allude to the impediments by which it thwarts the aspirations of a holy mind after saintliness, rather than the absence of such helps as may support an erring and sinful mind in the most ordinary path of salvation: should this be imagined, I should be almost overpowered with shame and confusion.’—pp. 7, 8.

Let us keep on friendly terms with Mr. Ward while we can, and acknowledge that at least he makes a good commencement in thus taking ‘the lowest room:’ according to that noble prayer of Bishop Andrewes, ‘Oh, give to me, the meanest of them all, the meanest place beneath their feet, beneath the feet of thine elect, of the meanest of them.’\*

Next, Mr. Ward appears not to contemplate leaving the Church of England.

‘The very idea of leaving our Church has never been before my own mind as an immediately practical question: my present feeling is (without for one moment judging others) that I should myself commit a mortal sin by doing so; and it has been my uniform endeavour to divert my imagination from dwelling on such a contingency, even as a future possibility.’—p. 71.

\* Devotions, p. 165, ed. 1830.



But further, he distinctly disavows the intention of remaining in the Church as a spy, or traitor in an hostile camp: Mr. Ward urges that he has always enforced (p. 67) the claim of the Church on our allegiance. He can understand, he states, a person's considering anxiously whether or not to join the Church of Rome:—

'But I cannot understand that a religious person should for any length of time doubt that if he do remain in our Church he must remain as her faithful and attached son; not standing as it were with one foot in England and the other in Rome, but devoting himself with undivided loyalty to his immediate mother.'—p. 67.

And in illustrating this position he lays down principles which, as we think, may indeed presently be appealed to against himself, but of which he is fully entitled to the benefit in any estimate we may form of his motives and conduct, which, and not the truth, wisdom, or justice of his views, are the matters we have now before us—

'He' (that is, the religious person) 'will fix his affections immediately on the Church wherein God has placed him, and only *through* that on the great Catholic community throughout the world: the English Church will be to him'—

(the reader should mark well these words)—

—'will be to him the visible embodiment and channel of his Lord's presence.'—p. 68.

And he proceeds to exemplify various forms in which this attachment will work. Nor is this in a single passage: but again he claims 'a genuine allegiance and attachment to the Church of England in the truest sense of the words,' and 'a hearty loyalty to our own Church.'—p. 4.

Mr. Ward is fondly attached to the 'Common Prayer Book' 'as a whole;' and though he thinks there are minor differences not inconsiderable of themselves in regard to it, he will not name them—because it is 'so very dear to every Catholic-minded member of our Church, and taken altogether is in *essentials* so accordant with the old Catholic services.'—p. 114.

And here we must stop to remark what a cause of unbounded thankfulness it should be to us, that all classes of members of the English Church are so sincerely united in their affection to the Book of Common Prayer as the faithful exponent of Gospel truth in all those holy ordinances which it sets forth. We have shown Mr. Ward at one extremity professing this attachment: Mr. Isaac Taylor is not less ardent in professing it, from the very opposite point of the compass at which he stands.\* Not that they describe it in the same terms, or value its different parts in

\* Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*, vol. ii, pp. 489–510.



the same proportions: Mr. Ward admires its Catholic character; Mr. Taylor's enthusiasm is kindled by his believing it to be thoroughly Protestant: but at least this gratifying picture is exhibited, that in a period of very serious distractions, those who represent the most marked contrasts of opinion within the Reformed English Church, unite in prizing very highly, and in prizing as a whole, that Liturgy which is no merely accidental appendage to her, but which constitutes to the great mass of her members the principal exhibition of her character and (under the sacred Scriptures) nearly the whole of her authoritative teaching. If men could but steadily keep in view the thoughts and purposes of peace in the midst of controversy, surely they could not fail to perceive that, in this country at least, when one extols the Prayer Book as Catholic, and another as Protestant, many of the very same ingredients in its composition are at the same moment present to the mind of each, though expressed by them under different, and, as some will have it, incompatible designations: such ingredients as the intense earnestness of its confessions, the comprehensive scope and the fervour of its prayers, the majesty of its hymns of praise, the truth and force with which it represents and provides for the mutual relations of God and His worshippers, and of men one towards another.

But further: this is not to Mr. Ward a merely abstract excellence; he contemplates the Church offices as capable of ministering abundantly to our spiritual needs.

'Such is the great blessing we derive from that profession of orthodoxy which our Church has retained: the Creeds and the Prayer Book have stored within them all that the sorrowful or sinful soul can need: all, that is, except supernatural grace, and that our Church is also privileged to dispense.'—p. 459.

And this assertion of the title of the Church of England to dispense grace is presented in bolder relief by a passage which compares her position with that of Dissenting communities.

'We feel attachment to our Church, because through it we were born again, and because through its ordinances we obtain communion with Christ. I have never for one moment wavered in this conviction, from my first article in the *British Critic* to my last: and here is a marked difference between the attachment entertained by English Churchmen to their Church, and that felt by Dissenters of various classes to their respective societies. If Dissenters enjoy communion with Christ (and I rejoice in believing that very many do enjoy it), it is not *through* their Church that they enjoy such communion, nor do they profess it to be so: but our Church is a channel of sacramental grace.'—p. 102.

No narrower meaning can justly be assigned to these passages than that the Church of England is at least a true branch of the Church

Church of Christ; for there is no other body than that Church, as we apprehend, of which, according to the creed of Mr. Ward, it can allowably be predicated that it is 'privileged'—or endowed with title and authority, to dispense supernatural grace. Nor would it be possible, unless this character were recognised by him in the Church of England, that he should draw the contrast which he has exhibited between her and Dissenting Societies, and according to which the one is a medium of communion with the Redeemer, and the others are not. But as if to obviate any doubts on this head, Mr. Ward has apprised us that the complaints he has to make are directed not against the Church, but against a system which he deems to be alien and intrusive (pp. 72, 386).

The effect of this introduction will probably be by no means to soften what is to follow, but rather to aggravate the shock which the denunciations and invectives of Mr. Ward cannot fail to impart to the minds of Churchmen in general. We do not undertake, be it observed, in any manner to reconcile them with the passages which already have been quoted: but we think it much more just, both to the Church and to Mr. Ward, to assume as axiomatic the declarations of his allegiance, and to leave it to him to bring other parts of his book into harmony with them, than, for the sake of producing greater stir and effect, to exhibit as the principal objects in the picture sentiments which appear irreconcilable with the fundamental laws of its composition.

The points which Mr. Ward has moved and questioned are by far too numerous to be extracted and discussed in anything like complete detail. Our design will be confined to the consideration of certain leading positions, and we shall also dwell more on his modes of examination and judgment than on his results. We propose to consider chiefly,

1. His treatment of the English Reformation and Reformers.
2. His methods of estimating the Church of England and the Church of Rome.
3. His novel and most dangerous philosophy concerning the supremacy of conscience in the pursuit of moral and religious truth.
4. Some topics relating to those questions of ecclesiastical allegiance which the appearance of a work of such a nature and from such a quarter could not fail to bring into livelier agitation.

In defence of the freedom of our own language we shall only beg that it may be estimated with reference to the momentous character of the subject matter, and to the tone of the work which calls it forth. We shall, however, seek to profit by the excellent example of the author before us, in avoiding the imputation of motives. It will be our task to exhibit facts and reasonings, to follow their guidance, and to offer the comments which they themselves



themselves properly suggest; without either the right or the desire to impeach Mr. Ward's sincerity and earnestness in obeying the dictates, though, as we should say, the much mistaken dictates of his conscience.

I. Let us commence with Mr. Ward's view of the English Reformation; on which we must thus early fasten the charge of most extravagant injustice.

He begins by informing us that 'some members of the English Church (including himself) regard with deep and burning hatred that miserable event.'—p. 44.

And in a note (p. 44) he complains, that whereas conscience, though ill directed, prompted the Foreign Reformers in their movement, he can find in England no trace of such a process, at least among the leaders of the Reformation. 'They objected, indeed, to the prevalent corruptions,' but not with the 'single-minded and honest indignation' of Luther: 'their real grounds of offence seem to have been mainly of a political order.'

'Their principle seems to have been, so far as they had any, that men may without grievous sin, nay innocently, nay laudably, leave the system in which God has placed them, without ever having honestly and heartily tried it, and thus spiritually apprehended its real nature, from having intellectually compared its external appearance. . . . with some external standard; in other words, that not conscience, but intellect, is supreme judge of religious truth. It will be seen, then, that I cannot at all agree with those who prefer the English Reformation to the Foreign; so far from it, I know no single movement in the Church, except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to me so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard, as the English Reformation.'—pp. 44, 45, *note*.

But, lest it should be said these are hasty and isolated expressions, Mr. Ward by-and-bye returns to the charge, and assures us not only that his language, 'deep and burning hatred,' for example, falls short of his convictions, but likewise that these convictions are entertained, as we understand him, with the certainty of faith.

'When I feel called upon to use strong language about the corruption of our own Church, the sinfulness of the Reformation, or similar matters, I really am not at all conscious of being influenced either by desire of eccentricity or by a spirit of undutifulness. The words I use do not even fully express the convictions that are among the very deepest I feel.'—p. 293.

Thus far, however, Mr. Ward has assailed chiefly by implication the personal characters of the Reformers; but this defect he subsequently supplies; for he is not ashamed to accuse them distinctly of an

'utter want of fixed religious principles.'—p. 481.

And



And he broadly separates himself from such persons as may 'look on the leading Reformers as serious men, as having been zealous for doctrine, and as having realized their religious expressions.'—p. 481.

And once more:

'I do not myself think...our leading Reformers were serious men, and cared for religion on its own account.'—p. 478.

Nor will he allow even the results of the English Reformation to occupy a position of advantage as compared with those of Germany: he continues to the close of the volume to be 'unprepared with an opinion whether the cause of Protestantism has been more disastrous here or abroad' (p. 428); and he fears that it is the very same spirit working according to the speculative genius of the one country, and the practical bent of the other, which has produced in Germany the 'self-willed and arrogant questioning' of Christian dogma, and in England—

'such phenomena as those with which we are familiar; an unbridled thirst for gain; selfish neglect of the poor; disregard of the claims and of the distresses of conscience; a habit of miserable and cowardly compromise; a deeply and widely-extending secularization of the Church.'—p. 429.

Here is the verdict deliberately pronounced by Mr. Ward against the English Reformation and its authors: and it amounts simply to this, that no words which human language will supply can suffice to describe their vileness. But where are the grounds of this verdict? Where are the evidences of patient, laborious, and impartial examination, by which alone such a verdict could be justified, and without which it cannot be excused? Mr. Ward will remember the Athenian law, by which in certain cases the accuser failing in his proof forfeited his head. A great moral truth was figured by that law: the immense responsibility of those who bring heavy charges: and, by consequence, both the great merit of those who impeach justly, and the great guilt of those who accuse falsely. Even a false accusation, however, may be palliated upon one condition: it is, where he who imputes the crime has taken all the means in his power to know the truth, and has failed from some cause other than his own negligence. What shall we say then of Mr. Ward? He sums up the motives of the Reformers into a gratuitous and fanciful theory, of which we will venture to say that it had no original either in the facts of the case, or in the minds of any one of the men whom he has denounced as its followers; but he does not condescend to bring evidence, to particularize his charges, to afford any clue by which we may either arrive at a persuasion of their truth, or demonstrate their futility: he does not show, he does not even say, that he has applied his mind to the study of the records, vast and complex as they are, of the pro-  
longed

longed and diversified proceedings which he heaps together under the name of the English Reformation. If his tremendous imputations are true, they are true so far as he is himself concerned by a happy accident: unless indeed it be that he has used the perfection of pains to conceal his pains, and has in secret investigated the depths of his subject while in his published work he skims lighter than Camilla along the surface. But whether he has done so or not, he does not stand *rectus in curiâ* himself, for he was bound not only to do it, but to show that he has done it. Every principle, not only of reverence, but of propriety in a much lower sense, and one tithe of that regard for 'the sacredness of hereditary religion' to which in its other bearings he assigns so enormous an importance, required of him that if he deemed it his duty as a priest of the Church of England to pronounce the heaviest of all judgments upon his antecessors and progenitors in the faith, he should prove that this had been done only in a sorrowful deference to conscience at every step, and not without the grave and dispassionate examination which his learned leisure in Oxford and his manifest abilities would well have enabled him to institute. But, instead of this, he appears tranquilly to assume that the English bishops of the sixteenth century are ecclesiastical outlaws, against whom any and every man's hand is to be raised; that in order to dispose of their claims upon us no process is necessary, no counsel or jury, no judge, no testimony; the hangman is the only person whose function is applicable to their case, and even he cannot 'fully' discharge the debt due to their demerits.

Under these circumstances, then, we except *in limine* to Mr. Ward's competency to act as a teacher and a guide through the thorny passages which he has chosen to tread. He has undertaken an Herculean task in 'endeavouring to obtain some little insight into that hitherto unexplored abyss, our doctrinal and practical corruptions' (p. 103). We will not admit that he can lawfully challenge an opponent to contest these great historical questions with him at all. By reason of his own contemptuous procedure, his broad and sweeping denunciations do not even raise a presumption against their objects, but they recoil with no small force upon himself. The presumption which he does succeed in raising, is this, that he himself labours under internal disqualifications of intellectual habit, or of temperament, for the work to which he has set his hand; and if he hopes hereafter to vindicate himself, he must substitute for the saltations by which he reaches his conclusions in the work before us, the patient and measured march of thought which no Oxford student has an adequate excuse for having failed to learn under the auspices of Aristotle and of Butler.

Now



Now we shall not pretend to present an historical confutation of Mr. Ward in these allegations. It is extremely difficult to grasp air and to fight with moonshine; and it is scarcely less so to deal with charges which, ponderous as they are, are so deficient in particularity, and which so entirely avoid any appeal to evidence. There is no link or bond connecting them with the actual events of the time, to which the test of examination could be effectually applied. Yet enough may be said to show presumptions at least that his representation is not more unwarrantable for the mode in which it is made, than it is baseless in itself.

He says of the English Reformers that 'their real grounds of offence seem to have been mainly of a political order;' and that they thought men might laudably 'leave the system in which God had placed them without even having honestly and heartily tried it.' Who are those English Reformers, whose grounds of proceeding were mainly political? To take the latest period first—are they Parker and his contemporaries? Surely it is difficult to maintain that political motives can be imputed as the probable ground of the ecclesiastical measures which were pursued at the accession of Elizabeth. On the one hand lay the See of Rome, great in its influence and in its associations, and supported by all the principal thrones of Christendom. On the other hand lay a Protestant party, widely spread through France and Germany, south as well as north, and politically combined, though doctrinally far from being harmonious in itself. What did England resolve? She joined neither with the stronger party, nor even with the weaker. She took a course, indeed, nearer to that of the last than of the first, but wholly different from it. She did not adopt the distinctive theories either of Lutheran or Calvinist, but offended the first by declining the device of consubstantiation, and the last by the whole tone of her liturgy, her hierarchy, and her ceremonial. Thus far, then, their proceedings were surely anything but those of merely political churchmen. Nor was this done accidentally. Foreign influences had become powerfully impressed upon the Marian exiles. A strong mind and a strong hand were required to repress them; and they were not wanting in the day of need. With a consummate wisdom it was determined to use every effort for avoiding, within the limits of this country, any rupture of communion. And the measures of reform were so devised, that such rupture was avoided until the Pope, whose bull, according to Mr. Ward,\* may not be

\* Mr. Ward says this of dogmatic decrees of the Pope. But we apprehend that the dethroning power was urged as a dogma in what may be called with fairness the authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome.



made the subject of adverse comment, undertook to depose Elizabeth from her throne and to invite and enjoin her subjects to put an end to her existence. Why is it to be alleged that there was no religious motion in the mind of Parker and his colleagues? Did they act as, under the circumstances, religious men might or would have acted? Did they erect firm barriers, which have never yet been thrown down, against the growing sympathies with the followers of Zuinglius and Calvin? Did they enshrine in the liturgy the principles which produced the Anglican theology of the seventeenth century? Did they frame their Articles in a spirit so Catholic, as to carry with them, a few individuals excepted, the whole body of the clergy and of the people? Did they resemble politicians in pandering to the passions of the people, or did these leaders of whom we speak either encourage the sacrilege of the nobles, or erect for themselves great estates out of the wreck which was then made of the huge and overgrown possessions of the church? As their measures and language were moderate in comparison with those prevalent at the time, so were their lives pious and blameless. We cannot read their hearts, if Mr. Ward can; but reduced as we are to the ordinary and humble process of exercising the judgment upon matters of fact, we say that Mr. Ward's scandalous imputations cannot be fastened upon Archbishop Parker and his prominent coadjutors. And it will not do to say that all this was owing to Elizabeth, and to her love especially of high prerogative; for, in the first place, it is notorious that Elizabeth did not always meet with the concurrence of the Bishops; and, in the second, we apprehend that at that period the extreme Protestant party was even more ready than any other to have allowed and claimed for a sovereign friendly to them in religion the largest powers. A hundred years had yet to run before the discovery was to be made by the second Charles that Presbyterianism was not a religion for a gentleman. And here we have touched upon a part of the subject which appears to us to have afforded to Mr. Ward the occasion of carrying to a climax his capricious injustice. If there be one measure which, in our judgment, more deserves our gratitude and praise than any other of those which were adopted at the period, it was the plan of framing the articles of religion in such a spirit of comprehension as might avert the rending of the body of the Church. It is also, we apprehend, historically undeniable that in the same spirit the Elizabethan Reformers, when they altered so materially the Communion Office of the Second Prayer-book of Edward VI., kept in view such a liberty of opinion with respect to the Real Presence, as might serve to attain that great end of preventing a schism. In the Articles were inserted such guards

as

as they thought necessary to obviate the danger of a recurrence to the extirpated abuses, but no more. To this comprehensiveness of purpose Dr. Pusey has, on the part of those with whom Mr. Ward is presumed to sympathize, made an elaborate appeal.\* Will it be believed by those who have not read the work of Mr. Ward, that after this recourse to the spirit and intentions of the Reformers for protection, that very same assumption should have been converted by Mr. Ward into one of those bitter and withering charges in which he so much abounds? He accuses those whom, until he has carefully and judicially examined their acts, he is bound to revere, of a vile deception:—

‘Three years since I distinctly charged the Reformers with fully tolerating the absence from the Articles of any *real* anti-Roman determination, so only they were allowed to preserve an apparent one: a charge which I here beg, as distinctly, to repeat.’—note, p. 100.

And again, he says he explained three years ago—

‘the manner in which the dry wording of the Articles can be divorced from their natural spirit, and accepted by an orthodox believer; how their *primâ facie* meaning is evaded, and the *artifice* of their inventors thrown back in recoil on themselves.’—p. 69.

But we resume the charge that political and not religious motives prompted the English Reformation. Perhaps Mr. Ward meant this charge, not for the Elizabethan Reformers, but for Cranmer and Ridley and their coadjutors of the time of Edward VI. But nothing can be more alien to the presumptions which the facts suggest. If we examine the records of the time, we there trace the progress in the mind of Cranmer of particular opinions as his life advanced. We know of him also that he was a diligent student, and a master of patristic learning: and even the bitterest adversary must allow that Ridley was a practised theologian. Mr. Ward admits that both these prelates protested against prevailing corruptions; but not, it seems, with quite enough of single-minded and honest indignation. Would to God that this same quality of indignation, a sad snare as it has been to many virtuous minds, and a powerful instrument in the hands of Satan for their deterioration, if not their destruction, were not in the sight of Mr. Ward a pearl of such great price! For our part, we lament that such scope was given at the period of the Reformation to a temper which, we deeply regret to say, Mr. Ward's book, on account of the triviality of its investigations of fact combined with the savageness of its censures, seems to us more calculated than any other recent publication to revive.

\* A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford, 1842.



But whatever be the value of this sort of indignation, and however Cranmer and Ridley may have failed (of which we were, however, certainly unaware) to display the quantity of it necessary for the teachers of the Gospel, at least the absence of it will scarcely be held to constitute a proof that they had no other than political motives; particularly as it happens that much is known of the internal history of their religious sentiments, and as the course of public Reformation at the time corresponds with it. Other presumptions, however, against Mr. Ward are not wanting. It is the judgment of Mr. Hallam,\* that the religious changes made by Henry VIII. were eminently popular with the nation at large. But, on the contrary, those further alterations which followed in the reign of Edward VI. even excited serious outbreaks among the peasantry. It was not, therefore, from political motives of a domestic kind that such alterations could have been adopted; because they converted a quiet and, on the whole, an united temper of affairs into one of considerable distraction. But surely neither was it from a regard to political support abroad; because if that had been the object, we should have found the English Church taking for her model the proceedings of the German reformation, or else of the Swiss and French, and entering into the struggle which was then in progress, instead of pursuing gradually her own line according to her own convictions; and she would likewise in that case have leant determinately towards that party among the Protestants of the Continent which seems to have been by much the strongest at the time, namely the party of Luther and Melancthon: whereas, on the contrary, when, in the latter part of Edward's reign, foreign sympathies began to act powerfully on the English Church, they were manifestly of the Zuinglian school, and they left a marked impression upon the Eucharistic Office of the Second Prayer-book. If, lastly, Mr. Ward means by his charges of political motives, simply a spirit of opposition to Roman interference, as seems probable, then we are surprised that he did not recollect that everything of this kind was already secured when Edward VI. came to the throne. In the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. such beginnings of a doctrinal Reformation as had been previously made had been almost utterly suppressed: but the ecclesiastical power of the Crown stood higher than at the ultimate settlement under Elizabeth. Surely then Cranmer and Ridley must have found them-

\* Constitutional History of England, vol. i. p. 143, n. 'In fact no scheme of religion would on the whole have been so acceptable to the nation as that which Henry left established, consisting chiefly of what was called Catholic in doctrine, but free from the grosser abuses, and from all connection with the See of Rome. Arbitrary and capricious as that king was, he carried the people along with him, as I believe, both as to what he renounced and what he retained.'



selves satisfied upon the accession of Edward VI., so far as the repudiation of Roman interference, and not only this, but the guarantees of that repudiation, in the erection of the royal supremacy, were concerned; and there remains accordingly no ground for the imputation that political motives urged these prelates upon those measures of religious reformation which occurred under that sovereign.

We are driven back, then, upon the first of the three distinct periods of the English Reformation, namely the reign of Henry VIII.; and here Mr. Ward may perhaps be surprised to find that his accusation really lights, so far as it can find a resting-place at all, upon heads different from those for which it was intended—upon the heads of Warham, of Bonner, of Gardiner, and of Tunstal. For it was in 1531, when Warham was Primate of the Church, that the Convocation of the Clergy acknowledged the headship of the Crown; and the three other prelates who have been named had actually written against the Papal supremacy. It was also before Cranmer became Archbishop that the statute was passed, in February, 1533, prohibiting appeals to Rome. So that, in point of fact, that upon which the ecclesiastical title of the subsequent English Reformation under Elizabeth appears to turn, namely the matter of the royal supremacy, was synodically determined before Cranmer became a bishop, and under a body of prelates not one of whom became a party to the doctrinal and ritual reformation of a later date. And although it is true that the act against bulls dated from the primacy of Cranmer, yet he was but one, and it is notorious that that measure also had the concurrence of his brethren generally. And Mr. Ward's charge of political motives, if warrantable at all, which we do not mean by this hypothesis to concede, is most applicable to those bishops of Henry's time who are not at all included under the ordinary designation of English Reformers: it is utterly inapplicable to the Bishops of Edward's reign (excepting Cranmer), who made a reformation that was subsequently overturned and abolished; and it is not supported by a shadow of fair presumption in reference to Archbishop Parker and his contemporaries, the Reformers to whom we are mainly to ascribe our present settlement. As to the further charge, that they had not tried the system from which they departed, we ask whether it is possible to conceive anything more calculated to arouse the displeasure of just men or the ridicule of the world, than that a gentleman of the nineteenth century should acquaint the country that those bodies of grave and serious persons, born under the Papal jurisdiction, trained in the lap of the Roman Church, given to study, holding most responsible situations, of unimpeached personal

sonal character, and remarkable, at least among the men of that age, for the deliberate graduation of their measures of reform, had had no real experience of that system which it was the purpose of their lives to amend; this gentleman himself being one who was born out of that system, who has only begun within the last few years to think about it, and who can have had no experience of it whatever, but simply contemplates it as a spectator from afar!

But, again, Mr. Ward thinks that the English Reformation will not even bear a comparison with the Foreign one; that it was worse in its character, and not better in its results. Let not any one suppose from this statement that Mr. Ward has an undue tenderness for the foreign Reformation. On the contrary, he says of the Lutheran doctrine of justification, that he rejoices to have

‘Ventured to characterise that hateful and fearful type of Antichrist in terms not wholly inadequate to its prodigious demerits.’—p. 305.

One would think this was the *ne plus ultra*: but the immense capacity of his powers of wrath and indignation enables him to open in the lowest deep a deep lower still; and it is the system of Luther that he prefers to the English Reformation. Nor is this doctrine of justification the only ‘prodigious demerit’ in that system of which he is apprised. He may or he may not have seen the sentiments preached by Luther in his Sermon on Matrimony, or the document which conveys his judgment, and Melancthon’s, in favour of the bigamy of the Landgrave of Hesse (a judgment of which we believe he afterwards repented); but Mr. Ward ought to have seen these things before he so coolly and glibly condemned the Bishops of his own Church in comparison with the Foreign Reformers. He quotes, however (p. 176), with apparent concurrence, a recent and remarkable pamphlet by Sir W. Hamilton, of Edinburgh, which charges Luther and Melancthon with having introduced a state of things subversive of all moral and religious law; with having preached incontinence, adultery, and incest; with having maintained polygamy to the last as a religious speculation; with having desired to allow to Christian liberty a space not less ample than that of Mohammedan licence; and with having caused a fearful dissolution of manners throughout the sphere of Luther’s influence. All this Mr. Ward appears to adopt: and yet he makes no such charges against the English Reformers. He does not state, nor can any man state, that they thus relaxed the marriage tie, or assailed with impure teaching the public ear. He does not pretend that, while setting up in an ostensible exclusiveness the authority of Scripture, they impugned the sacred book of the Apocalypse, or declared the Epistle of St. James to be an epistle of straw. On the contrary, he will find



them ever not only labouring to repress the excess consequent upon great excitements, but we think also forbearing for the most part the use of such illegitimate means as tend to produce that evil: he will find them sedulous in the endeavour to maintain holy observances, the frequent Eucharist, and the daily sacrifice of prayer; and he will find that in that daily sacrifice the people largely participated until many years after these reformers were in their graves: and again we ask—is it consistent, we do not say with the Catholic temper of reverence and awe, but with the most homely and vulgar decency, for the English priest of 1844 thus to cast obloquy upon the English Bishops of the sixteenth century, to praise at their expense that foreign reformation which in its other aspects he declares to be abominable and anti-Christian; and to do this not only without proof, but where even the slender materials of testimony he thought fit to use told with resistless force against the wild and wanton opinions he has broached?

As to the results of the German Reformation, upon which Mr. Ward is so cautious—for he, too, has a caution, and one not less singular than his precipitancy—we fear it is well known to him and to others, that among the principal of those results has been a total loss (we speak of bodies only, not of individuals) of the idea of a fixed, changeless system of dogma, an objective truth revealed to men, and made available for their use in the Gospel. And there is nothing, in our view, that suggests more melancholy, or perhaps more useful reflections, than the observation of that principle of decadence, without the power of systematic reaction and recovery, which seems to have marked the course of Protestantism, in nearly every case where, instead of being a protest in and by the Church, it became a protest against the Church. We will not be provoked by Mr. Ward's assaults upon the English Reformation to enter into the details of this painful subject. It probably has not occurred to him, as it has done to us, to hear from the lips of a German of high station, that he had listened to sermons delivered from the pulpit, for the purpose of disproving the being of a God. Not for the purpose of inflaming our 'insular pride,' of which we readily allow to Mr. Ward it is more than time we were well rid, but for the purpose of adoring God in respect of those perils from which we have been saved by the men Mr. Ward vituperates, we recommend to the reader the lucid and temperate volume of Mr. Dewar, the British Chaplain at Edinburgh,\* which traces in outline the course of opinion in Germany since the Reformation, with respect to the whole theory of belief.

\* German Protestantism. By the Rev. G. H. Dewar. London, 1844. See also the recent testimony of Dr. Heugh, a Scottish Presbyterian, 'Religion in Geneva and in Belgium.' Glasgow, 1841.



II. We come now to Mr. Ward's representation of the state of the English Church; and here the method he has pursued will obviate the necessity of lengthened quotations in order to an exhibition of his views. For he has summed up in the contents of the sixth chapter such a portion of his charges as may present a fair sample of them. She has no system of moral discipline for the poor, and none for the rich; she 'totally neglects her duties as guardian of and witness to morality;' and 'totally neglects her duties as witness and teacher of orthodoxy' (p. xi.). And not only this—but she is 'wholly destitute of external notes, and wholly indefensible as to her position by external, historical, ecclesiastical arguments' (p. 286).

We shall distinguish between this assertion as to the historical title of the Church, and the examination which Mr. Ward has instituted into her neglect of orthodoxy, of morality, and of discipline. And with regard to the first we must say, it is only another added to the many insults which he has heaped upon his spiritual mother, through whom he received the knowledge of Christ, and was born into the family of God. At this conclusion, indeed, or perhaps any other, it might have been his misfortune, after investigation, to arrive. But it has been the subject of the controversy of centuries in the hands of men of first-rate ability and learning. Hooker, Andrewes, Laud, Bramhall, Stillingfleet, Bull, and very many more, have laboured in this field, and have left behind them monuments of great industry and great sagacity. Nay, the recent effort of Mr. Palmer, in his elaborate work on the Church, has at least had this high compliment paid to it, that there has been (we apprehend) no attempt at an answer to it by the Papal party in England. Has Mr. Ward made himself master of this great controversy? He has evidently succeeded in dispelling all remains of doubt upon it from his mind; and he informs his brethren, that, contrary to their fixed persuasion, there is no external, no historical, no ecclesiastical argument of the slightest value to be urged on behalf of the Church of England. Has he, we ask again, undergone the labour of a process adequate to the breadth and the weight of his conclusion? We are bound to say his book shows no sign of his having at any time even read, much less fairly weighed, so much as a single work upon the subject. But even if he has not picked up in retail at second and third hand the mere commonplaces of the adversary, and made them without a moment's thought the basis of his oracular announcement—if he has faithfully discharged this also like the former labour, and like the former skilfully concealed it—we must again suggest to him, that in totally omitting to state the grounds of a conviction that strikes at the very root of the Christian privileges of his fellow-countrymen,

countrymen, in thus denouncing and repudiating the fundamental principles of those who had the first claim on his respect and adherence, without showing that he had ever examined them, he has proved himself most unhappily ignorant of what mere delicacy and decency require from persons in the position which he occupies as a clergyman and as a member of the University of Oxford.

With respect to his representation of the practical shortcomings and wants of our Church, we gladly allow that Mr. Ward has, at least, attempted to examine and expose them in detail. A calm-minded and equitable writer might, we think, have performed a task of immense importance and value by a deliberate investigation of this subject; but Mr. Ward has unhappily imparted to his book, by the passages which have been quoted, and by many more which we forbear to quote, the character of a railing accusation. It is impossible not to see the mischievous operation of these circumstances. He is himself assailed with a storm of invective; and he will not enjoy that tranquil shelter from the bad passions he has roused, which he could justly have sought from the Divine mercy, if he had preserved his right to say that his anathemas and impeachments were wrung from him by a hard necessity, that they were limited by the measure of the occasions that called them forth, and that they had not been launched without earnest consideration of the proofs upon which they rested. But what is yet far worse is this: Mr. Ward will confirm and inflame the insular pride that he wishes to destroy; when men are attacked, and especially when their fathers and their institutions are attacked, in indecent and outrageous language, they will escape the substance of the charge in their just complaints of the manner: they will lose the profit of the rebuke, because the man that administered it, instead of winning by gentleness his way to their affection and respect, stirred by his own rashness the fumes of passion that are sure to rise, to envelop the very objects he sought to expose, and to intercept and bewilder our view of them.

Even, we regret to say, in his detailed examination of the conduct of the English Church, Mr. Ward evinces the same thorough one-sidedness and obliquity of judgment which alone could have blinded him to the indecencies we have already attempted to point out. The only mode in which we can, without running into enormous detail, make good this assertion is, by showing in one or two particular cases with how different a measure he metes out justice to the English and the Roman systems respectively.

For instance. One of his charges against his country and his country's church is gross neglect of the poor. And God forbid it should be denied that we have abundant cause for pain and for shame in that respect, when we compare our state and practice with



with the holy law of God. But Mr. Ward makes this particular one of the counts in the indictment which he brings against our own Church, and by which he degrades her from any claim to represent the genuine character of the body of our Lord, in order that he may proceed to assert that another church, the Church of Rome, is really and alone entitled to the praise of fulfilling that character. Now we are prepared to deny that the poor are worse cared for in this country than in lands where the Church of Rome bears sway; and we think Mr. Ward himself would do well to visit some of those lands, and (in Naples for example) to witness the hideous forms in which human misery is permitted to display itself beneath the face of day, and how the remains of the dead are hurled without coffin or clothing into vaulted pits, before he reiterates this accusation. Before he complains of the food, lodging, and clothing of the English labouring class, let him examine those of the corresponding class in other European countries. Nay, before he complains of the pressure they endure on account of the restlessness and recklessness of the commercial spirit, an evil we do not dissemble nor extenuate, let him in common justice inquire whether that evil is confined to England, and whether it does not exist elsewhere, and rage even in countries of the Roman obedience with still greater malignity.

We pass to Mr. Ward's doctrine concerning factory labour. He cites on this head the sentiments expressed in a work,\* not written, we are persuaded, with any wilful exaggeration, but still from its very nature couched in terms highly rhetorical, yet adopted by Mr. Ward, as if they were merely the language of dry and dispassionate description. From this work (p. 27) he shows in extremely general terms the mischiefs of factory labour. One definite statement, indeed, we perceive in his quotation, namely, that twelve hours a day are the minimum of labour for young persons; whereas if he had taken the trouble to refer to the Act before fastening his charge upon the Church, he would have found that twelve hours were the maximum, and for children four hours more than the maximum, at the time when the work was published. However, he proceeds to argue, all this is very bad, and it could not be so if we had a pure Church. Then the clergy would proclaim those sufferings in the ears of the civil ruler (p. 32). Then the pure Church would 'with eager and urgent zeal have pleaded, clamoured, threatened' in behalf of the poor; would have inquired and ascertained what descriptions of employment were too severe for a Christian life; and would have issued stern prohibitions enforced by spiritual censures against any who should engage in them, as well as against the wealthy oppressor.

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\* *The Perils of the Nation*, London, 1843.



Now it must be recollected that by a pure Church, Mr. Ward means throughout, not a church in a state of ideal excellence, representing the perfect image of our Redeemer, but the actual Church of Rome. Let us turn, then—for we are delighted at length to find Mr. Ward upon the *terra firma* of allegations of fact, which may be grappled with and put to the test—let us turn to the lands where his pure Church ‘energises,’ and let us see how she manages the matter of factory labour. First however observe, that the test to which we shall resort is the length of that labour, for it will hardly be pretended that in regard to ventilation, to security, or to other accessories, the factory labour of England is more unhealthy than that of other countries. We invite, then, Mr. Ward to cross the Channel into Roman Catholic France, and to consult, not a book of popular declamation, but the Report made by M. Delambre, the head of the department of manufactures in the office of the Minister of Commerce, during the year 1838, where he will find that the actual work of children is never less than twelve hours, and extends from that minimum amount to fourteen; while it is also reported to be not unusual for them, in the chief centres of manufacture, to work all Saturday night and Sunday morning.\* In England, at the same period, no child under thirteen could be employed for more than eight hours a day, nor any young person for more than twelve; on Saturday the hours of work were only nine; and since that date a new Act of Parliament has restrained, to six and a half hours a day, the maximum of labour for children.

But perhaps Mr. Ward will say that in France the pure Church is still in fetters. Let us pass on, then, to Austria: and quoting from the same authentic work to which we have already referred, we obtain the following result:—

‘The hours of factory labour in Austria are usually long, being frequently, in the factories in the interior, fifteen hours a day exclusive of meal-time, and not unfrequently seventeen hours.’—Horner, p. 105.

So that in the country where there is no Jacobinism and no Protestantism, where the pure Church reigns alone, the factory labour is far worse than in France, as in France it is worse than in England. It happens, singularly enough, that semi-rationalising Prussia is the land in which has been fixed by law, for those who are commonly called young persons, the shortest term of labour, namely, ten hours up to the age of sixteen. But while it may be questioned whether even the letter of this law is, on the whole, more in favour of the young than the law of England, there is one characteristic of British factory legislation which casts the

\* Horner on the Employment of Children in Factories, p. 28.

balance greatly in its favour, even as compared with that of Prussia. The common fault of such laws is that, in Mr. Burke's language, they want an executory principle; and this want has been met in England by the appointment of very able and humane men as inspectors, without whom we fear mere paper legislation would not be of the least avail. In other countries this security has not been taken. England, then, we believe, stands in this matter above Prussia, but more above France, and most above Austria. Do we complain of the Roman Church for this? No; the spirit of Mammon is too strong for her or for any church on earth: but we complain of Mr. Ward, who, in his reckless crusade against the Church of his fatherland, heaps up a multitude of accusations so generalised as to defy scrutiny, and when incidentally he comes upon the groundwork of facts, can thus proceed in the most glaring contradiction to them.

In another place Mr. Ward intimates that, if we had a pure Church, it is probable that there would have been an ecclesiastical inquiry into the means by which we have acquired and by which we hold our Indian empire (p. 388); and the absence of power to institute such an inquiry, and to inculcate upon statesmen the obligation to be guided by its results, is another of the damning signs of the corruption and exhaustion of our Church. We do not stop to notice in detail the singularly aggressive views towards the State involved in this proposition, which seems to be advanced by Mr. Ward almost as if its grounds were axiomatic. We doubt if the thirteenth century would have endured, or even if the author of *Unam Sanctam* would have propounded it. But, without resorting to hypothesis, let us again illustrate the determined one-sidedness and the unnatural partialities under which Mr. Ward conducts his inquiry. He condemns the English Church because of tyranny, real or supposed, on the part of the English State towards the people of India. Of course he has never heard either of the auspices under which Spain undertook her American conquests, or of the means by which she effected them. But it may be better to recall to his attention a case which is modern as well as unambiguous. He has heard of African slavery and of the slave-trade. Let him recollect, and when he next writes let him for very shame record, that his country, influenced, we must say, by its sentiments of religion, abolished that slave-trade in 1807, and extirpated slavery itself, at an immense pecuniary cost, in 1833; that no nation of Europe has yet followed the last example; that Great Britain has experienced the greatest obstacles in obtaining even the effectual recognition of the first; and that this accursed traffic is still pursued, with a desperate tenacity, by two nations, and only two. The homes yet open to the slave-trader, where  
government



government and people alike combine to welcome him, are firstly, Brazil, where the pure Church of Mr. Ward yet sits enthroned; and, secondly, Cuba, where so absolute is her dominion that not even for English residents is English worship tolerated. The Pope indeed, to his honour be it spoken, has condemned the slave-trade, but no more heed is paid to his anathema than to the passing wind; and as to the Church in Cuba and the Church in Brazil, if they have raised their voices on behalf of the victims continually brought within their view, no echo of that sound has crossed the Atlantic. But it was singular enough that Mr. Ward, when he summoned his country and his Church before his judicial seat, should have entirely overlooked a series of transactions of which the fame has resounded through all quarters of the globe, which will long remain an indelible record of the high moral and philanthropic tone of Englishmen, and will go far with foreign countries and with future generations in the vindication of their character, even against the efforts of domestic detractors.

Again, Mr. Ward proves, to his own satisfaction, a total want of agreement between our Church government and that of Christian antiquity. And how? By showing that the Privy Council (in which the Archbishop himself sits) orders the Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare thanksgivings for the births of princes, and to insert in the Liturgy the names of members of the royal family; and, to increase the force of his demonstration, he adds that the Queen, upon the petition of some Society governed by the archbishops and bishops, orders the said archbishops and bishops to require their clergy to make collections in their churches for the said Society! We cannot conceive how Mr. Ward contrived, nor how he chanced, if chance it were, to stumble upon three proofs (if such they must be called) so trivial and so irrelevant. But few words, we think, would show the reasonableness of these several kinds of injunction. Mr. Ward may indeed be a believer in the deposing power; and may think that the Church should have power, from week to week or day to day, to determine who is to be prayed for as the sovereign of the land. But we hold it most just that, so long as the Church is nationally established, the sovereign should, with the constitutional advice of a Privy Council, including the principal prelates *ex-officio*, be allowed to name those members of the royal family who, on account of their proximity to the throne, are fit subjects for the special prayers of the faithful, or, in other words, who constitute the chief civil power of the realm. But we pass from these paltry allegations to others which are more serious. He says the bishops are by law compelled to institute to livings; they are appointed by the Crown; they cannot alter the Liturgy; nor ordain without  
subscription,



subscription, and the taking of certain oaths; nor appoint to benefices, except in the character of patrons. He does not inform us how far different was their state, in the most important of these particulars, before the Reformation. He does not tell us, and we doubt if he has inquired, how much more liberty the present Church enjoys in Austria and France. Has he inquired whether, in the latter country, any clergyman can open a school without the licence of the University, controlled by the Government, and not tied even to the profession of Christianity? Does he know that the civil power, both in Austria and in France, claims, and has an absolute and universal title, to step in between the prelates and their head the Pope; and that no papal brief, or bull, is valid without its assent? He has omitted to mention a privation of the English Church more serious than any of the restraints that he has named: the inability to meet in Synod without the royal permission. Was it because he knew the ready retort that would be made by pointing out his pure Church in France and other countries of Christendom, placed in a similar predicament?\*

But towards the latter part of his work Mr. Ward enumerates the healthful signs in the condition of the English Church. He endeavours to prove the legitimacy of his position within her pale by alleging that she possesses the internal notes of Christian virtue. 'There is one of these,' he says (p. 575), 'among the best of her members, that is never to be found among heretics and schismatics: it is the virtue of humility.' He continues thus:—

'Now observe the position which they more and more assume: observe the whole language of humility in reference to our own Church, and deep reverence for the great Christian body, which is now becoming so common. Can there be a more signal contrast with the ground taken up by schismatics in various ages of the Church?'

We are not about to deny the possession of humility to the writers in the 'British Critic' or to Mr. Ward; but when we find one of a small section, who have very much isolated themselves, by some particular opinions, from the great body of the Church, citing the facility with which they censure that Church as a whole, by way of proving their progress in *humility*, we really are desirous to ask, is this bitter jest, or is it senseless earnest? We fear it is the latter: we could wish it were the former. For can words measure the infatuation of mind which this argument exhibits? Some Mirabeau among the aristocracy censures the vices of the nobles; a plebeian flatterer of the great denounces the turbulence of the people; and, according to the code of Mr. Ward, the

\* See La Menais' 'Affaires de Rome,' and a review of that work in the 'British Critic' for 1837 (vol. xxii. p. 261).

humility of these parties respectively is thereby demonstrated! According to ours, there is, among all the diversities of human affairs, no single situation in which pride and passion have a scope more free and perilous than when an individual of an order, placed in opposition to its prevailing temper, undertakes to delineate its faults. Mr. Ward may be perfectly able to prove his personal humility, notwithstanding his arbitrary and violent denunciations of his Church; but we protest against his being allowed, on his own behalf or on that of others, to prove it by them.

We are anxious to make it understood that we are far from professing to institute an examination of the whole work of Mr. Ward. It is a work that questions everything, and such a task would require hands more competent, and whole volumes of space. Neither in what has been said have we attacked any class or party. We impeach the capacity of Mr. Ward individually as a public instructor, upon a question anterior to his particular sentiments—namely, the legitimacy of the whole process which he uses in their formation. His organon is bad: his rapidity and vehemence of censure, with a total independence of inquiry in some cases, and the most slovenly and slight inquiry in others, are so objectionable that all classes and parties have a common interest in their exposure. Whether the Reformation were a blessing or not, whether the Church of England be incredibly corrupt to the very core or not, whether the Church of Rome be a pure and ideal Church or not, whether the priest of the Church of England be the proper person to announce these discoveries or not, it is important, even before all these things, that the principle should be maintained that those who judge without examining, in matters of high moral import, should be called to account; and that children—the demand seems not immoderate—should not strike a parent until they have heard her.

Neither are we of those who pretend to *optimise* upon the present condition of the Church, or who deny that there is infinite scope and space for her members to amend, not so much her as themselves, according to her true mind and type; and we fervently trust that all those who have made themselves acquainted with Mr. Ward's numberless imputations on her, will remember that the faults of the accuser do not relieve the accused of their responsibility. They are bound to extract the honey of sound admonition from amidst the alien ingredients with which it is surrounded. It has been held, and, in our judgment, truly, that there is no censure, however rash, however careless, however violent, and however, in the main, untrue, which may not yield advantage to the object of it, if he will welcome the invective as an instrument of spiritual assistance to him in the discovery of his faults.



faults. And indeed the living members of the Church have but slender excuse if they fail in this duty, for they are liberally favoured throughout the work at the expense of the Church herself. Not only are we bound to admit that this book is characterised, in a very pleasing manner, by the absence of personal unkindnesses, but the follies and sins of men are not charged upon them: they are transferred bodily to the Church, as if hers were the one and only power that moved the vast machine of English society. Let therefore full scope be given to all that Mr. Ward has truly said of our sins, our negligences, our ignorances; of the slight and perfunctory manner in which we discharge that great work of the government of the conscience; of our deadness to the denunciations of Scripture concerning the perils of wealth, and the difficulties it interposes in the way of salvation; of our insensibility to the Christian equality, or (should it not rather be said?) the Christian superiority of the poor; of our narrow and lethargic sense of Christian brotherhood. Let us combine with these repentance and humiliation for that sin which Mr. Ward has scarcely touched, but on which we think a reasonable reformer would have laid the very greatest stress—namely, our slowness to take advantage of those means of grace and discipline which the Church actually provides; our neglect where she invites; and even, alas! our disobedience where she commands.

Mr. Ward conscientiously believes and contends (p. 54) that true duty requires us not to foster the delusions of national pride, but to expel them; and that though the exposure of defects may irritate our flesh and blood, yet it deserves our gratitude. He has our hearty assent in these positions. We rejoice that the time has come when, as a people and a Church, we are no longer to hug ourselves in fancied perfection. We acknowledge the vicious habit of this kind, in which we are nationally apt to indulge; but Mr. Ward's processes are no more than a vicious reaction from that vicious habit. It is, we think, the more excusable error of the two, for persons of this age and this Church, to resent an exposure of the faults of the Reformers, and a free scrutiny of the Reformation, than to deny to the Church what is generally considered to be the proof of her legitimate authority, with a contemptuous conciseness which overleaps and disdains inquiry, and, without the smallest examination, to pronounce a sentence, which scarcely any amount of examination could have warranted, against the Reformers, as men who had no vital consciousness of the truths on which they elected, and that in the midst of the fiery trial, to build their hopes of personal salvation; and nothing but the strong delusion, which is the result of indulged bias and of untempered erratic intellect, could, we think, have induced Mr. Ward not only



only to commit these errors, but to commit them in the very same volume wherein he has taught, in terms of flaming exaggeration, 'the extreme sacredness of hereditary religion.' The principles he has himself laid down will cause the strongest reaction against the licentiousness of his whole mode of teaching and of argument.

It becomes still more clear how Mr. Ward has succeeded in blindfolding his judicial faculties, when we compare with his mode of arriving at a judgment of the English Church, his very different mode of meeting assaults upon the Church of Rome, or upon any of the particular practices she recommends or tolerates.

In one part of his work (p. 77) he considers the question whether the abuses of the English Church ought to be reformed upon the model of actual Rome, or according to that of more early and primitive times. The principal reason which he assigns—for we have nothing to do with others (p. 77) which he reserves—for fixing upon the former as a standard is, that the ancient system is one which cannot be reproduced or even realized by us (p. 78), but that we may 'study on the spot, if we will consent to follow a living example,' what we 'can by no possible efforts rescue from the abyss of time.' Thus the nearness of the Roman system, not as to mere vicinage, but as to habits of thought, and 'all the more essential features of our civilization' (p. 78), and the consequent facility of learning and appreciating it, appear to Mr. Ward to constitute an 'amply sufficient' (p. 77) ground for this determination.

But when the question is about what Dr. Hook has broadly termed the 'Mariolatry' prevalent in the Roman Church, what becomes of all this nearness and facility? A singular change then suddenly passes over the spirit of the dream: and Mr. Ward then discovers 'the incalculable obstacles in the way of a fair judgment, on people so unlike ourselves in every particular'!! (p. 82); and he declares, 'on this subject I have really seen no evidence which enables me to have *so much as a bias one way or the other*' (p. 81).

Mr. Ward, it is fair to add, strongly deprecates the introduction of these devotions generally among ourselves: evidently, we think, as an economy, a condescension to the weakness and religious babyhood of the English people. But on the system itself he has no evidence to form so much as a bias. He who thinks that the proceedings of the English bishops of the sixteenth century only find their parallel among the blasphemers of our Lord's divinity: he who pronounces that all the labours of all the sages of his Church in her defence are nothing worth; he who cannot even refrain from condemning the personal Christianity of such men

men as Ridley and Parker:—he has no evidence to form so much as a bias on the Virgin worship prevailing in the Roman Church. Alas! he has formed a bias that he knows not of. We are not about to travel into the painful details of this subject. Those who are moved to seek information upon them may with great advantage consult the solid and useful volumes of Mr. Tyler.\* We know that this prayer has gone up unrebuked: *Jure matris impera filio*. We know what process was applied to those songs of the Divine Spirit which were put into the mouth of Holy David to be the perpetual treasury of the church's praise, and the vehicle of her solemn communion with her Lord: that for the name of the incomprehensible Jehovah was substituted throughout the name of the Blessed Mary; and these devotions, so parodied, are proposed for the use of Christians. We know that there is a Bible in which it is declared, under the most awful sanctions, that God will not endure that His honour shall be given to another. But Mr. Ward has no evidence to enable him to form 'so much as a bias one way or the other.' This is the caution, of which we said it was not less singular, not less idiosyncratic, not less distorted and deformed, than his precipitancy. This is the caution which forces us to say, that to speak of having no bias is a mockery. Mr. Ward supplies us with the warrant for the assertion. For in another part of his work (p. 425), where he compares the corruptions of religion in Germany with those in England, his frightful climax is no less than this:—

“English “high-churchmen” are in the constant habit of attributing to the most holy and mortified men, to St. Buonaventure, to St. Bernardine of Sienna, to St. Alphonsus Liguori, a close approach at least to positive idolatry: *what more fearful approximation to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost has the wildest German ever devised?*”

We, for our parts, sedulously avoid a question which is far beyond us, and admitting and revering the high Christian virtues which were found in association with those awful acts, we refuse to ask or to consider whether the author of the Marian Psalter and the Marian *Te Deum* incurred, in whole or in part, as a Christian soul standing before God's tribunal, the guilt of idolatry: but when the act is separated from the person, and we are told that the denunciation of the act, with the utmost plain speaking, as in its nature an act of idolatry, is a near approximation to the unpardonable sin, then we say the very first principle of Theism is called in question, and we are actually called upon to give up our Christian position, and had better at once travel back three thousand years, and begin again from the one truth, which we

\* On the Invocation of Saints, London, 1842. And, On the Romish Worship of the Virgin, London, 1844.



shall at least in the Patriarchal Church find in its integrity and its undisputed majesty—the Unity of God.

It is useless, and worse than useless, to tell us of the gradations of feeling in the minds of those who invented these devotions: to theorise upon the possibility of their having applied the very highest known strain of the language of devotion to the creature, and yet, by some further projection of thought, maintained for themselves the relative position of the Creator. These are arguments which it seems to us would, if they tell against the denunciations of Dr. Hook, go with as much force to show that the condemnations of idolatry in Scripture had much better have been omitted from the sacred volume. Very just it might be to urge them, if it were proposed to deal out to St. Bonaventure the measure which Mr. Ward has dealt to the Reformers: but they are mischievously perverted, as well as irrelevantly obtruded, when they are used to prevent free censure, by competent and responsible persons, of those practices which in the exercise of their responsibility they deem obnoxious.

What then is the position of the churchmen of England as Mr. Ward would place them? Suppose they acknowledge in the Roman Church great gifts and merits. Suppose they see that she has preserved a polity more compact and better organised than that under which they were born: that certain doctrines denied by some among themselves and with seeming impunity, are firmly and immovably established, not only as with us, in the hearts of the reflective and informed, but even in the current public opinion (so to speak) of the Roman communion. Suppose, further, that they expatiate freely on these and on other gifts: waiting and looking if perchance they may thereby arouse their own brethren to a godly jealousy.

Mr. Ward would have not only all this, but likewise much more than this; and he would manifestly insist that, at the very least, this should be done without qualification or counterpoise. Because the corruptions and faults of the English Church, which we see, are so great: and because the corruptions of the Roman Church, if any, are not under our view.

As between man and man this is the very dictate of pure Christianity. We are to dwell upon our own sins: we are not to presume the existence of virtues in ourselves, and at all events, without a morbid and elaborate self-depreciation, the introspective eye is to glance lightly over them: but we are to dwell upon the virtues of others: we are to touch gently, or, if no positive duty calls, we are wholly to let alone their defects.

But great force lies in that condition,—if no positive duty calls. Suppose a father perceives that his daughter's affections are



are rapidly fastening themselves upon one whom, notwithstanding many apparent or even real excellencies, he yet knows to be tainted with such vices as to render him an unfit and dangerous guide through life, it will be his duty to warn her against the attraction: to expose with an increasing force and plainness, in proportion as the seductive power may become more formidable, the faults of the party; and if she retort upon him, that in his house she does not find the extended sympathy she needs, that his temper is phlegmatic and his acquirements limited, it is his duty even so far to extol himself in respect of his guardianship over her as to make her feel her security and comparative blessedness in the house where God has placed her. Nor is he, acting sedulously and conscientiously within these limits, to be reproached either with want of charity or with surfeit of pride. He may feel the dangers to his personal humility of the duty he is undertaking: but he is bound to persevere, and to believe that, like all dangers which really belong and attach to duty, they will be neutralized and averted in its discharge.

Now, how stands the Church of England with regard to this subject? She is brought into close practical conflict with the Church of Rome: assailed along the whole line of her battlements by a motley crew, amongst whose parti-coloured devices the ensigns of the papacy occupy a conspicuous place. The allegiance of her children is solicited by every public and by every private effort: is she not to watch for the souls placed under her care? Is she not to tell them of the perils which they will incur by going astray? Is she to allow their minds to fester and corrode by morbid contemplation of the evils they see around them, to suffer them to grow ripe for defection in their ignorance of evils heavier but more remote, and is she not to make use of her longer sight and her boarded experience to warn them against partial judgments, and against the rosy fruit which turns to ashes in the mouth? No, nothing of the sort, says a voice from within the camp, the voice of Mr. Ward:—

‘We cannot possibly desire the prosperity, or lament the adversity, of a religious community which prominently upholds corrupt and superstitious practices: the difficulty is, how can we reconcile it to ourselves to attribute so serious blame to societies which we acknowledge as Christian churches.’—(p. 121.)

Was there ever a writer of whom it might be said with so much precision as of Mr. Ward, that while he brought the bane, he brought also, in the exhibition of his own glaring inconsistencies, the antidote? He cannot desire the prosperity of a religious community which prominently upholds corruption: yet he tells us over and over again that the Church of England has been unfortunately

fortunately committed, and that for three hundred years (p. 72), to a system of the most incredible corruption; that she has totally neglected the rich and the poor alike, morality and doctrine alike, and that by her authoritative teaching she sets herself against the holiest practices of the Christian life (p. 76): and yet he also tells us over and over again that he is thoroughly loyal to the Church, cannot abide half-hearted allegiance, thinks it his duty to make her the one great sphere and centre of his energies (p. 54), and finds everything throw him back on the course of action which natural affection would of itself suggest, 'the making our own Church the one great centre of thought' (p. 93), and fixes his affections upon her, and only on the rest of the Church through her (p. 68), which at least implies desiring her prosperity.

And again he complains, in the passage we are examining, of the imputation of so serious blame to societies which we acknowledge as Christian Churches, and he thinks it wonderful men can act so much in contradiction with themselves. He at least has no cause for wonder. At the very worst, they are simply following his example, and at a respectful distance. He has imputed certainly the most serious blame to the religious society to which he belongs; an abyss of corruption, evils 'fearful, imminent, destructive of the very life and essence of a Church' (p. 72), corruption to the very core, so that 'the generally received form of religion among us is another Gospel, which is not another, for it is no Gospel at all' (p. 61).

And yet he not only owns her as a Church in name, but (as we have already seen) directly declares her spiritual powers and character; as being to us 'the visible embodiment and channel of our Lord's presence' (p. 68); 'because through it we were born again, and because through its ordinances we obtain communion with Christ' (p. 102); and because, unlike Dissenting Societies, 'our Church is a channel of Sacramental grace' (Ibid.).

As to the character of England and her institutions, Mr. Ward has recklessly overlooked some of their most striking features, which ought to have exercised very important influences on his judgment. His charges against the Church turn in a remarkable degree upon the want of methodised teaching and of systematic discipline. He was never struck by the fact that a nation, which is by universal confession one of the most powerful and distinguished in the world, is nevertheless in civil and social, as well as religious matters of practice, one of the least systematic; it trusts more to personal character, and less to external law. Let us take for examples three most important departments; those of law, education, and commerce. The laws of England are re-  
knowned

nowned throughout the world for securing to the subject the greatest degree of liberty in combination with public order ; but the scientific eye perceives the want of codification, and the pedant would pronounce other nations far more advanced in their civilization, because their system of jurisprudence, collected and arranged, presents a show of good government, which no one would antecedently presume could be realized out of our chaos of equity, canon law, common law, statute law, and judge law. So with respect to education. In this country it is, technically speaking, much less advanced than in others. As far as the upper or governing class is concerned, it appears almost to be picked up at random. The range of regular instruction in our public schools and universities at once suggests the reflection against itself, that it is extremely narrow. And yet notwithstanding, the result is, that the Englishman as such exhibits perhaps greater vigour of practical understanding than the native of any other country, whether as soldier, sailor, merchant, farmer, artisan, or in any other capacity, and it is still more notorious that the members of the English aristocracy are as a body (not what they ought to be, yet) the most distinguished in the world for energy of personal character. In commerce this is yet more conspicuously true, because England is confessedly, and beyond all comparison, the first commercial country in the world ; yet nowhere is commercial success so much the result of personal industry and enterprise, nowhere does it depend so little upon law, and upon such stimulants or such control as it may be in the power of the executive or of municipalities or other public bodies to administer. Look to France and other Continental countries ; compare the amount of efforts made by their governments with those of ours, the infinitely elaborate contrivances which they have devised in order to commercial success, the *Conseils de prudhommes*, the schools, the associations innumerable, the regulations infinite ; and then take the fact that, according to a return which has recently been published, the mercantile marine of England exceeds by six times that of France, and nearly equals that of all the rest of Europe. So that we appear to gain by haphazard what others obtain, sometimes less effectually obtain, by system ; or rather, we seem to have indications of some general law, indicating that the English nation, as a nation, have a strength of individual character among them, which enables them to do for themselves by free choice, energy, and judgment, much that in other countries, except for the interference of public authority, would not be done at all.

Mr. Ward may rely upon it that these observations, which might be greatly extended, have their force with reference also



to our ecclesiastical system. We do not give them as an answer to all complaints, nor say that we may dispense with Church laws, or pastoral government, or spiritual direction, any more than with laws, government, and direction in the State. In truth there is one great instrument of government which, however it may be estimated by Mr. Ward, is here more freely and fully used than in any of the countries on which he has fastened his sympathies; we mean the Holy Scriptures, a source of death to the sceptical and the disputatious, but a repository of the purest and most abundant food to those who resort to them in singleness of heart. We do not entertain a doubt that there prevails among us to a very great extent the use of Scripture by individuals of all classes for the government of life and conscience, guarded only by prayer and the insensible control of the teaching of the Church. Undoubtedly this is, to a great extent, government self-administered; but government self-administered in all its departments is one of the most remarkable characteristics of Englishmen; and a man might as reasonably conceive that the amount of disorder in England and France respectively would vary inversely with the numbers of their respective standing armies, militia, and police, as conclude that the human conscience was doing its work in each of these two countries just in proportion to the number of books of devotion and the detail of spiritual exercises which are in use among the clergy and the people.

Mr. Ward ought to recollect before he draws us to those awful conclusions which he has propounded concerning, not the inadequate fulfilment, but the total abandonment by the Church of all the principal purposes of the institution, that we must take our stand upon results, and use them not as a reason against efforts to learn more adequately the strength which is derived from system and to abate our besetting sin of pride, but as a test and a confutation of his overcharged and morbid judgments. When we have learned from him that the social ties are gone, that care for morality is gone, that care for dogma is gone, and that 'indifference to the central verity of the Gospel,' the divinity of our Lord, 'is prevalent among us to a fearful extent' (p. 405),—for even to this height of discovery has Mr. Ward ascended—we shall naturally ask, is it then true that this country is so much more corrupt and profligate than the rest of Christendom? Is the personal conscience less active and acute than elsewhere, the sense of responsibility less lively? Is that venerable symbol *ought*, and the sentiment it indicates, less powerful, less operative upon human action, here than elsewhere? Are the great elementary principles of duty less understood, or less familiar, or less dear? The task is odious, but Mr. Ward drives us to it; and we ask

Are

Are we the teachers of France and Italy in the sins of the flesh, or are they ours? And which way flows the tide of unbelief? Are the sense of truth and justice, respect for the rights of others, the sacredness of the marriage-tie, the majesty of the oath, honesty and integrity in dealing, and care for the poor—are not these still among us as the household gods of the people? Not, indeed, as they should be; not in proportion to our light and our responsibility; not in proportion to our knowledge of the Word of God, and our access to His ordinances in His Church; but so and in such a sense that Mr. Ward should have weighed them well before he determined to allege the degradation of the people as proving the diseases and pollutions and the all but utter apostacy of the Church of England. National sins we have enough; but nowhere, it is our firm belief, are the foundations of Christian morality more securely laid in the elementary perceptions of the people than in this island of the free, the true, and the brave. Nor is it in the presence of Mr. Ward, and in a review of his work, that we will dilate upon those sins. The proper occasion to denounce the sins of England and her institutions is before those who are intoxicated with an overweening idea of their virtues. But if it be true that upon the whole the conscience of man, hard and dead though it be among us, is not more hard or dead than elsewhere, Mr. Ward must be aware that the imposing array of methodical discipline that the armoury of the Roman Church supplies, whatever it be in itself, is utterly worthless for the aggressive purpose to which he has turned it.

The strength of Mr. Ward's case for the Church of Rome is placed by him in her saints and saintly men. These, according to him, are the luminaries from whence truth radiates through the world; and they are the special and almost exclusive possession of the Roman Church. Yet, singularly enough, Mr. Ward declares (p. 89) that of two orthodox Churches there is no reason why the one, which is purer, should be more prolific of saints than the less pure. However this may be, we cannot admit that the institution which produces the most brilliant specimens is necessarily the most faithful to its general trust; any more than the age which produces the greatest men is necessarily the period of the greatest happiness for the people. It may be true that much remains to be done among us in the way of provision for treading the path of Christian perfection, and for the diversified wants of those deeper souls, whose more than common need calls for more than common appliances. But we doubt whether Mr. Ward has considered how many truly saintly characters are reared among us by the Divine Grace in the shade of poverty, and upon the bed of affliction, that never attain to notoriety; and, at



all events, before we give such exclusive scope to the admiration of the virtues of saints in the Roman Church as to deny the prerogatives of our own spiritual mother, we must examine very fearful questions on the right hand and on the left; namely, whether the practical system of Rome places, to no small extent, the Blessed Virgin and the saints in the stead of the adorable Trinity, and whether her scheme of pardons and of purgatory tampers with the very first principles of duty and of moral choice in the minds of the mass of Christians. No doubt the breadth of the dogmatic confession is bold and imposing; but what reflections does it suggest as to the ultimate tendency of her apparent rigour, when we look back to that scandal which was revealed by the celebrated decree of Zurich,\* and again when we find Mr. Blanco White (whom we take simply as a competent witness to matter of fact) declaring of his own knowledge that the greater part of the clergy of Seville, where he himself resided as a student and as a priest, were *Deists*; and when the organ of the Roman party in this country † has too much reason to believe that his statement was by no means destitute of foundation!

We have undertaken at such length the painful task of impeaching, from the internal evidence of his book, Mr. Ward's competency, in his present frame of mind, to argue and to judge upon the very solemn matters which he has handled, that we cannot think of entering upon the discussion of the numerous propositions he has advanced upon their own merits; and we have endeavoured to supersede such controversy on this occasion by showing, that there can be no satisfactory discussion of these or any other like subjects with a writer whose whole mode of operating is so vitally unsound.

Still there is one of his assumptions against which we must enter a passing protest. It is this. He alleges that Anglican divines justify the English Reformation 'on the single principle' (p. 117) that a local Church is at liberty to repudiate the doctrine propounded with one voice by the Catholic Church for acceptance. And this—it is but another example of his deep and impenetrable delusions—this he quietly and unsuspectingly declares 'will not be denied!' In conformity with his assertion he declares again that the Church of England remains separate from all the remaining Catholic body (p. 117) on the ground of the very grave

\* Father Paul's Hist. of Council of Trent, B. 1. 'Che ogni prete fosse tenuto ad aver la concubina propria, acciò non insidiassero la pudicizia delle donne oneste' (p. 18, ed. 1629). The same author cites a document presented by German Theologians of the Roman Communion to the Emperor, in which it is declared that 'di cinquanta sacerdoti Cattolici appena se ne trova uno, che non sia notorio fornicario' (B. viii. p. 841, ed. 1629).

† Dublin Review, vol. xiii., p. 313.



and serious doctrinal errors which she imputes to it, and which it maintains as truths necessary to salvation. Now we would ask Mr. Ward to state—

1. What are the doctrines denied by the Church of England, and enforced by the rest of the Catholic body as truths necessary to salvation?

2. How he proves that the Church of England refuses communion at all to either the Oriental or the Roman Churches?

3. Where he has learned that Anglican divines, from Cranmer downwards, defend our Reformation, either exclusively or even in any manner, by alleging that a local Church is at liberty to decline following the regular judgment of the Church Universal upon matters which are of faith?

4. How he can show that a local Church is not free to follow her own course in matters indifferent?

5. In what manner he would have acted in the great controversy of *Athanasius contra mundum*: upon what arguments he can justify the resistance of the Catholic minority to the prevailing Arianism; or how he could have replied to those who, alleging the authority of the Synod of Ariminum against the Homoeousion, should have pointed also to certain passages of Holy Scripture and should have declared that the Church had 'developed' out of those passages the doctrine of the exclusive Divinity of the Father?

To this last question he has given us an answer: it is, alas! that not of the Christian divine, but of the dreamer and the fanatic; personal experience (p. 574) is the ground on which he founds and justifies the resistance of the orthodox; a test alike available for Athanasius, for Arius, for Luther, for Münzer, for Fox, for Swedenborg, for Joanna Southcote, and even for the notorious Joe and Hiram Smith.

III. We have spoken already of Mr. Ward's *organon* as a bad one; and it may seem incumbent upon us, after the foregoing review, to endeavour to connect so many phenomena of error by reference to a common principle. We appear to ourselves to perceive this *desideratum* in a certain new philosophy of which in this work he appears as the inventor, and which is first announced under the title of 'the absolute supremacy of conscience in moral and religious questions,' and afterwards with a slight variation of terms, 'in the pursuit of moral and religious truth' (p. 44).

No doubt conscience is supreme in all matters of moral conduct, including the search for truth; and even the statement is a truism. But this does not exclude argument and the legitimate use of the understanding upon questions of conduct; and it is no sufficient answer to reasoning drawn from Scripture, reason, or authority,

authority, on a question of conduct, to say 'my conscience teaches me so, and there is an end of it.' We must submit to have matters of conscience handled by reasoning or by authority, and though we are to protest against sentences of the understanding on matters beyond its province, as, for example, upon absolute dogma, yet even there we must not decline to allow the examination of secondary proofs. Conscience may be the ultimate judge of argument, but this affords no plea for declining to hear it; and to admit such a plea is not to honour conscience, but to allow fancy, humour, obstinate licentious will, and Satanic temptations, to enthroned themselves in its place. The subject is not less extended than deeply interesting; but Mr. Ward has narrowed it to a certain degree by pointing the discussion chiefly towards a single question, namely, the course to be taken with respect to the claims of conflicting religious communions upon our allegiance.

His general canon we understand to be this: act honestly, freely, unsuspiciously, upon your own actual convictions, such as you have received them, casting away all doubt; do not desert them until they desert you, until they break down under you and force you to seize hold upon other helps: act thus, exercising at the same time all moral habits which are recognised by your creed, and you will reach the truth at last. Do not examine doctrine itself, nor the external proofs of it; nor yet examine the authority of the teacher of doctrine; but *feel* doctrine, apply it to your affections, and according to the sense of sympathy or revulsion which results from time to time, adopt or refuse it.

Upon this ground he will not have men join the Roman communion until they feel that they have an 'unmistakable' (p. 570) call from God to it; neither will he allow that Dissenters ought to be summoned to come into the Church. We can know the system in which we live; of another 'we can really know nothing' (p. 510): the former must not then be quitted for the latter without some singularly plain and indubitable reason. This he presently explains into the position that we are to remain with the body which has trained us 'as long as we are able to repose unchanged confidence in it' (p. 510).

Mr. Ward is, we think, aware that he is attempting to overturn the methods which the Church has ever sanctioned and pursued in seeking the conversion of heretics or of heathens. Let him turn to the early development of those methods in the writings of St. Augustine against the Donatists; and, for example, in the treatise '*De Utilitate Credendi*.' He firmly impressed the principle '*non prius ratione quam fide te esse docendum*:' or, as elsewhere, that we must believe in order to know, and not know in

in order to believe; but yet he fully admitted that of these positions themselves proof was justly to be demanded, and those proofs he supplied by showing the validity of the Church's credentials, a matter fully cognisable by the human understanding, but not necessary to be investigated by each for himself, more than it is requisite for every British subject to have heard the Queen's assent given to the laws in order to be bound as a reasonable being to yield them obedience.

But Mr. Ward,—strangely bitten, as it seems to us, with the spirit of the age, and owing far more of his mental culture to Mr. John Mill than to the whole range of Christian divines, with the exception of Mr. Newman—(the print of whose footsteps he in this part of his course follows and deforms)—Mr. Ward repudiates this world-old philosophy, and in its stead he launches upon the great deep of human controversy as frail a bark as ever carried sail!

Far be it from us to deny that obedience is one principal means of attaining to truth. 'He that wills to do His will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' But the promises which belong to each instrument when all are duly used, cannot be claimed in favour of one among them when it is made exclusive. Nor is it for obedience to the truth that Mr. Ward claims privilege. The true doctrine is, we conceive, 'Act upon Christian principle, and you will come to believe it: act upon what is true in itself, and it will come to be also apparent or true to you.' But for this our author substitutes, 'Act upon what you believe, and you will come to Christian principle: act upon what is true to you, or apparent, and you will come to what is true in itself.' There cannot be a clearer opposition.

Again, Mr. Ward teaches that holy men are the fountains of truth, and this he denominates a canon of unspeakable importance (p. 517). How radically does he differ from St. Paul!—'Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you, let him be accursed' (Gal. i. 8). Doubtless the conscience is in its office and capability the highest of all our faculties; but in the very same proportion the pretence of conscience is dangerous; and the question arises, When you have invested the conscience of the individual with a moral right to judge the creed of the Church, what security have you that the function shall be discharged by that power to which you have assigned it, acting within the limits of its own proper inward sphere?

The peculiar difficulty attaching to this function of conscience appears to be the want of a criterion. Each person is his own witness and his own judge, and his judgment is essentially of that supreme kind that does not assign reasons, for if reasons be assigned,



assigned, this step lodges at once an appeal to the understanding, which, in the eyes of Mr. Ward, is the very highest misdemeanor. And here an important difference at once presents itself to view. If you admit that the understanding may legitimately be employed, in its due relation to other faculties of our nature, about the consideration of Divine revelation, you so far lead each man to use a process, his use of which will be cognisable by every other man; and if he err in the use of it, there will be certain acknowledged means of detecting and exposing the error. Pride and passion may pervert his reasonings: but these intruders may be traced along the chain up to its commencement, and so the perversion may be laid at the door of pride and passion. Or the original principle, on which the whole depends, may lie beyond the reach of the understanding; but even then the understanding will be of great use in detaching from it what is extraneous, and in substantiating by collateral evidence its claims on our belief. But to say, the individual conscience is the criterion of truth, is not only to set up the principle of private judgment, but to surround it with new and impregnable defences, and to establish it in such an absolutism as it has probably never before entered into the heart of a Christian writer to devise, because this theory not only permits and authorises, but certainly encourages, and perhaps compels, each person to disclaim all reference to the judgment of others, to refuse the helps which an erring creature derives from the scrutiny of others for the correction of his errors, to shroud from examination his inward persuasions, and to find in the fact of their existence the charter of their legitimacy. Indeed Mr. Ward in one place calls his principle that 'of doing what we think right because we think so'—(p. 508).

It is obvious, indeed, to say, that the theory supposes each man to be humble, earnest, self-denying, and full of prayer; and that according to it holiness—not the pretence of holiness—is the only ground of belief that can acquit a man of his responsibility before God for believing right. But still we are met by the most serious difficulties. Men who are not holy will believe themselves in many cases to be holy; and men who are holy will in many cases believe themselves to be not holy. The first proves that the theory will not work in certain instances; the second seems to go further, and to demonstrate a radical fault in it, for it appears to teach that our belief in the mystery of the Incarnation, for example, is to depend upon our having already realized that truth by the correlative process to it appointed for us, and having become, in the language of St. Peter, partakers of the Divine nature. But when it is considered how long, and arduous, and doubtful is very frequently the struggle between sin and grace in the mind of the

the Christian—what stages of conflict, nay, frequently what reverses, are to be passed through, before the soul is finally established in the consistent practice even of an elementary righteousness—is it not an awful thing to hold out to mankind, as the true theory of religious faith, that they are only entitled to believe in proportion as they have realized, while of course they can only be said to have realized what they have carried into something of the nature of consistent and permanent practice? If no other faculty except a spiritual intuition is to support our creed, what is to become of us in those moments of existence when the dark clouds of some mortal sin blot out the whole heaven from view, or when faintness and languor of spirits and mental perplexity open a door to the temptations of scepticism? For Mr. Ward may rely upon it that, whether or not he will allow belief to appeal to the understanding, unbelief will appeal to it. Now he has charged it upon those against whom he argues, that in their view belief ought to be proportioned to evidence (p. 486.) Has he himself fallen into a snare less deep when he contends that belief is to be proportioned to holiness? Has he less exalted a half-truth into a whole one? Has he less cured error by error, and abashed one extravagance by presenting to it another? For according to him, or rather according to his arguments, that belief, which to meet the diversity of our needs should cast its anchors deep in every faculty of our nature, must depend only upon one—upon one which, though capable of becoming sovereign in fact as it is already sovereign in right, yet is nevertheless actually too often among the weakest, so that we may not bring in the rational mind to help the infirmities of the spiritual one; and unless at any and every moment we can embrace revelation by the pure force of holy sentiment, any aid to be derived from our mere convictions is illegitimate, and we must fall.

But again, each man is to regard his conscience as the criterion of religious truth. Now if to this were to be added that his conscience must be rightly informed, the principle might not be an unsafe one. But then it is obvious that such a qualification opens a door to the entrance of the understanding upon the discussion of the subject-matter of belief, which it is Mr. Ward's purpose to prevent. Without such a qualification, this theory is, as we must again assert, only a more subtle and a more dangerous enunciation of the principle of private judgment. Even as a murderer for religion—say for instance an assassin of Cardinal Beaton or of Archbishop Sharp—is more difficult to bring to repentance than any other murderer, so a heretic who has reached his heresy through Mr. Ward's system will be more hopeless than any other heretic, because he has done evil under the notion  
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of good ; and the very faculty which ought to have assisted him to detect his iniquity is become its cloak. Every case under that theory would become that of the Quaker called upon to pay church-rates. He is doing wrong, and he is more obstinate than any other person in doing that wrong ; and why ?—because he has been told he must make the immediate impression of his own conscience the sole criterion of duty ; and that immediate impression is against his paying the rate. The act in his mind may be pure or impure, but great is the responsibility of those who furnish such a plea.

If we attempt to examine the form which such a theory would practically assume, we may present such a sketch as follows. It would with great rapidity become generally operative ; and not only upon those whose conscience has been exercised by a sense of sin, because all men have a will, and all men who think will, with few exceptions which may be put out of the account, consider themselves to have a conscience entitled to act under the system of Mr. Ward. Where there has been no awakening process of religion in the mind, the operation will be just the same as if for conscience we read understanding, because the worldly mind makes to itself a kind of conscience in following the dictates of the worldly sense, and calls this 'doing what it thinks right.' This is no very brilliant result ; but yet more of substantive and appropriate evil would follow in the case of the awakened mind ; for the mass even of conscientious Christians, it will be admitted, have but little of the gift of spiritual wisdom, which appertains rather to them that are perfect (1 Cor. ii. 6), to a very advanced stage of sanctity. It may readily be understood that where this wisdom, in the sense of St. Paul, exists, there the conscience is not only the main support of belief in the individual mind, but likewise an authority in its degree even to others. But of the generality even of religious men little more can be said than that their will is set upon the whole towards the observance of the laws of God : and there are ten thousand degrees of acuteness and comprehensiveness in their vision—of intensity and fervour in their desire. Are each of these men to apply spiritual truths to their own internal state, and to make that state their touchstone ? If not, Mr. Ward has said and done nothing ; but if so, is it not plain that the souls of men will be more and more buffeted and bewildered by Satan, because they will employ the crudest spiritual faculties for the decision of the highest spiritual questions ? and this, humanly speaking, without a chance of retrieving the error, because they will do it under the impression that they are pursuing the appointed mode for the attainment of religious truth.

Bossuet



Bossuet pressed the Lutheran system \* hard with the reproach that it makes repentance the essential pre-requisite of pardon, and personal assurance the necessary concomitant of pardon, while it yet admits that there cannot usually be a personal assurance of repentance: thus building certainty upon doubt. Does not Mr. Ward commit an analogous and equally fatal fault, if he says belief is to be tested by conscience? Because belief can only with propriety be termed such when it is certain: but the purity and expansion of the spiritual nature, which alone can render it a safe test of religious tenets, is not only not certain, but it is exquisitely rare, and, in the individual case, almost infinitely improbable; and therefore the faith which ought to be, and except under peculiar temptations is, as a rock even to the immature Christian, must be built, according to the scheme of Mr. Ward, upon a quicksand.

Mr. Wordsworth, indeed, has told us—

‘ But, above all, the victory is most sure  
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives  
To yield entire submission to the law  
Of conscience.’ †

We, however, discover here no supplanting of the function of faith by that of practice—no recognition, in the novel sense now under view, of the supremacy of the private conscience, but on the contrary, an assumption of the homage of obedience as such to belief as such, and the very highest exercise of faith conveyed by obedience as a medium. Because the seeking dogmatic faith through virtue is a process founded upon moral faith, upon the firmest belief—first, in the divine constitution of human nature, which God has ordained to be built up by habits, and not by impulses; secondly and chiefly, in the character of God himself, as of a God who will lead in safety and aright those that when their eyes are too weak to discern spiritual objects nevertheless trust themselves in blindness to the guidance of His hand, and know that in so doing they are expressly refusing to bring down His lofty truth to the standard of their inward meanness, and resting rather on that conviction of His goodness which, whatever Mr. Ward may say, is a result reached by the combined and harmonious operation of our rational, moral, and spiritual faculties.

In point of fact we have never seen the subjective theory—the doctrine that truth is what a man troweth—presented in a more formidable manner than in the volume of Mr. Ward, and this especially because it is couched in terms that conceal its hideous-

\* Variations, B. i. chapters 9—18.

† Excursion, B. iv.

ness not only from those who lightly peruse them, but, as we believe, also from him who has too lightly employed them; for we are persuaded that no man would anathematize that theory more readily or more sincerely than Mr. Ward.

Perhaps the best apology for his principle is that he has clogged it with an impossible condition. For he appears to promise guidance into truth by the tact of the conscience, only where the person fulfils the moral law upon a scale far beyond the strength of a person in such a state. For instance, he supposes the case of one tempted to question the authority of Scripture (pp. 538, 539). For such an one he prescribes (by way of regimen) two years of 'retirement and prayer and meditation.' And he lays it down that an individual declining this sort of advice, and proceeding with his free inquiry, 'must give up all claim to be considered a real seeker for truth.' This appears to us like the device of a theorist, who anticipates the failure of his scheme, and prepares for himself a refuge accordingly. Ordinary persons, who by the supposition are not in possession of full religious privilege, are as incapable of ascending to these heights of obedience as of examining in detail the historical and external evidences of Christianity. The plan, too, appears to us as applicable in principle to heathens invited into the Christian pale, as to Christians of a sect invited to come into the Church. But how are such persons to be assured that they have so fulfilled the conditions of the moral law as to be sure of the right guidance of their consciences? Nay, is not Mr. Ward altogether open to the objection that he is requiring people to make bricks without straw, and to perform an obedience in order to obtain grace, which they never can perform until they have obtained it?

Not that we for a moment doubt, that the spiritual nature of man ultimately becomes a living proof of the doctrines it has received: when the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit (Rom. viii. 16) that we are the children of God. But surely the internal evidence comes in the main after the reception of the truth; and to make the duty of receiving it inwardly dependent on the judgment formed of it beforehand, is in plain language to refer the taking of the medicine to the palate of the patient.

Mr. Ward announces that he himself acts upon the theory he recommends, and the result is indeed a startling one. He has not a doubt that if Theism be true, 'St. Mary is the highest and purest of all creatures' (p. 501). The dignity of that Virgin whom all generations have called Blessed is immovably founded upon the rock of Holy Scripture; but to place his particular and somewhat bold definition of it upon precisely the same footing of certainty as the being of God, and to announce to the world that  
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there is no God unless the Blessed Mary be the first among created beings, appears to us a course much more calculated to undermine faith altogether, and bring it into mockery, than to make converts to the philosophy propounded by Mr. Ward.

IV. We have lastly to offer some suggestions touching upon those very grave questions of ecclesiastical allegiance which the work of Mr. Ward has brought into general and keen discussion.

We shall not, however, attempt to solve the problems which may attach to his own individual case: in the first place, because it is not our function to pronounce upon the special obligations which belong to him as a clergyman and a member of the University of Oxford, especially when it is known that the academical question, at all events, is to be made the subject of judicial consideration: and secondly, for the very plain reason that, though Mr. Ward has spent six hundred closely printed pages in the elucidation of his position, we are not able clearly to comprehend it; and we even doubt whether he has defined it to himself. Various passages indeed which we have quoted might appear to set the question at rest, and to show that Mr. Ward fully recognised the authority of the Church of England, although he disliked many of her injunctions, and her practical system as a whole: and, therefore, that remaining within her pale was a matter of plain and clear duty, without alternative, until the Church should forfeit the character which he had acknowledged her to bear. But then we find him laying down, in the clearest terms, that the rival communion of the Papal Church in England is *not schismatical* (p. 131): and that any person in communion with the Church of England, who finds the invitations of the Church of Rome powerfully to awaken his spiritual affections and his conscience, may join her forthwith, *as a heathen would join the Church* (p. 571). It passes our skill to find method and harmony in such representations; and we think Mr. Ward has need to explain these his explanations if he intends them to be intelligible to ordinary minds. Here therefore we part company with him; and in parting we must assure him that if we have written freely we have also written seriously; with deep pain, and we trust without any gratuitous assumption of judicial authority. Readers more dispassionate than either of us will judge between us. If we are accurate in our view of his methods of proceeding, what has occurred may, as we hope, be a warning useful to him in his future course—however incomplete, and however faulty has been the execution of the task. If, on the contrary, his temper has been one of becoming caution and humility—if a sound philosophy has governed his views of men and things—if his investigations have not been lighter, if his sentences have not been heavier, than the



the case demanded of him—the censures we have pronounced will return upon ourselves, and it will involve us in a double guilt to have committed the very faults which we have used so much freedom in reproving.

But though we quit at this place the general discussion of Mr. Ward's book, we cannot put out of our view the disturbing effects which it is calculated to produce in various quarters: partly by whetting the appetite of men on all sides for violent measures—partly, as experience shows reason to augur, by giving a shock, especially among the young and uninformed, to the religious profession and belief of the ordinary members of the Church. With a view to the mitigation of this latter evil, we are prepared to contend that even those who may be influenced more or less by the sympathies which Mr. Ward has avowed for Romish opinions, and by his antipathy to the proceedings taken at the Reformation, are in no degree thereby released from their obligation to continue in the communion of the Church. If their private judgment prefers the religious system of the Church of Rome to their own, and even holds the union of the English Church with Rome to be necessary to her perfection as a Church, yet, so long as they cannot deny that she is their spiritual parent and guide ordained of God, they owe to her not merely adhesion, but allegiance. And while pressing upon them that their conscientious obligations cannot be weakened by dislikes, nor even by any convictions which leave untouched her essential character and prerogatives, we must also maintain the correlative proposition against those who urge them by upbraiding to defection,\* or who call, as is the wont of the more vulgar belligerents in the cause, for their summary expulsion both from offices held under special conditions (a subject which we leave *wholly* untouched), and *also* from the Church itself. The doctrine that such persons ought to quit the pale of the Church, in our view both drives them upon sin, and likewise constitutes an unwarrantable invasion of the liberty which the Church herself has intended for them: and we hold it a duty to resist every effort of individuals to draw the bonds of communion tighter than they have been drawn by full ecclesiastical authority among us.

It is not necessary to enter in this place upon the question, what is consistent with Subscription to the Articles. For, in

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\* Such is the apparent meaning of the Bishop of Ossory in his 'Charge' (p. 210), and also of a passage in Archdeacon S. Wilberforce's very interesting 'History of the American Church' (p. 401): we say the apparent meaning, because we greatly doubt whether, particularly in the latter case, so much was intended. On the other hand, Mr. Bricknell, in his pamphlet entitled 'Oxford Tract: No. 90,' distinctly holds that Romish opinions in general ought not to drive members of the Church from her communion (note, p. 10).

the first place, that is a matter for the cognizance of constituted tribunals. 'The law is open, and there are deputies: let them implead one another.'\* The subject is too grave, especially under present circumstances, to be considered except in full detail; and as it is out of our power to pursue that course, we hold it an absolute duty to refrain alike from pronouncing and from insinuating an opinion upon it, in the hope that it will be reserved entire for its proper judges. In the second place, it is quite sufficient for our present space to discuss the case of ordinary membership, against which most of the prevailing clamour for expulsion, and most of the exhortations to voluntary secession, appear to be directed: and the Articles do not stand among the conditions of simple communion in the Church of England. It was the abominable tyranny of the promulgators of the Solemn League and Covenant, which designed to make the reception of that instrument a preliminary to the reception of our young people universally to the altar of the Lord. A gentler and a wiser spirit has, in the Church of England, limited the demand upon ordinary Christians for dogmatic assent to the Creeds of the early undivided Church, which they are called upon regularly to recite, and perhaps even among these especially, as may be collected from the structure of our offices—first to the Creed of the Apostles, and, secondly, to that of Nice. Who then has a right to pronounce of his own mere motion against persons that can adopt these primitive creeds and can discharge the part appointed by the ritual system for ordinary members of the Christian flock, that they have no title to continue in the Church?

We cannot consider, but with the deepest grief and pain, the fact that within the Church of England, a portion of the flock, however limited, should be desirous to import the existing system of Romanism, and to reconstitute the ecclesiastical laws and institutions under which we actually live according to that model. The existence of such a desire in any quarter is most deplorable. But a very different question from this is raised when it is contended that members of the English Church having an inclination of that kind, however lamentable, ought, as a matter of religious consistency, and of personal good faith, to quit the Anglican for the Papal Communion. Such a doctrine in our view cannot be supported without the aid of an egregious confusion of ideas, which we shall attempt to unravel.

It is founded then, as appears to us, upon the notion, that by the Reformation some essential change passed upon the being of the Church: we do not see how any proposition less broad than

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\* Acts, xix. 38.



this can afford a foundation at all adequate to the superstructure which is placed upon it in the reasoning to which we refer.

Surely one who loves the essence, and considers it a matter of positive obligation to adhere to it, continues under that obligation until the essence itself is vitally affected.

Our argument is not for those who conceive that the existing Church was founded by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. But for those who hold that she dates from the time of the Apostles—that is to say, for her divines, clergy, and instructed members generally—the conclusion here drawn appears to be one necessarily following from premises in themselves undeniable. For in this view the Reformation, however deep it went, did not, by hypothesis, touch the life: rather it aimed at affording it freer breath and action. Whether, then, the Reformation were a good or an evil, or if of a mixed nature, which element preponderated, is immaterial—not in itself surely—but in the great question of allegiance and adhesion among all those who hold the continuous identity of the Church; because their homage is to the vitality of the Church, not to the forms and fashions which compatibly with that vitality she assumes. And there is surely no ground for those who say A. B. is an enemy to the Reformation; but the Church is a reformed Church, therefore he ought to quit it. Of course, if he has come under specific covenants by Subscription or otherwise, they impose upon him corresponding duties; but we now contemplate his part simply as a member of the Church, and in that sense the argument above stated is grossly fallacious. He may disapprove of and repudiate those particulars of the institution, and yet acknowledge her as a whole. But, at all events, in point of obligation, it is clear that his bonds are in no degree intrinsically weakened, though they may have begun to gall him. If they gall him he may fret, and fretting may try to escape; there will be a natural tendency to produce this result under such circumstances. His position, therefore, is one of peril; but we speak of what a man in given relations ought to do, not of what human weakness may be tempted and led to do.

Undoubtedly it would be a valid objection to the foregoing argument, if it could be shown that the Church herself had made loyalty to the Reformation a condition of membership. But when has she done so? She has not done it at all. She has, where she deemed it necessary, defended by assertion particular truths, and repudiated by protest particular errors; but her members surely remain free in conscience as to everything beyond, and are nowhere tied up by her to a general approbation of the changes of the sixteenth century.\* Is this a charge against her? Surely

\* See the 'Charge of the Bishop of St. David's' (1842), p. 70.



it is the highest praise of her moderation and wisdom, that she should have avoided the sin of straitening the terms of communion by mixing the accidents with the essence, and forbidding access to the latter unless upon condition of the simultaneous acceptance of the former. Is it not, on the contrary, true, that in this very particular she stands most advantageously contradistinguished from the See of Rome, which has sealed with the seal of authority, under the title of faith, matters indifferent or false, and by thus suddenly enlarging her demands upon human assent, has in proportion multiplied the risks of rebellion and utter unbelief? So that if we look to the *nature* of the Church, we find—

1. That it imposes upon us the duty of abiding in her.
2. That this duty remains in force so long as no vital change shall pass upon the essence.

If we look to the *declarations* of the Church, there is nothing that binds any of her members on the subject of the Reformation beyond any specific and definite obligations which may have been incurred by subscription.

But if there were a liberty or obligation to quit her communion upon contracting a temper of hostility to the Reformation, such could only have been established by reference either to the nature and essential laws or to the documents and positive laws of the Church herself,—and neither of these supply any such ground of action; therefore there is no such obligation and no such liberty.

We must also contend that the transition of individuals to the Roman communion should be regarded as the greatest public calamity by all those who are anxious for the prevalence of truly sound and Catholic sentiments within the Church herself, in regard to her constitution and office; and for the plain reason that such transitions of individuals (we neither wish to affix to them the generally sacred name of conversions, nor to wound the feelings of others by terming them perversions) are powerful obstructions to the progress of Catholic doctrine, concerning the Church, among the mass of her uninformed or prejudiced members. Every one added to their number is a fresh obstruction to the harmonious acceptance, in our communion, of those doctrines which show the natural relationship of all branches of the Catholic Church. Every one of them is a fresh act of aggression and defiance on the part of Rome, and sharpens the animosity that embitters and exasperates our differences. As yet, the series has been both short and intermittent; but any considerable increase of their weight, or even their number, would doubtless excite much alarm and revulsion in the general mind of the Church; and if it did not give rise to violent efforts for modifying her laws and offices, in an opposite sense, yet would reduce, at

least for a time, to languor and debility all those forces within her which tend to give a vigorous development to the principles of her constitution. There are two historical illustrations which may serve at once to explain and to vindicate this view of their effect.

Every one is aware that at the period of the Restoration the laws of uniformity within the Church of England were made more stringent than they had previously been. At the time when they came under discussion, the appetite of the puritanical party had been so much stimulated by the period of legal domination they had enjoyed, and their demands for relaxation were so much raised in consequence, that, on the one hand, the bishops found no encouragement to concede to them, and on the other they were prepared, in a great degree, to act upon the principle of separation, and to establish one or more rival organizations in the country. There were consequently withdrawn from the Church, according to the accounts of the seceding party, so many as two thousand ministers; and the effect of this movement was not only the diminution, but almost the entire extinction of the puritanical party in the Church. Individuals inclining more or less to those sentiments, such as Bishop Reynolds, remained within her pale; and a new party, described by Burnet as the latitudinarian party of divines, speedily sprung up, which, according to him, included Bishop Wilkins, Dr. H. More, Dr. Cudworth, and others; and which received a powerful impulse, at the era of the Revolution, in the advancement of Dr. Tillotson to the primacy. But this party was widely separated from the schools of puritanism; and none of these revived in the Church of England until the first movement of the Methodists in Oxford, which presented some of their features, though at the outset not those which are most important and most ominous of evil. Their proper revival dates from the somewhat later period of Toplady and Berridge. Thus, therefore, the result of the secession of St. Bartholomew's day, 1662, was so to exhaust within the Church the whole power of the principle which it represented, that it made no new manifestation of life in a similar form for a hundred years; and even so, speaking in our own sense, we presume to say it is, that every member of the Church of England who so permits himself to be exasperated or grieved by the wrongs which he conceives to be done to great ecclesiastical or moral principles among her members, or to be bewildered by the pain of isolation and the yearning for visible communion with Christendom, as to catch in agony at the hand which Rome holds out to the proselyte, is contributing his own weight, whatever it may be, towards the formation of an aggregate which, if it were to swell to a certain magnitude, would,  
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by having drawn off all the kindred elements, leave the Church of England, as a Christian institution, in the hands of the puritanical portion of her members and of the nation. He is helping on a state of things in which she must immediately submit her offices to expurgation, and her orders to compromise not less fatal than abandonment—in which she would commence an unchecked descent along the inclined plane of latitudinarianism, and yet would retain the vantage ground of nationality, the countenance of the loftiest throne and the noblest laws in the world, and enough of the traditions and symbols of her ancient history, not indeed then any longer to make good her own titles, but to baffle and intercept, in a great degree, the exposure of their defects.

The next illustration is that which is afforded by the course of opinion and practice in the Roman Church, with respect to the papal power, since the Councils of Constance and Basle, and especially at the era when the Council of Trent closed its memorable sittings. In the striking introduction with which Father Paul opens his history, he observes that that Council, in its issue, disappointed alike the hopes and the fears with which it had been contemplated beforehand. Among other illustrations, he says it was '*dalli Vescovi sperato per racquistar l'autorità Episcopale, passato in gran parte nel solo Pontefice Romano; e l'ha fatta loro perdere tutta intieramente, riducendoli a maggior servitù.*'\* It would be wearisome to endeavour to follow, in its detail, the course of feeling and discussion, throughout the whole continuance of the Council, upon those two capital points:—First, whether the initiative was properly reserved to the Court of Rome, and on the celebrated phrase *proponentibus Legatis*; secondly, whether Bishops were bound to residence, *jure divino*, for which the prelates of Spain in particular contended as essentially involving an episcopal jurisdiction underived from the Pope. It is enough to point out that the proceedings of the Council went as far as anything less than an avowed reversal could go, to contradict the doctrine established at Constance, of the subjection of the See of Rome to the great representative assembly of the Church. The presidency by proxy, the reservation of the initiative, the reference by the Council of its decrees to the See of Rome for confirmation, without any provision for the contingency of refusal, the large and unrestricted terms in which it saved the Papal authority, seemed to give it the character of a Council of the Pope, which tenders to him its official advice, not of a Council of the Church, which establishes the laws necessary for its government. And it is very remarkable, that while the hope of recovering the

\* Historia del Concilio Tridentino, B. i. Introd.



Protestants mainly contributed to induce the sovereigns of Germany and France to require that the Council should be summoned, it was the loss of any such hope, on account of the determinate forms which religious division had assumed in the latter years of that assembly, which led those potentates to concur with the papal party in accelerating its conclusion, and to forego any longer urging claims for reformation, of which the principal purpose had by that time been placed beyond their reach. Now let us suppose for a moment that communion had not been broken; that not only the followers of Luther and Zuinglius, but men of every shade of thought and sentiment between them and the papal party, had met together at Trent; the result of the deliberations of the Council would then, we apprehend, have been one much more favourable to the union of Christendom. But the Protestants had gone out; the schism had been recognized and practically established by the Peace of religion. So in England the Puritans had virtually separated before 1660; and the same course is pursued formally by the modern fugitives to the Roman communion. The consequence was, in each of the two first cases, that they strengthened the hands of their opponents; and Trent was to Constance what the English Convocation of 1660 was to the English Convocation of 1562. Must not the issue in the third and in every analogous case be the same?

We advance this argument as one which may justly operate with power on those who are endeavouring to estimate defections to the Roman communion by a test of religious expediency, or who without any such leanings in their own minds have been accustomed to think too lightly of the mischiefs they produce in the form of blind reaction. But of course it is not with the idea that it can weigh with persons who hold it matter of duty to precipitate such defections, either in the sense of ridding the English communion of a taint, or in the sense of placing souls now astray within the bosom of the Church. Such we apprehend to be the view which gives to the Romish priesthood in England their activity in the search for proselytes: and this reflection draws us back for a moment to Mr. Ward, who reads to them and their whole community a lesson upon their manner of proceeding in this respect, informs them that they are entirely and fatally wrong in their mode of conducting the work of conversion, and instructs them, instead of exhorting men to hear the voice of the Church, and to place themselves within the sphere of the covenanted influences of grace, to adopt his philosophy and bid men work vigorously upon their existing systems, and then do as their consciences shall prompt them. Mr. Ward will have but little success in that direction. He cannot even think he will have much. *Sic notus Ulysses?*

*Ulysses?* His instructions to the Pope, however, upon the proper method of fishing for men (for such he must be aware that they are, though he confines his apostrophe to the Roman Catholics of England) (p. 288), are conveyed with his usual confidence and complacency: he acquaints them with his 'utter dissent and bitter sorrow' (p. 289), chastises smartly their 'baleful endeavours to unsettle and disturb' (p. 289), and their 'proud and carnal philosophy' (p. 290): and yet with a violence of inconsistency which baffles all description, he at the same time acknowledges their superiority in faith and sanctity, and declares, too, that faith and sanctity are the only sources of knowledge in matters of religion, and the only guarantees for wise conduct! It is strange, it is scarcely to be believed, but there it is written, and the incredulous may convince themselves by perusal: the priest of the English Church, proclaiming her miserable, fallen, and prostrate state, pitch-forks into the world a new philosophy, and out of the abyss of incredible corruption gives orders to a Church exalted, as he thinks, to the seventh heaven of purity, to reverse the whole process by which she performs one of her elementary and principal duties—the office of conversion!

Returning, however, to our position, we have to observe, that the foregoing remarks have reference to that argument for the secession of persons holding certain opinions, which has been submitted as an argument for their decision. Upon the very much more arduous question, whether members of the Church should be expelled from her pale by authority for Romish opinions; we shall only tender a few remarks of general expediency. We do not whisper an objection to enforcing in their substantial meaning according to history and authority, and with the provident securities of law, those subscriptions which are required from clergymen or from the members of universities. Nothing, in our judgment, could be so fatal and so hopeless as a state of things in which the *bona fides* of subscription should be destroyed, and that sarcasm of Gibbon verified which represented the English priesthood as signing with the smile of contemptuous incredulity, or with the sigh of struggling but worsted conscience. But, on the other hand, we earnestly protest against the efforts of private persons to erect their own interpretations into standards of obligatory belief: against the clamorous use of these arbitrary systems as weapons of extrusion, and, in a word, against mobbing men out of the Church: against all attempts to anticipate the judgment of authority, or to goad it into action. These are days in which the subject must defend the ruler, as well as the ruler the subject. Therefore we presume to say, let us have no intimidation; but  
leave

leave to those in power space and calm for reflection, for forethought, for counting the cost. Many questions will certainly require to be entertained and to be disposed of, before these new doctrines of ejection are carried into execution.

For example, Is the remedy worse than the disease? Can the constitution of the patient bear to lose the tainted member? When the operation is over, will the symptoms reappear in other quarters, and will other limbs in succession require to be lopped off? Will the wound that is to be opened ever close, and will it drain away by degrees the vital power, and reduce the trunk to exhaustion, the forerunner of speedy dissolution? Then again, if expulsion, or if any severities beyond the fair enforcement of established restraints, are to be employed against those who offend in proneness to Roman practices and opinions, what will be the effect of such a policy upon that liberty or licence of opinion which has been so largely exercised within the Church in a contrary direction? The sword of discipline is double-edged: and there can be no claim for its exercise more forcible than that of such fundamental principles of our ecclesiastical constitution, as authority and succession, and sacramental grace. If all tranquil forecasting of results is to be rendered impossible by pressure and vociferation from without—if the extravagances of the private spirit are to sway the poles of the judicial movements of the Church—if law is to have force in one direction, and to be powerless in every other—if its action is to be strained in an age that will but just bear its most lenient administration—if undefined and constructive heterodoxies are to swell its penal code—from the very day of the commencement of such a course of events will the Church of England have entered upon a new chapter of her history, and its phase in our view is lurid and gloomy, and charged with the signs of the hurricane, that makes desolate the habitations of mankind.

By a mysterious and providential order, the organization of the Church of England has in some sort combined together for three hundred years the individuality which constitutes the soul of Protestantism, as it is viewed apart from the essence of the Church, and the ancient and immortal principles of changeless objective truth, as the dogmatic basis of Christianity, and of the Divine mission of the Church, as the appointed instrument of its activity in the world. Daily experience would contradict the pretence either that this combination has been one of perfect harmony or that it has been maintained at all times without a loss of motion, power, and vigour; because a portion of the forces that might otherwise have been extrinsically applied have been spent in securing



curing the mutual cohesion of the members of the body. Hence to conscientious, we do not say to well-judging, men, the Church of England has often appeared to great disadvantage, as compared either with the communities within which individuality exults in its freedom from the correction of authority, or with that great community in which authority has well nigh absorbed and swallowed up individuality. But yet the practical judgment of this nation, the common sense for which it stands conspicuous in the world, has ceaselessly worked upon the conviction that it is the union of these elements in religion, which to her—

\* forms with artful strife

The strength and harmony of life.\*

And so it has singularly happened that the English Church, tame in her external character, weak in her disciplinary observances and laws, and affording in her practical system but too little scope to enthusiasm, has nevertheless maintained throughout all vicissitudes her hold upon the allegiance of the most stirring and energetic nation in the world, has stood the test of adversity better than of prosperity; rose in unexampled power from the prostration of the great rebellion; has recently gained strength from year to year, notwithstanding the double impediment of angry discussion within,† and of bold and combined assaults from without; and has even proved the main political instrument in checking that revolutionary movement which in our sister country, France, is scarcely curbed by the fortification of the metropolis against its own inhabitants, and by a standing army of five hundred thousand men. How high and solemn is the destiny of the rulers of a Church like this! how far-reaching the results that wait upon their actions!

But while we thankfully acknowledge the continual advancement of the Church in everything that is most essential to her permanence and power, it would be vain to dissemble that she is not yet beyond the risk of being disorganized by the imprudence and intolerance of misjudging friends, and that she labours under the disadvantage of a weak executive to a degree such as only time and great sagacity, under God's grace, can cure, and such as might

\* Gray's fragment on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.

† We may refer to two recent and remarkable testimonies to the growing strength of the Church from two very opposite sources: the one the late Charge of the amiable and devout Bishop of Chester, who is known to regard with the greatest apprehension the progress of those opinions with which Mr. Ward has identified himself, but who declares in his late Charge that he considers her prospects more favourable than at any former period of his episcopal career (p. 9); the other the Westminster Review, a publication utterly hostile to the Church as a whole, but which, nevertheless, admits (No. 82, Sept. 1844, p. 163) the constant and rapid increase during late years of her social strength. To these we should add the cheering declaration of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his very important and truly paternal Charge (p. 6).

give to rash experiments, that would be simply inconvenient in less sensitive or more thoroughly compacted bodies, a formidable, nay, a fatal issue.

Upon the whole, using the privilege of free discussion in the absence of any authoritative judgment of the Church (to which we should be, we trust, not slack to yield obedience), we arrive at the conclusion that, in conjunction with a just administration of the law, a liberal and an indulgent policy both towards those who fail to appreciate the Catholicism of the English Church and to those who are impatient of its Protestantism, may be anticipated from the discretion of our rulers and from the spirit of the times, so long as each confine their several claims for freedom of action and of speculation to matters which she has not absolutely foreclosed; and even more: even that honest error, when it does not go to the seat of life, will be assailed rather from the teacher's chair than from the seat of judgment, and that truth will be sought more by expansion than repression, though each doubtless has its proper place. The Church of England has to deal with the people of England; and in adapting her modes of procedure to the national character, she will know how to give to civil analogies their value. Looking to this nation as a political society, she will find that it combines an unbounded freedom of private opinion upon social theories, with an unparalleled respect for law, a strong sentiment of national unity, and a vigour not less singular in the whole machine of government: and if in the effort to realize more fully the same combination in the sphere of ecclesiastical affairs she be too often met with a self-willed and an ill-informed resistance, will she not recollect that in the period of lethargy, now happily passed away, vicious precedents became a system—system presented the face of law—law made its appeal to those conservative elements which constitute so large a portion of its strength—and thus, through our own misconduct, the proper guarantees for the stability of truth became the bulwarks of corruption? Is it not obvious that in the wide range of things indifferent such considerations should often exercise a governing influence on conduct? Is there not every conceivable encouragement to such a policy, and to the hope that the God of Zion\* will send peace within her borders, at a time when He is so manifestly building up her waste places, making fast the bars of her gates, filling her with the flour of wheat, and blessing her children within her?

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\* Ps. cxlvii. 12-14.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Colonial Church Atlas*. London. 1842.  
 2. *A History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*.  
 By Samuel Wilberforce, M.A., Chaplain to H. R. H. Prince  
 Albert, and Archdeacon of Surrey. London. 1844.  
 3. *Journal of Visitation by the Bishops of Montreal and Toronto*,  
 1842, 1843.—*A Letter from the Lord Bishop of Calcutta; and*  
*Letters from the Bishop of New Zealand*. Addressed to the  
 Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.  
 London. 1844.  
 4. *Documents relative to the Erection and Endowment of additional*  
*Bishoprics in the Colonies*. London. 1844.

TWO objects arrest the observer's eye, when he opens the 'Colonial Church Atlas,' and turns to the map of the world. The first is a dark shadow, overspreading the larger part of the earth's area: the second is a red line encircling a considerable portion of her coasts. The shadow has been adopted to denote the regions that still lie under heathen darkness: the red line to trace the progress of a maritime power, claiming all that is inclosed within that outline for her own, and subjecting to her practical influence the districts accessible by sea. The first impulse of his mind is of surprise, perhaps of shame, that so large a part remains to be accomplished of the great work, the publication of God's promise to mankind. The second is of hope, kindled to exultation, that its glorious achievement is reserved for his own countrymen, and possibly in a great measure for his own time. Nor, when reflection succeeds enthusiasm, do the calm suggestions of reason depress his energies or damp his zeal. They invigorate his hopes and nerve his spirit to a practical conflict with the difficulties of so vast an adventure. History is full of great events, produced with far less apparent means against far greater obstacles. The migration, which began upon the northern wall of China, was felt in Europe till it heaved from their depths the agitated elements of society. Small and remote as the first wave seemed, its course was steadily pursued, until in four centuries it had swept from end to end over the face of the then known world. For two centuries and a half a migration has been now in progress, more interesting in its character, and surely not less pregnant with consequences. When England shook off the yoke of Rome, her power and her race were confined to the narrow limits of her own shores. The dawn of her maritime strength and the beginnings of her colonial empire date from the days of Hawkins, and Raleigh, and Drake, and Fro-bisher. From that time to the present no considerable interval has elapsed without seeing her name and language, her laws and commerce,



commerce, extended over some new shores, and penetrating some remote continent,—till now, in the days in which we write, it has passed into a proverb that the sun never sets on the dominions of the British Crown.

Has, then, the pure form of England's faith been carried to the utmost limits of the earth, and is the promise fulfilled in her that Japhet shall enlarge his borders and dwell in the tents of Shem? Much, no doubt, has been accomplished. In many a lone hut the fire kindled at the hearth of our own Church has been preserved amid the trials and temptations of an almost savage state. Many an industrious emigrant has preached to the slaves of cruelty and superstition the practical lesson of an exemplary life. In many a thinly-peopled wilderness the natural instincts of hospitality have been quickened into the charities of Christian brotherhood. In ways like these, and in as large a proportion perhaps as the circumstances would permit us to expect, the true worship of God has gone abroad with the emigration of the Anglo-Saxon race. The pioneers of the Church have penetrated into every land—the positions for her army are marked out. But this is all. Why only the pioneers?

The readers of history cannot fail to observe how disadvantageous a comparison the tone of the present day bears, at least at first sight, with the spirit of former times. There may be at the bottom as much of true religion, but there is on the surface a far colder and more obdurate semblance of worldliness. Differences among Christians have produced disunion, disunion has prevented the energetic co-operation of individuals for common objects, and jealousy has been carried so far that every one is afraid of expressing himself on a subject so likely to create offence. Whatever may have been the true character of Drake, or even of Cortez, or Pizarro, if the tongue be an index to the heart, the service of the Cross in some sense, and with more or less purity, was ever an object of interest in their eyes. There are many subsequent narratives that relate the proceedings of better perhaps and more enlightened men, and yet convey, for the reason to which we have referred, no intimation to the reader, that they loved to perpetuate in their own observance, or cared to communicate to others, the blessings of a purer faith. It may be, that to read, after the lapse of two centuries, the history of those early adventurers, particularly of those who professed the Romish creed, produces upon the mind an effect like that which is occasioned by the distant prospect of an Italian town. The outline is graceful and imposing, and the atmosphere lends to every object a peculiar air of beauty. But unspeakable are the abominations which conspire, as we enter the streets, to dispel the fond illusion.

Whatever

Whatever may be the reason, the fact itself is plain, that there is much of systematic exertion, much of apparently well-proportioned effort, in the earlier histories of emigration, for which we look in vain in the angry records of the seventeenth century. The emigrants who first left the shores of England to colonize America were driven from hence by the mutual antipathies and distrusts which difference of religious sentiment had excited. They were full of zeal and to spare: but it was the zeal of spiritual pride, embittered by the hatred of authority. They were anxious to isolate themselves from the causes of their disgust at home, and were not likely to unite for the prosecution of any common purposes abroad; and thus the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, to those who reckoned by the effects ostensibly produced, eminently unfavourable to the Church. They present a broken record of disjointed and disproportionate efforts. But of the Christian Church, in a higher sense than of Solomon's Temple, may the patient observer say in thankfulness—

‘No hammers there, no ponderous axes rung;

Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.’

The levy of thirty thousand in the forests of Lebanon, the three-score and ten thousand that bare burdens, and the four-score thousand that hewed in the mountains, all these were doing their master's work, while as yet the stranger came and went in Jerusalem and saw not the outline of those wonderful proportions,—the carvings of cherubims and palm-trees,—the beams of cedar and the flowers of gold. And so the Great Artificer, who has laid the chief corner-stone, and is building upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets the fabric of His Church, is sometimes pleased to work in silence, while he works effectively,—and to prepare, as it were in the mountain and in the forest, the framework of a House, that in His own good time shall spring from the ground, and surprise the most faithful of his watchers by the fulness of its proportions, and the rapidity of its growth.

Disappointed in his visions of systematic colonization in Virginia, Sir Walter Raleigh bestowed on the company to whom, in 1589, he assigned his patent, the sum (munificent as it was at that time, and under his circumstances) of 100*l.*, ‘in especial regard and zeal of planting the Christian religion in those countries.’ King James, in his charter of 1606 for the improvement of Virginia, had express reference made to ‘the preaching of the true word, and observance of the due service of God, according to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England, not only among the British colonists, but also as much as might be among the savages bordering upon them.’ Accordingly the histories of that royalist colony record, and ecclesiastical antiquaries revere, the names of

Robert



Robert Hunt, of Alexander Whitaker ('the Apostle of Virginia'),\* and others; but the field was without limit, and the labourers were few. Each of these devoted husbandmen cleared his own small space in that vast wilderness, but the forest around him was as thick and dark as ever; and when his own labours were closed by death, he left no successors to improve the ground he had broken. Nor was the mother-country, rent with the bitter agonies of domestic strife, able to take thought for the necessities of her distant children, happier, with all their trials and privations, than herself.

Cromwell, almost immediately after the King's death, appears to have turned his thoughts to the propagation, in the world at large, of the opinions which it suited his purposes to profess at home. They who have formed for themselves a satisfactory estimate of his character will best assign the motives which induced him, in 1649, to pass an ordinance for 'the promoting of the Gospel by the erection of a corporation, to be called by the name of the President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, to receive and dispose of moneys for that purpose.' A collection was actually raised, and an estate purchased with the produce; and some progress is said to have been made in the conversion of the natives.

Upon the Restoration the patronage of Hyde was extended to the united efforts of Boyle and Baxter, and a new corporation formed, of which Boyle was governor, under the title of 'The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, and the parts adjacent.' Its revenue never exceeded 600*l.* per annum; yet with these limited resources they contrived to maintain from

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\* With the name of Whitaker is joined the romantic story of the first Indian convert whom he baptised into the Church of Christ. Pocohontas, the favourite daughter of Powhatan, the most powerful Indian chieftain of these parts, then a girl of twelve years old, saved from barbarous murder Captain Smith, the early hero of this colony, whilst a prisoner at her father's court. For years she remained the white man's constant friend and advocate; and even dared to visit, on more than one errand of mercy, the new settlement of James Town. After Captain Smith's removal from Virginia, Pocohontas was ensnared by treachery, and brought a prisoner to the English fort. But her captivity was turned into a blessing. She received the faith of Christ, and was not only the first, but one of the most hopeful of the whole band of native converts. Her after life was strange. She formed a marriage of mutual affection with an English settler of good birth; who after a time visited his native land, taking with him to its shores his Indian wife and child. She was received with due respect in England, visited the Court (where her husband bore the frowns of the royal pedant, James I., for having dared to intermarry with a princess), and after winning the good will of all, just on the eve of her return, died at Gravesend, aged twenty-two, in the faith of Jesus. "What would have been the emotions," well asks the ecclesiastical historian of Virginia, "of the devoted missionary when he admitted Pocohontas to baptism, could he have foreseen that, after the lapse of more than two hundred years, the blood of this noble-hearted Indian maiden would be flowing in the veins of some of the most distinguished members of that Church, the foundations of which he was then laying!" — *Wilberforce*, p. 27.



twelve to sixteen missionaries, to provide for schools, and furnish them with books. But the efforts of individuals, from the nature of the case, were desultory and inadequate; and the circumstances of this country down to the time of the Revolution gave no hope of united and sustained exertion. A solitary church—the only one that existed in all the settlements of New England—was commenced at Boston, in 1679, by the direction of Charles II., stimulated by the persuasions of Compton, Bishop of London, and urged by the representations of the inhabitants. Charles was also persuaded to give to every clergyman or schoolmaster who should embark for the colonies a paltry pittance of 20*l.* as passage-money; and a few donations—of some value indeed to the recipients, for small things have their value for those who are entirely destitute, but in all respects unworthy of the country and of the object—seem to have been wrung from England by the remonstrances of the same bishop. Amidst this dreary record of privation it deserves to be especially remembered of Colonel Fletcher, the Governor of New York, that he induced the Assembly to set out six churches, with allowances from 40*l.* to 60*l.* a-year for the maintenance of ministers.

In the reign of King William and Queen Mary, the nation, sobered by the trial through which it had passed, addressed itself in earnest to higher and better objects. Among other signs of amended times, active measures were taken for the effectual organization of the ‘Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;’ of which, in November, 1702, the celebrated Ostervald wrote from Neufchatel:—

‘In London, and in divers other places in England, this Society has caused many schools to be set up, wherein numbers of poor children are instructed, clothed, and educated. This Society has caused good books to be distributed, at its own charge, in the schools in town and country, in the fleets, among the soldiers, and in the prisons.’

‘Your zeal,’ he adds, ‘has not been confined to the wants of England, but has extended itself even to foreign countries. You make it your business, with extraordinary application and expense, and with great success, to cause the light of the Gospel to shine in America; and you have there erected libraries, as you have also done in England, for the use of country ministers who are not capable of furnishing themselves with books. You invite other Protestant Churches to concur with you in these religious designs, to unite among themselves, and to put an end to those fatal divisions which till now kept them at a distance from each other.’

For the more effectual prosecution of its purposes at home and abroad, this Society divided itself at first into two branches; but its labours soon became so extensive and so onerous, that it was found expedient to erect the second branch into a separate corporation.

ration. This division was made in 1700-1701, and the main instrument in effecting it was Dr. Thomas Bray, who, returning in that year from America, where he had spent the fourteen preceding years in missionary enterprise, devoted the remainder of his life to the promotion of the cause at home. The first printed Report of the second Society, that 'For the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' was issued in 1704; exhibiting under seventeen heads the operations of the infant institution. This Report occupied only four pages folio; and from the simplicity and quaintness of its style, the completeness of its arrangement, and the graphic manner in which it exhibits the state of missionary exertion at that time, it well deserved to be reprinted, as it has lately been, in its original shape. It states that the Society had actually commissioned two missionaries at a very great expense, and were soliciting maintenance from the crown for four more, who at least were wanting, for the 'praying Indians' of Canada. In 1700, one of the kings of these praying Indians thus addressed the Governor of New York:—

'We are now come to trade, and not to speak of religion, only thus much I must say, all the while I was here before I went to Canada, I never heard any thing talk'd of religion, or the least mention made of converting us to the Christian faith; and we shall be glad to hear if at last you are so piously inclined to take some pains to instruct your Indians in the Christian religion; I will not say but it may induce some to return to their native country. I wish it had been done sooner, that you had had Ministers to instruct your Indians in the Christian faith—I doubt whether any of us had deserted our native country: but I must say, I am solely beholden to the French of Canada for the light I received to know there was a Saviour born for mankind; and now we are taught God is every where, and we can be instructed at Canada, Dowaganhae, or the uttermost parts of the earth, as well as here.'

The Report says:—

'In a later conference with the Lord Cornbury, those five Sachems or Kings of the Iroquois promised him, at Albany, "obedience to the faith of Christ," told him they were "glad to hear the sun shined in England since King William's death;" admired at first that we should have a "Squa Sachem;" viz. a woman king, but they "hoped She would be a good mother, and send them some to teach them religion, as well as traffick;" then sent some of their country presents to Her Majesty, signed the treaty, and "made the covenant so sure, that thunder and lightning should not break it on their parts."

It proceeds to relate that ministers had been sent with 'good allowances' to several parts along the continent of North America, and to some of the islands; that a settlement had been compassed for a congregation at Amsterdam, with the consent of the magistrates; and that encouragement had been given to the promising beginnings

beginnings of a church at Moscow, of which the Czar himself had laid the foundation, by bestowing as much ground as was desired for that use upon the English merchants.

The Report states that all this had been accomplished 'upon the bare annual fund of 800*l.* per annum, with the accession of only 1700*l.* occasionally subscribed;' and concludes its exhortations to a more generous spirit of exertion in these words:—'It is not to be expected that many should rise up to the example of an unknown lady, who has cast in lately 1000*l.* into the treasury of this society; but he doth acceptably who gives according to his ability.'

The accounts given by the early missionaries of their sufferings and privations, their toils and discouragements, 'in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness,' testify abundantly that as they served the same master, so they were ready to tread in the same steps, and fight the same fight with him to whose wide commission, as teachers of the heathen, they had been thought not unworthy to succeed. In the year 1700 the Governor of New York made the communication referred to in the Report, and memorialized the Lords of Trade and Plantations on the want of some 'ministers of the Church of England to instruct the five nations of Indians, and to prevent their being practised upon by French priests and Jesuits.' The Rev. Thoroughgood Moor was accordingly selected. He appears to have arrived in New York in 1704; but, in consequence of the discouragements he met with, he re-embarked for England in 1707, and the vessel is supposed to have foundered. Among these discouragements was his arrest and imprisonment by Lord Cornbury, whose proceedings are believed to have been in their form as illegal as their avowed pretext was strange: the offence of this clergyman having been neither more nor less than a more frequent celebration of the Eucharist (once a fortnight) than his lordship was pleased to approve. It is probable, however, that the Governor was actuated in reality by a different reason. Mr. Moor appears to have used some freedom in remonstrating with Lord Cornbury upon his own immoral and scandalous practices, among which was a habit of dressing himself in female clothing, and so appearing in the streets. He is also reported to have refused to admit the Lieutenant-Governor to a communion administered at Burlington.

Another of these ministers, with a 'good allowance' from the Society of 50*l.* a year, gives, in the same year, 1704, in which the

Report



Report was published, the following account of his condition in North Carolina. He says he was obliged to buy a couple of horses, which cost him fourteen pounds, one of which was for a guide, there being no possibility for a stranger to keep in the right track, or regain when he had once lost it. The roads were deep, and difficult to be found, and the country intersected by seven great rivers, 'over which there is no passing with horses, except only two of them; one of which the Quakers have settled a ferry over for their own conveniency, and nobody but themselves'—the good Samaritans—'have the privilege of it:' all which circumstances put him to so great an expense, that in little more than two months he was obliged to dispose of the necessities he carried over for his own use to satisfy his creditors. He was 120 miles distant from the nearest brother missionary, frequently performed journeys of 30 miles in the day, and spent whole nights in the woods. But what is far the hardest of all trials to men whose temperament is fitted for such enterprises as these, he felt that his labours produced but little effect; and that in the district that nominally belonged to him, the greater part of that which, physically speaking, had been reclaimed from nature, continued to every moral and religious end an unbroken and unhelpful desert.

Three years afterwards the Rev. Gideon Johnstone, sent out by the Bishop of London as commissary to South Carolina, was stranded on a sand-bank, where he lay 'twelve days and as many nights without any manner of meat and drink, or shelter from the scorching heat of the sun. At last,' he says, 'a canoe got to us, when we were at the last gasp, and just on the point of expiring. The next morning we were conveyed to the opposite part of the continent, where I lay a fortnight before I could recover strength enough to reach the town.' His first impressions of the settlers in that district he thus describes in a letter to Bishop Burnet:—'The people here, generally speaking, are the vilest race of men upon the earth; they have neither honour, nor honesty, nor religion enough to entitle them to any tolerable character, being a perfect medley or hotchpotch of bankrupts, pirates, decayed libertines, sectaries, and enthusiasts of all sorts.' These examples, which might be multiplied indefinitely, serve to convey some idea of the personal difficulties and sufferings, as well as of the more direct obstacles to ministerial usefulness, which beset the emissaries of the Society at the commencement of their efforts. In the slave-holding districts they had to contend not merely against the brutal indifference and contempt with which the masters received any suggestions for the conversion of the negro race, but against a superstition which deserves to be especially

cially recorded as the last refinement in this kind of cruelty, an objection to the baptism of the slave, from an ignorant belief that with his admission into the liberty of the Church he acquired a legal right to freedom from the temporal yoke of bondage.\*

The exertions of the Society were extended in proportion to its gradually increased resources, and from time to time missionaries were sent out to America: but by an omission, singular, to say the least, in the history of an Episcopal Church, no Anglican bishop exercised his functions on that side of the Atlantic before the declaration of independence: many of the services of the church fell, of course, into desuetude,—as confirmation, and the consecration of churches: every candidate for ordination had to seek it in the mother-country, at an expenditure of time, labour, hazard, cost, which would be serious at the present day, but was incomparably more serious in the middle of the last century. It is easier to understand than to describe the impediments which so imperfect an organization offered to the effectual progress of the church. In 1767 Dr. Chandler writes from New York:—‘The exact number of those who have gone home for ordination from these northern Colonies is fifty-two. Of these, forty-two have returned safely, and ten have miscarried; the voyage, or sickness occasioned by it, having proved fatal to near a fifth part of them. The expense of their voyage cannot be reckoned at less, upon an average, than one hundred pounds sterling to each person.’

It will not be supposed that this omission was owing to mere forgetfulness or neglect on the part of the Church at home. The fact is, that as early as the year 1638, the energetic mind of Laud had formed a plan for sending a bishop to New England; and after the Restoration, a patent, constituting Dr. Murray bishop of Virginia, with a general charge over the other provinces, was actually made out under the direction of Lord Clarendon. This project, however, was defeated by the accession of the Cabal; and Secker, in a letter preserved by Horace Walpole, states, from an examination of Bishop Gibson’s papers, that the failure was owing to a part of the scheme which made the endowment of the pro-

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\* ‘The master evil of the South,’—even at the present day,—‘is that the slaves are not treated as having souls. Throughout the bounds of the Charleston synod there are at least 100,000 slaves, speaking the same language as the whites, who have never heard of the plan of salvation by a Redeemer. And this is the fruit of no accident—it is inherent in the system. The black must be depressed below the level of humanity, to be kept down to his condition. On this system his master dare not treat him as a man. To teach slaves to read is forbidden, under the severest penalties, in almost every slave state. In North Carolina, to teach a slave to read or write, or give him any book (the Bible not excepted), is punished with thirty-nine lashes, or imprisonment, if the offender be a free negro; with a fine of 200 dollars if he be a white. In Georgia this fine is 500 dollars; and the father is not suffered to teach his own half-caste child to read the Scriptures.’—*Wilberforce*, p. 414.

posed bishopric a charge upon the customs. In 1694 attention was called by Dr. Prideaux to the importance of settling Bishops and of founding seminaries in the East and West Indies, that ministers might be bred and ordained upon the spot. The missionaries themselves, as the repeated and urgent communications received from several of their number clearly prove, were very anxious upon the subject, and earnestly desired the appointment of Suffragans, not merely for the purpose of supplying those ordinances of the Church which peculiarly lie within the province of the bishop, but because they felt in their intercourse with each other their need of some common authority to which, in every conjuncture of doubt or of dissension, they might appeal as the safeguard of order, and as the source of harmony. In 1707, the Rev. Evan Evans, the first missionary to Philadelphia, who, after a successful ministry in the province, during the first two years of which he had converted 500 Foxian Quakers to the communion of the Church, had returned to London—in a ‘Memorial or Narrative of the state of things in Pennsylvania,’ dwells at great length upon the practical inconvenience and disadvantages under which the Church there laboured for the want of bishops, and urges the example of the Spaniards, who had begun at the beginning; and at their first settlement in those parts had planted several bishoprics. He observes, that ‘what was good for them in this respect could not be bad for us—*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*’

A memorial was presented to the Queen upon the subject in 1709; and Sir Walter Scott mentions, in his *Life of Swift*, that a plan was about that time proposed for sending out the future Dean as Bishop of Virginia. Colonel Nicholson, governor of the province, writes urgently on the necessity of a Bishop in 1710: and three years afterwards a comprehensive scheme appears to have been matured—with the direct and personal approbation and encouragement of the Queen—for the endowment of four bishoprics; two for the islands, to be located at Jamaica and at Barbadoes; two for the continent of America at Williamsburg in Virginia and Burlington in New Jersey—at which latter place a sum of 600*l.* was actually expended for the purchase of a house and land for the bishop. Unfortunately, however, this project was defeated by the Queen’s death; and the court and ministry of George I. declined to favour its renewal. Archbishop Tenison, by his will dated in 1715, bequeathed 1000*l.* towards the settlement of bishops in America, and his example being followed by others, a fund was gradually collected, with which, after the lapse of seventy years, the bishopric of Nova Scotia was endowed. In 1723 two missionaries were consecrated by the non-juring bishops,



bishops, and returned to America; and this circumstance gave occasion to Bishop Gibson to press upon the government the expediency of sanctioning the consecration of Bishops favourable to the House of Hanover. The ministry, however, still refused, and satisfied themselves by taking measures for preventing the exercise of Episcopal functions on the part of those who had gone out. In 1725 Berkeley published his 'Proposal for the better supplying of Churches in our foreign Plantations, and for converting the native Americans to Christianity.' Dean Swift, in a letter to Lord Carteret, says, 'He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermuda. He hath seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment. He showed me a little tract, which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical—of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery (worth 1100*l.* per annum) be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's disposal.' He obtained a charter from the King for his proposed institution, under the name of St. Paul's College, Bermuda, to consist of a president and nine fellows; and in answer to an address of the House of Commons, the minister promised 20,000*l.* out of lands in St. Christopher. Berkeley was named the first president, and sailed in 1728. But the money was given, not to the college, but as a marriage portion to the Princess Royal; and when Bishop Gibson pressed Sir R. Walpole on the subject, he replied, 'If you put this question to me as a minister, I must and can assure you, that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend whether Dean Berkeley shall continue in America, expecting the payment of 20,000*l.*, I advise him by all means to return home to Europe, and give up his present expectations.' The dean was obliged to follow this advice, and reluctantly gave up a scheme on which he had expended 'much of his private fortune, and more than seven years of the prime of his life.' In 1750 a plan for American bishops was drawn up by Bishop Butler, in the hope of disarming sectarian and political hostility; but this proposal met the fate of those which had preceded it. In 1764 Archbishop Secker writes to Dr. Johnson, of New York: 'The affair of American bishops continues in suspense. Lord Wilmoughby of Parham, the only English dissenting peer, and Dr. Chandler,

Chandler, have declared, after our scheme was fully laid before them, that they saw no objection against it. The Duke of Bedford, Lord President, hath given a calm and favourable hearing to it, hath desired it may be reduced to writing, and promised to consult about it with the other ministers at his first leisure.' And yet the reasonableness of the scheme, and the influence of the archbishop, failed to overcome the jealousies and animosities of that unhappy period. In 1771, and again in 1775, Bishop Lowth urged the same topics, and with the same result.

The first American bishop was Dr. Seabury, consecrated in 1783 by the bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church. That branch of the true vine, however, which now bears fruit in the United States is a graft from the stem of our own tree; for the succession has descended from Bishops White and Provost, who, political apprehension and delicacy having been in the mean time overlooked or overcome, were consecrated at Lambeth two years afterwards. This was the beginning of the American Church, which, of course, has maintained from that period to the present its own independent existence.

'If,' says Mr. Wilberforce, 'we compare the map of America with the fixed organization of the Church, we are at once struck with its rapid and universal extension. Bishoprics, as well as what in the looser language of the East are termed dioceses, are well nigh co-extensive with the states of the Union. Through all that vast continent the living form of Church polity has grown up as in a night, from the two Bishops who landed at New York on Easter Sunday, 1787. From puritan Massachusetts in the north, down to the slave-tilled bottoms of torrid Louisiana, and from the crowded harbour of New York back to the unbroken forests and rolling prairie of Illinois, the successors of the Twelve administer in Christ's name the rule of his spiritual kingdom.'—*Wilberforce*, p. 397.

The Archdeacon is well justified in his grateful tone. Yet in a population of more than seventeen millions, one million and a half, with 22 bishops and 1200 clergy, constitute, at this time, the whole of our sister Church within the American republic.

Since the Peace of 1783 no important colony has been severed from the dominions of the British crown, and many new and populous countries have been included in them. But it has been reserved for the present reign to see the greatest advance that the Church has yet made towards the complete establishment of her system in Foreign Parts. It will be convenient to consider the subject under four geographical divisions; viz., I. British North America; II. West Indies; III. India; IV. Australia.

I. After the separation of the United States, the majority of the loyalist and church party took refuge in the other parts of North America, and two bishoprics—that of Nova Scotia in 1787, and of Quebec in 1793—were founded for their superintendence.

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These were the only bishoprics in the whole of the British dominions abroad, until the consecration of Bishop Middleton of Calcutta in the year 1814. When the contemplated arrangements now in progress shall have been completed, the British possessions in North America will be divided into five dioceses; viz., 1. East Canada or Quebec; 2. West Canada or Toronto; 3. Nova Scotia; 4. New Brunswick; 5. Newfoundland. An interesting table is bound up with the Colonial Atlas, by which it appears that Quebec, with one bishop and sixty clergymen, contains an area equal to the whole of France;—Toronto, with 102 clergymen, is larger than the island of Great Britain, and contains a scattered population, increasing at the rate of 50,000 persons annually;—Nova Scotia, as large as Greece, has forty-seven clergymen; besides Prince Edward Island, as large as the county of Norfolk, with six, and Cape Breton, twice that size, with four;—New Brunswick, about the size of Scotland, has thirty clergymen, and a fund is now being raised for the endowment of its bishopric;—Newfoundland, larger than Ireland, was erected into a bishopric in 1839, at which time it enjoyed the services of ten, whose number has since been increased to twenty-five clergy. Such is the staff of the Church for the whole of British North America; and to this staff she has but recently been raised, or, to speak more correctly, she is now in the act of raising herself, with a view to the pastoral superintendence of a district, whose area we have already described, of broken and interrupted communication, of increasing numbers, of urgent wants, and calculated ultimately to contain a population five times as numerous at the least as that of the United Kingdom.

II. In the West Indies are the dioceses of—1. Jamaica, with eighty clergy, and a population of nearly half a million; 2. Barbadoes, with a quarter of a million and fifty-two clergy; 3. Antigua, with 100,000 souls scattered over many islands, and under the care of twenty-five clergy; 4. Guiana, with the like number, and twenty-three clergy.

III. The names of Middleton and of Heber are familiar to every English reader, and with them are associated the scenes of their romantic enterprise, and of their premature decease. The present Bishop of Calcutta is metropolitan of India; but he immediately presides over a diocese co-extensive with the presidency of Bengal; and it can scarcely be said that his labours have been lightened by the subtraction of part, whose field of exertion is infinite. 1. The reduced diocese of Calcutta is larger than the united area of France and Spain, and its population seventy millions. 2. The diocese of Madras and Ceylon is as large in territorial extent as the British islands, and its population as large as that



that of Great Britain. 3. Bombay is larger than England and Wales: its population nearly equal to that of Ireland. To this geographical division belong the proposed bishopric of the Cape of Good Hope, with an area considerably larger than Great Britain, with 160,000 people and ten clergy; and the announcement recently made by the Bishop of London that steps will be taken for establishing the church in the new settlement of Hong Kong.

IV. Australia and Norfolk Island constitute a diocese equal in extent to England, containing a scanty and scattered, but interesting and increasing population. It was first resorted to by the government as a penal colony in 1789, and until 1836, when the present bishop was consecrated, enjoyed the services of a few occasional chaplains only. It has now fifty-four clergy. 2. A proposed diocese is laid down in the map, to be called the diocese of South Australia, and to extend over an almost unexplored territory, nearly equal to that of Calcutta, but containing as yet a very small population, and possessing only three clergy. 3. The diocese of Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land, erected in 1842, with an extent of about half the area of England, has twenty-one clergy. Australia having recently ceased to be a penal colony, the penal districts will in future be included in one diocese, and in order to this end an arrangement has been made at the Colonial Office, by which Norfolk Island will be transferred to the Bishop of Tasmania, and additional chaplains for the especial superintendence and instruction of the convicts will be sent out at the expense of government.

One diocese remains for a separate notice, the diocese of Gibraltar. Fixed upon that imperishable monument of British power, and having for his cathedral the church so nobly erected by the Queen Dowager at Malta, the bishop extends his authority and control over all congregations of our communion on the shores of the Mediterranean.

In tracing the arrangements contemplated and in progress for the extension of our Church, we have omitted to notice the formation, in 1800, of a new and most important auxiliary. The exertions of the Church Missionary Society are however professedly designed 'For Africa and the East,' and the object is different in some degree from those which it is our more immediate purpose to review. This energetic society addresses itself directly to the heathen world, and without any special reference to the colonizing tendencies of England, proposes to invade, wherever it can find its opportunity, the *dark domain*. The more ancient corporation, as we have already seen, desires in the first instance to keep alive in the emigrant children of our own empire the truth and teaching of the Church: and through the example  
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of Christian settlers to work upon the hearts and consciences of those with whom the ever-active genius of England is brought yearly into closer contact. It is obvious at first sight that this difference of immediate object may be rendered subservient to the utmost harmony of operation, and to the common success of both: and this important end has of late been more especially promoted by an agreement between the managers of the two societies to refer to the episcopal body at home as the natural and faithful guardians of their common welfare.

Having now traced upon the map the outlines of our Colonial Church, and having carried down to the present day our short abridgment of her history, it is time we should present a picture of her actual condition, and of the labours and privations which her ministers of every order cheerfully undergo in the prosecution of their Christian work. But this picture can only be painted by themselves; and we refer our readers to the graphic and interesting narratives of the several bishops.

The Bishop of Toronto undertook in the autumn of 1842 a visitation journey to the western portion of his diocese, in the earlier part of which he was accompanied by Lord Morpeth and Mr. Greene. The description given in the Bishop's journal of their encampment on Lake Huron, of a storm which overtook them there, drenched their canvas, and compelled them, though within their tents, to sit under the shelter of their umbrellas, and dig holes in the ground that the water might escape from their feet, is exceedingly well drawn: and apart from the more serious interest which belongs to the general narrative, may fairly be recommended to the reader as a favourable specimen of the picturesque: but we can only afford a single extract:—

‘On the first night of our encampment, I discovered that one of our canoes was manned by converted Indians from our mission at the Manatoulin. Before going to rest they assembled together, and sung a hymn in their own language, and read some prayers which had been translated for their use from the Liturgy. There was something indescribably touching in this service of praise to God, upon these inhospitable rocks—the stillness, wildness, and darkness, combined with the sweet and plaintive voices, all contributed to add to the solemnity and deep interest of the scene. I felt much affected with this simple worship, and assisted in conducting it every evening until we reached the Manatouwanning Island.’

A letter written by the same prelate on the 12th of December, 1843, on his return from another journey of 2300 miles, will be read with not less interest:—

‘I find the roads in many places dangerous, and almost impassable. A rough, strong, farmer's waggon is the only vehicle that dare attempt them, and even that occasionally breaks down;—and to be prepared for such



such accidents, we carry with us an axe, a hammer and nails, with ropes, &c. Sometimes we scarcely make a mile an hour through the fallen trees, roots, and mud-holes, which lie in our way.

‘Nor is such travelling cheap; and as for the accommodation, it is occasionally painfully unpleasant: and this notwithstanding the generous hospitality of the clergy and laity, whenever they have an opportunity. The time consumed is perhaps the thing most to be lamented. We seldom travel farther in a day than you may do by the railroad in an hour, and more often scarcely half the distance.

‘I say nothing of the fatigue of these journeys, the deep mud-holes, the fallen trees to be cut out of the path, the jolting on the log causeways, exposure for months to a summer Canadian sun, and the autumn rains, &c. &c.; because these are all incident to the discharge of duty, and neither a proper subject of dissatisfaction nor complaint.’

The Metropolitan of India, in a letter dated November 2, 1843, describes his visitation to the southern missions in the diocese of Madras, when he saw the venerable Kohlhoff, whom he calls the father of these missions. This good old man is now above eighty, and related to the Bishop anecdotes of Swartz, which occurred sixty or seventy years ago. At Negapatam, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly, Bishop Wilson had the satisfaction of finding that the work, which before the separation of the dioceses had proceeded under his own direction, was making progress under the Bishop of Madras; and here he delivered again over the very tomb of Swartz, the word of the Gospel, again stood in his pulpit, and addressed by an interpreter some who yet survived of his flock. At Tinevelly, he notices with particular delight the intermixture of missionaries from the two societies, viz. the Church Missionary, and that for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the perfect harmony that subsisted between them. The number of inquirers and converts in the villages and stations here he estimates at 35,000—‘a blessed commencement of evangelical light, grace, and salvation, surely, which in the next age may, like the similar though smaller multitudes at Krishnagur in my own diocese of Calcutta, yield an abundant harvest of sound and matured Christians, God favouring and blessing them and us by his spirit.’ He expresses a strong hope that by the increasing usefulness and importance of Bishop’s College the highest ends of Bishop Middleton may be effected, and the college become the centre of missionary education for the Church societies in the East.

New Zealand differs from any other possession of the crown in this very important respect, that there we have not to regain lost ground. These islands were discovered by Captain Cook, but England forbore to exercise her right of sovereignty until compelled to do so in 1839 by the moral necessity that was laid upon her



her of restraining the enormities practised by runaway convicts from Australia and other settlers against the aborigines. In establishing his government, Captain Hobson availed himself of the assistance of the missionaries, and to their influence with the natives is mainly owing the facility with which the settlement of the infant colony has been effected. It is well known that New Zealand had long been the scene of enterprising and successful efforts on the part of the Church Missionary Society. The Bishop landed at Auckland on the 30th May, 1842, and found in that incipient capital a population of 1,900 persons, of whom 1,100 were registered members of the Church. The governor immediately vested in him, as trustee, upon his own request, two pieces of ground of eight acres each for the burial of the dead, according to the usage of the Church; allotting at the same time two similar plots for the other denominations of Christians. The Bishop proceeded to consecrate the first plot, which he describes as containing a beautiful site for a future church. The consecration service was performed in a church-tent, presented by his chaplain, Mr. Cotton, completely fitted with a communion-table and desks, and containing 300 persons. A brick church had already been commenced at Auckland. The college, in which with his chaplains the Bishop lived, was fixed at the Waimate, a village near the Bay of Islands, in the northern part of the northern island, and by far the most settled part of the colony; and adjoining the college was a collegiate school. Hard by is a spacious church, built of wood, painted white, and 'giving a very English look to the village.'

'Here I held my first confirmation, at which three hundred and twenty-five natives were confirmed. A more orderly, and I hope impressive, ceremony could not have been conducted in any church in England—the natives coming up in parties to the communion table, and audibly repeating the answer, "E wakaoetia ana e ahau" (I do confess). It was a most striking sight to see a church filled with native Christians, ready, at my first invitation, to obey the ordinances of their religion. On the following Sunday three hundred native communicants assembled at the Lord's table, though the rain was unceasing. Some of them came two days' journey for this purpose. My Windsor communion plate was used for the second time on this occasion. The natives were much pleased when they were told that it was a present from my congregation in England, and seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the gift.'

The library hereafter to be attached to the future cathedral is established at Kerikeri, ten miles from the Waimate, in a good stone building, partly used as a store. It contains a large body of sound divinity, chiefly presented by the personal friends of Dr. Selwyn. The natural capabilities of New Zealand mark it for  
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an agricultural rather than for a pastoral district; and the Bishop anticipates its becoming a country of villages. This he considers a favourable circumstance in a moral point of view,—requiring, however, in the disposition of his clerical arrangements peculiar forethought and system. He had become, jointly with his friend the Chief Justice Martin, and with the Chief Protector of the Aborigines, Trustee of the Lands and Funds reserved for the native race; in whom he expresses the deepest interest, and of whose docility and intelligence he has formed a high opinion.

It was a peculiarity of the Bishop's mission, which before his departure from these shores he might well record with a feeling not far removed from triumph, that no sooner had he answered the invitation than his standard was surrounded by men of every rank; and offers, more numerous than he could accept, were made by persons of education and of fortune, who tendered their gratuitous and unconditional services in any capacity to which on his arrival in the colony he might think it expedient to assign them.\* Under such a leader,—girt by such a corps,—with the first beginnings of organized society in New Zealand, the Church at once assumes her panoply. Instead of consuming her strength in comparatively fruitless exertions to overtake the lost opportunity of former years, her higher destiny has called her to consider the future, providently to lay in an infant colony the bold outline of a comprehensive plan,—which in its rudiments is commensurate with her present wants,—and filled up, from time to time, as the gradual increase of the population shall require, may continually keep pace with the secular advancement of her people.

Of the fifteen Bishoprics now actually established and existing in the Colonies, no less than nine have been erected within the last ten years. But in 1841 public attention was called to this subject in a more peculiar and emphatic manner than before, by the well-known Letter published by the Bishop of London: and at a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops, held in con-

\* 'I hereby let all men know,' wrote Mr. Crashaw, in 1613, speaking of Whitaker, 'that a scholar, a graduate, a preacher, well borne and friended in England; not in debt nor disgrace, but competently provided for, and liked and beloved where he lived; not in want, but (for a scholar, and as these days be) rich in possession, and more in possibility; of himself, without any persuasion (but God's and his own heart's), did voluntarily leave his warm nest, and to the wonder of his kindred, and amazement of them that knew him, undertake this hard, but in my judgment, heroic resolution to go to Virginia, and helpe to beare the name of God unto the Gentiles.' — *Wilberforce*, p. 27.

This paper was in type before Archdeacon Wilberforce's volume appeared. We have contrived to avail ourselves of it somewhat—but feel that an apology is due for the manner in which we have done so. It is written with a natural and captivating fervour; but this does not at all interfere with the author's logical skill in the arrangement of his most valuable materials.



sequence at Lambeth, it was resolved to take immediate steps for securing to thirteen of our foreign dependencies the benefits of Episcopal authority. Of these, four—viz., the bishoprics of New Zealand, Gibraltar, Jamaica, and Guiana—have already been created, and the fund for that of New Brunswick is in a forward state. The eight which still remain to be commenced are, Good Hope, Ceylon, Sierra Leone, S. Australia, Port Philip, W. Australia, N. India, S. India. Thus for the first time has the Anglican Church set herself in earnest to the great work, which, as firm believers in her truly evangelical and apostolical character, we may be permitted to trust that Providence, planting her in the most powerful of empires, designed her to accomplish. And at what period has she undertaken it, and under what circumstances? In an age of unrivalled energy and of unexampled progress in the useful arts—in an age which has already seen the life of man doubled in length by the double facilities afforded for the accomplishment of almost every secular purpose. The Atlantic is reduced to a ten days' passage. In three months letters are answered from India. Already a project has been adopted by Government for a monthly communication between London and Hong Kong, to be accomplished in forty-eight days. Men talk of intersecting the Isthmus of Suez, and pouring into the Mediterranean the waters of the Red Sea. Darien is to be divided by a canal, and Panama is to be the first station for passengers on their way to New Zealand.

Another consideration adds immeasurably to the importance of the present time as an era in the history of Christianity. The population of these islands, stimulated by the prosperity of our commerce, and nurtured by the continuance of peace, is increasing with a rapidity which daily presses itself more urgently upon the attention of Government. The subject of Emigration is yearly fixing on itself more and more of deliberate systematic attention. The unlimited extent of our colonial empire—the ever-growing demand for new markets for our domestic produce—the increasing facilities of removal—the pressure extending itself to the educated classes, and inducing men of talent, of letters, even of high connexion at home, to expatriate themselves in quest of the independence which our feelings render so indispensable to an Englishman—all these circumstances tend in the same direction. Emigration is no longer the isolated adventure of a solitary settler: it is the organized exportation from home of a complete colony. Judges and Governors appear in the Gazette; a bar and a staff are passengers in the first ship; and maxims of worldly wisdom conspire with better motives to suggest that a Bishop and his chaplains shall form a part of the original design.

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The existing societies are appealed to, new subscriptions opened, the favour of Government bespoken, and in some cases land reserves are set apart, by whose increasing value the increasing exigencies of the Church may be provided for in future years.

It is the necessity of England to found colonies and to extend her empire. We are not of those who presume to interpret before the time the mysteries of prophecy; but who can hesitate to believe that in those anticipatory records of history, so powerful a country, and so remarkable a church, as the Kingdom and the Church of England—have been not obscurely written; and who does not dare to hope that when, in the accomplishment of all things, the light of interpretation shall be thrown upon those awful pages, it may plainly appear that England was the ark in which the Gospel was preserved—her peaceful and commercial policy the means by which, under the blessing of Providence, its truths were conveyed to the world? It is no fanatical imagination to believe that the necessity for an universal publication of the Gospel is revealed in Scripture; and surely the circumstances to which we have referred seem to indicate an unprecedented advance actually taking place and in immediate prospect—of which the efficient instrument is the extension of the British empire and the emigration of the Anglo-Saxon race.

That this subject will command the serious attention of her Majesty's Government, the constitution of the present cabinet, and the character of the noble Lord who presides over the Colonial Department, forbid us to doubt. But the great end cannot be accomplished, either wholly or mainly, by the mere instrumentality and power of government. It often happens that those who are very enthusiastic about the ends at which they aim, are much too indolent to think with care about the means by which they can attain them. Philanthropy with them is easy, for it is an effort of the imagination only, and not a practical work of the understanding. Reasoners of this class lay burdens on others heavy and grievous to be borne, but themselves scarcely touch them with one of their fingers: and whenever they have no other subject for their burden, they are ready to lay the whole upon the shoulders of government. Now it needs but a little reflection, and certainly still less experience, to perceive that in a mixed constitution like ours, for any purpose of religious enterprise, the arm of executive power is shortened. It is something that there are no Lord Cornburys, and no Sir Robert Walpoles. But government is mainly useful in securing fair play, and free and perfect scope for voluntary exertion. Something it may do, and so much it is imperatively called upon to do, *proprio vigore*, by direct assistance. But at all times the earnest co-operation of all classes  
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of society is required to justify its interference and to support its efforts. The Archbishops and Bishops of our Church are forward to the task—the clergy are ready, in this as in every other effort, up to and beyond their means. Among the laity a spirit has at length gone forth, which we fervently trust may produce in these our times fruits corresponding to the wealth of England, and not unworthy the high cause to which they are devoted. An ‘Appeal on behalf of the Church and its Missions in the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Empire,’ was published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the course of 1843, with the signature of the Bishop of Chester as Chairman. The subject has been taken up by every Bishop of the Church at home, and Letters from each of them are appended to the Report for that year.

The question therefore is propounded to the British people with every circumstance of authority, of influence, of practical necessity. If we regard it merely upon grounds of civil and commercial policy, we must remember that the leaven of loyalty has uniformly been conveyed to the people through the medium of the Church. The recent outbreak in the manufacturing districts of England exhibited that portion of the population which belonged to the Church as faithful, orderly, and peaceable. It is matter of history that the Church party in America was co-extensive with that of the British connexion. The individual who lately placed upon the paper of the House of Commons a notice of motion for the abolition of the Established Church, is the same individual who in 1839 exhorted the Canadians to shake off the ‘baneful domination’ of the mother-country. What the Church has done and is doing for Canada in the crisis of the great experiment which England is now trying in that colony, let the following extract testify. The Bishop of Toronto writes:—

‘There is something worthy of remark in regard to this mission. Lloydtown was considered the focus of the rebellion which broke out in this province in 1837. Before that time, such was the hatred of the inhabitants of the village to the Church of England, that it was scarcely safe for one of our missionaries to approach it. Lloydtown suffered very much from the outbreak, and during their distress, and while some troops remained in it stationary to keep order, the Rev. F. L. Osler, of Tecumseth, ventured to visit the place. At first his ministrations were in a great measure confined to the troops, but with a kind discretion he seized upon this period of affliction to extend his services to the inhabitants generally; and it pleased God to bless his labours in the most singular manner, so that a large congregation has been gathered, an excellent-sized church built, the character of the village redeemed as to loyalty, and a complete change effected among the people in their sentiments respecting the Church of England: formerly they seemed all enemies;

enemies; now the majority are steady and zealous friends. This proves what the Church would effect in promoting peace and loyalty, were it zealously supported by the Imperial Government, instead of prisons, police, and troops. On the 6th of August I held a confirmation at Lloydstown; the church was filled almost to suffocation; it was the first episcopal visit, and as there had not been time for much preparation, only twelve candidates came forward for confirmation, but I look for a very large number on the next occasion.'

These are secondary, but legitimate, motives, and must not be overlooked, for their bearing on the government is immediate, and beyond dispute. Higher motives, nobler views, better and more cogent principles will act upon all, in whatever station, whose interest in Christianity is real.

ART. IX.—1. *A Memoir of the Union and the Agitations for its Repeal, &c.* By an Irish Catholic. 8vo. pp. 133. Dublin and London. 1843.

2. *Ireland—the Union of 1801, 41 Geo. III., c. 27 (all on one side), does and always will draw away from Ireland her Men of skill, genius, capital, and rank: all who raise and distinguish a Nation. A Federal (the only fair) Union between Great Britain and Ireland inevitable, and most desirable for both Islands. Lord John Russell and the Whigs better Conservatives than Sir Robert Peel and the Tories.* By J. G. V. Porter, Esq. London and Dublin. pp. 71. N. d. [1844.]

3. *Federalism—its inapplicability to the wants and necessities of the Country; its assumed impracticability considered, with Remarks and Observations on the Rise and Progress of the present Repeal Movement in Ireland; in reply to J. G. V. Porter, Esq.* By Francis Wyse, Esq. 8vo. pp. 46. Dublin and London. 1844.

IN our number of September last year we gave the history of the Repeal Agitation up to that date. We showed with what art Mr. O'Connell had managed to keep that agitation alive—now repressing and now inflaming it according to the varying views of his personal and political interest; and with what a characteristic mixture of audacity and craft he made the most formidable exhibitions of physical force, while he kept, as he hoped, within the verge of the law, or—to speak more truly—within the precedents of impunity which, by the connivance of the Whig Ministry, he himself had cautiously and gradually established. We accounted for the reluctance of the Conservative Government to mark its accession to office by the violent interruption



interruption of proceedings and meetings which had been, as it were, sanctioned by their predecessors, and in defence of which it would be, and was, in fact, alleged that,—illegal as they might be in principle,—they had hitherto produced no direct breach of the public peace. But we expressed, also, our opinion, that this forbearance must soon have an end—that the evil was daily and hourly assuming a more formidable character,—and that it was impossible much longer to delay the suppression of this system of collective agitation,—as scandalous to the law, as it was dangerous to the peace of the country and the very existence of the Constitution.

Mr. O'Connell was as well aware of all this as the Ministry. Hence the extraordinary, and, through the influence of the Roman Catholic priests, successful efforts that those monster meetings should exhibit no actual breach of the peace—hence the ridiculously over-acted fury with which he excommunicated from his political congregation—and even *blotted out from the map of Ireland*—a little town called Ahascragh, where some poor Paddies had *got up a row* in defence of a triumphal arch prepared for his reception, but which the local magistrates had ordered to be removed, as an obstruction to the Queen's high-way, and a probable incentive to riot—hence Mr. O'Connell's frequent, and, we have little doubt, sincere admonitions to the people 'to keep the peace,'—not indeed for peace-sake—O no!—but to prolong the impunity which he was turning to so good an account, and to adjourn to *his own chosen time* the actual outbreak.

'I caution you'—(he said at Clifden, in Connemara, on the 16th of September)—'that any man who may commit a crime will *strengthen the enemy*. Force and violence are not to be used. *If the time for using them were to come, THERE IS ONE HERE will tell you that THE TIME HAS COME.* [Cheers, and "*We will follow you.*"]' \*

And then, to mitigate this inuendo, pregnant with rebellion, and to bring it within the screen, as he hoped, of the law, he added,—

'Yes; because you know that I never will tell you till your enemies attack you, and if they do, I will tell you; and woe to those who dare attack you.'

Again, at a public dinner the same day he repeated (as, indeed, he did on all occasions) the same peculiarly *Irish* mixture of the offensive and defensive—peculiarly Irish, we say, because, under an apparent confusion of ideas and contradiction of terms, the real meaning cannot be mistaken. The following passage of

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\* Our extracts from Mr. O'Connell's speeches are all made from the newspaper reports.

this speech has become by subsequent events additionally remarkable:—

‘Ireland ought, should, and *shall be* free. If he were asked why he did not rush to the contest at once, he answered that he abhorred such an idea—though the master of thirty-six legions had not more power than he had for the last six months,—that power he would use, but not abuse, in its *mild, legal, and moral* application. *He had cowed England*; he stood in a high position,—he *defied* the British Ministry to take it away. (*Cheers.*) He stood on ‘vantage ground now. He had none of the fighting age—aye, why should he not say it?—none of the fighting age, as they called it. He would not use it; but he said, “*VILLAINS, attack us if you dare!*” (*The whole assembly stood up, and shouted, and waved plates, hats, bottles, and wine-glasses tumultuously for a few moments.*)’

Such were ‘the mild, legal, and moral’ considerations presented to the people by Mr. O’Connell, and such the tranquillity of which he boasted—the tranquillity of a bomb-shell while the fuse is burning!

—Whether he really wished the Government to attack him, and so obtain an excuse for the general insurrection which, in that event, he menaced, is matter of doubt. We incline to the negative for many reasons, but for two chiefly:—the first and most weighty is, because he must be well aware that the contest, dreadful and disastrous as it might be, would be short and decisive, and that he and his faction would be annihilated when brought into aggressive collision with the power of the law, backed by the strength of the empire;—and, secondly, because Mr. O’Connell has never shown himself over-ready to incur personal risks. We say it with no sneer—but, on the contrary, with approbation, and as a fact necessary to the discussion; and, moreover, we really believe him to be—under a swaggering air of rash, rough, and reckless audacity—a man not only of great ability, good sense and prudence, but of natural humanity—personally kind-hearted and good-natured, and sincerely averse to the shedding of blood, or even to popular violence.

As we shall have frequent occasions to refer to the party of which Mr. O’Connell is the head as, distinctively, the *Roman Catholic* party, and as, indeed, there is hardly one of Mr. O’Connell’s speeches or proceedings which does not enforce that distinction, we beg leave—at the outset, and once for all—to say, that we fully and gladly acknowledge that not a few of the Roman Catholic gentry and clergy are—some professedly, but the majority silently—good and loyal subjects, averse to agitation, friends to the British connexion; but their numbers are comparatively so small, and they have taken so little part in the recent trans-

actions,

actions, that we hope they will not be offended if, for brevity's sake, we speak of the Irish Roman Catholics as *one party*, without making, on every occasion, a special exception in favour of the respectable minority among them whom Mr. O'Connell compliments with the titles of '*apostates and renegades*.'

A proof of the existence of sound and loyal principles amongst the educated Catholics, and an instance of Mr. O'Connell's mode of dealing with gentlemen bold enough to avow them, has occurred while we are writing with respect to the pamphlet of Mr. Francis Wyse, named at the head of our article. This work, which we can honestly say is exceedingly creditable to the good sense, talents, and patriotism of the writer, is further remarkable as the production of a Roman Catholic gentleman of an old and respectable family, *brother of Mr. Thomas Wyse*, the member for Waterford; and it not only exposes the fallacy of what is called Federalism, but deals very severely and very justly with Mr. O'Connell's Repeal agitation. It seems that the pamphlet, with an accompanying letter probably from its author, Mr. Francis Wyse, was presented to the Repeal Association during Mr. O'Connell's absence; and we find that at a following meeting, 26th November, Mr. O'Connell observed that—

'The letter in which that pamphlet was enclosed was a *forgery*, and an insult to *Mr. Wyse*, but a greater insult to the Association which was presented with such a trashy publication. It was but an act of justice to *Mr. Wyse* to mention the facts (laughter); and he moved that the entry of the receipt of that pamphlet be expunged from their minute-book.'

Thus, by the ambiguous and jesuitical use of the designation '*Mr. Wyse*'—which, though more strictly belonging to the elder brother, *Mr. Thomas Wyse*, would appear by the context to mean the alleged author of the pamphlet—Mr. O'Connell or his reporter has endeavoured to obliterate the name of *Mr. Francis Wyse* from the transaction, and to brand his genuine, able, and honest work with the imputation of *forgery*.

We notice this transaction not only as illustrative of Mr. O'Connell's candour, but in justice to Mr. Francis Wyse, whose work deserves to be extensively read; and also to mark the important and gratifying fact, which Mr. O'Connell takes such pains to suppress, of the existence amongst the Roman Catholic gentry of a spirit hostile to the anarchical proceedings and objects of the *anti-Union* agitation.

But though this feeling prevails amongst the upper classes to a greater extent than is generally supposed, every thinking man of all parties knows that there exists and always has existed a violent and bigoted Roman Catholic party in Ireland, whose undying and



unvarying hope and object have been—the extirpation of the Protestant religion—the expulsion of the Protestant race—the confiscation of Protestant property—and, as the means to all this, the national independence of Ireland. *This*—however parties may affect to disguise it from themselves and from each other—is the plain and simple truth,—as certain—however occasionally concealed—as the sun in heaven. It is the key to the whole enigma of Irish history, from the first conquest down to the present day; for even prior to the Reformation, Ireland complained of religious grievances, and set up the direct papal authority against the Anglican Catholicism of that early day.\* The Reformation did no more than envenom the wound,—and the generic name of *Sassenagh*, or Saxon, became only the more odious in Irish mouths and ears by becoming a substitute for *Protestant*.

With this party Mr. O'Connell has been led by a concurrence of circumstances to ally, if not identify, himself; and it is, in fact, the real source of his power, and the true interpretation of his newly adopted watchword '*Ireland for the Irish!*' We can hardly, and in truth do not suppose, that so clever a man as Mr. O'Connell can be so blinded by interest or ambition as to believe seriously that this—or, indeed, any other—species of Irish *independence* is possible, *in rerum naturâ*. It is a law of nature—moral and political as well as physical—that the greater body shall overbalance and control the less; and Ireland can no more free herself from the influence of England than the Moon could abandon the Earth and set up for herself as an independent planet. We cannot suspect Mr. O'Connell of such lunacy; and yet, on the other hand, it must be admitted that his language and his measures, particularly in the course of last year, have been gradually assuming a strong insurrectionary character, which we can only reconcile with the opinion we have just expressed, by supposing that he acts on the well-known principle that in the *whirl* of revolutionary movements he that stops must fall, and that, over-confident in his own and his priesthood's power over the multitude, he ventures to risk a national calamity rather than resign the vast pecuniary profit and proud political influence of his personal position. Let us add one further consideration. Is it not possible that he him-

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\* 'Veruntamen queruntur Hiberni dominium istud Anglicanum inter ipsos datum à præscriptis sibi conditionibus et finibus quàm citissimè deflexisse. Et ab ipso quidem jam dicto Henrico rege iucipientes, ostendunt quam ille (Henry II.) vel parvam vel nullam habuerit rationem Ecclesiis in Hibernia jura sua seu libertates conservando, qui eò processit *insolentia*, ut sub Adriani IV. successore proximo Alexandro III. in suo regno Angliæ, et actâ Synodo, leges quasdam tulerit utilitati et dignitati Ecclesiæ repugnantes, sicut in Romano officio ex prenominato Johanne episcopo istud recitatur, &c.—*Prodrinus, Descript. Regni Hiberniæ. Romæ, Superiorum acutellæ, c. iii.*

self may be secretly goaded, embarrassed, and bewildered, not merely by his own restless ambition, but by secret influences and impulses which render him, like a runaway horse, blind to and reckless of the danger to which his headlong career exposes both himself and others? It was so with Napoleon, who ran half wilfully, half blindly, into a pitfall of his own digging.

But whatever were the leader's secret views and motives, it is certain that at the close of the Parliamentary session of 1843, and when he was secure from any immediate interference of the Legislature, the agitation assumed a new type. Hitherto the meetings had been generally held in or near great towns and populous districts, where there might be some pretence for assembling the people of the vicinity for the purposes of petitioning. We all know that this was a mere pretence, and a flimsy one, for people were collected from great distances, and nobody thought of a petition; but it was employed to give a kind of legal colour to these illegal proceedings—trebly illegal—first, as risking the public peace—secondly, as meant to intimidate the Government and the Legislature—thirdly, as habituating the people to be arrayed and marched for considerable distances in a kind of discipline and under an organised system—a useful training for actual war. But to these, which we may call local meetings, were now added a class that affected to be more peculiarly national; and which were assembled—not even under the pretence of convenience to any particular vicinity, but, on the contrary, in remote places of comparatively scanty population, selected as appropriate scenes for such gatherings on account of some ancient local traditions connected with '*Irish independence*'—or the '*treachery and cruelty of the Saxon*'—or the ultimate triumph of '*Ireland over exterminated invaders*'—and so forth. Our readers will see that this, though it did not essentially alter the nature of these meetings, gave them a far more broadly marked character of rebellion against the Imperial Crown and Constitution.

The first of them that attracted particular notice was one held on Tuesday, the 15th of August, at Tara Hill, in the county of Meath, about twenty-five miles from Dublin, the ancient seat, according to Irish traditions, of the federal sovereignty of Ireland. It was further recommended by having been a battle-field between the Irish and Danes in early times, and, again, between the Irish rebels and the royalist forces in 1798. All these circumstances afforded Mr. O'Connell topics for the most inflammatory appeals to the passions of the multitude, with no obscure hints of the means and alliances by which the national independence was to be restored. Our whole number would not suffice for all the quotations which Mr. O'Connell's speeches would

supply to our view of his case: we must content ourselves with a very few, and those perhaps, in *l'embarras du choix*, not always the most striking that might be selected:—

‘We are on the spot where the monarchs of Ireland were elected, and where the chieftains of Ireland bound themselves by the sacred pledge of honour and the ties of religion to stand by their native land against the Danes—or any other strangers. \* \* \* \*’

‘On this important spot I have an important duty to perform. I here protest in the face of my country—in the face of our Creator—in the face of Ireland—and of our God—I protest against the continuance of the unfounded and unjust Union. My proposition is that the Union is not binding upon us—is not binding, I mean, in conscience—it is void in principle—it is void as a matter of right—it is void in constitutional law, &c. I am ready to argue the question in the face of civilised Europe—especially of FRANCE and liberated Spain—I proclaim to THEM its nullity—and in the presence of the hundred States of AMERICA I proclaim that it is a nullity.’

Then, after some low and contemptible invective\* against the Duke of Wellington and some invidious compliments to the army, he proceeded—

‘He did not disparage them (the soldiers) at all, when he said that if they were sent to make war on the people, he had *women enough to beat all the army in Ireland.*’

Such Copper-Captain balderdash deserves no more serious notice than to ask—‘*at what weapons?*’—whenever it may be

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\* We can make allowance for an occasional slip of the tongue, or even for a sprinkling of coarse language in an orator (particularly one of the *perfidum genus Hibernorum*) addressing such audiences on such subjects as Mr. O’Connell deals with; but there can be no excuse for the frequency and indecency of his personal abuse. ‘Dotard’—‘driveller’—‘liar’—‘living lie’—‘liar general’—‘maniac’—‘beastly’—‘bigot’—‘wretch’—‘dog’—‘louse’—‘base’—‘mad’—‘mean’—‘bloody’—‘brutal’—‘dirty’—‘ugly’—‘cringing’—‘paltry,’ &c.: such are the epithets which Mr. O’Connell has recently applied—individually and *nominatim*—to noblemen, judges, and gentlemen—all eminent for their stations and talents, and generally amiable and respectable in their private manners and lives. Nor can we trace that any one of them could have given Mr. O’Connell any personal offence, or any kind of excuse for such personal insults. We have left out of our list what he might call *re-torts* on his newspaper critics—for though they are sometimes very outrageous, those gentlemen can take their own parts. Nor do we complain of the sharpness, or even harshness of political invective—strong feelings will prompt strong words—*hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*. But with regard to such mere personalities as we have quoted, we wonder that Mr. O’Connell does not remember that, though a *demagogue*, he is a gentleman, and is, of all men, peculiarly bound not to outstep the decencies of society. He ought never to forget that he has released himself from the ordinary appeal against such conduct. We say this not *ad invidiam*—quite the reverse. We should honour him for having had the feeling and the courage to do so, if—in a like spirit, and with a corresponding delicacy—he would avoid giving a species of offence for which he can afford no redress. He gave up the term *Saxon*—which no Saxon cared about—at Mr. O’Neil’s request. We think his best friends would be still more gratified by his also abandoning ‘wretch’ and ‘miscreant,’ and similar flowers of vulgar rhetoric very unworthy a man of his talents and station.



‘ a time

To play with mammals and to tilt with lips,’

we have no doubt that the Irish ladies will be a full match for the English garrison; but we beg leave seriously to suggest to Mr. O’Connell that his allusions to the conflicts between those whom he chooses to call *native Irishmen* and British or Anglo-Irish soldiers are liable to contradictions and retorts, which we, for obvious reasons, decline to make, but which will occur spontaneously to every one acquainted with the history of Ireland. At the evening banquet of Tara, after stating that the immense crowd of the morning ‘ had dissolved like snow and returned to their homes in peace and quiet,’ and having detailed certain atrocities imputed to ‘ the vile and *Saxon* barbarian Cromwell,’ he alludes to more recent events in the same braggadocio style—

‘ Tara Hill is also stained with modern blood, and the bones are not yet mouldered of the *individuals* who were *massacred* by hundreds upon it! But if such a force was brought from *England* now—if it were announced to the people that some *paltry Orangemen* were armed, and that *foreign soldiers* were brought over to butcher, to slaughter, and to dishonour—Oh, tell the people *that*, and see whether they would have melted away like snow!’

We will just add, by way of sober commentary on this tirade, that the ‘ *individuals*’ thus ‘ *massacred*’ were a *rebel army* defeated on the 26th of May, 1798, at Tara Hill, where they had taken up a formidable position, after having for some days previous ravaged the neighbouring country—that the ‘ *foreign soldiers*’ employed against them were his Majesty’s Reay *Highlanders*—and that the ‘ *paltry Orangemen*’ were the Yeoman Cavalry, commanded on that occasion by the Earl of Fingal, a *Roman Catholic nobleman* of the most amiable and conciliatory character. And we will further state—in reference to the dire defeat that Mr. O’Connell assured his auditory would *now* await the Royalists on a similar occasion—that the rebel army was computed at 4000 men, posted on a steep hill, and sheltered behind ditches and stone walls; while the King’s forces, consisting of three companies of the Reay Fencibles and three troops of Yeomanry, could not have exceeded 400 men! We shall see presently more of Mr. O’Connell’s historical accuracy—but assuredly the historical auspices of Tara Hill were anything but propitious to the idea of rebel invincibility.

Mr. O’Connell states in a recent letter, and therefore deliberately and advisedly, that ‘ *at the lowest calculation ONE MILLION of Irish were assembled*’ at Tara—and so admirably organised, and

and so entirely under the command of their leaders was this enormous multitude, that he farther boasts that 'not one single person was pressed upon, or trodden upon, or hurt or injured—aye, even by accident' (*ib.*). And then, with that more than Pindaric boldness, to which old Bentley gave a coarser name, he exclaims, 'Are not these a people fit to *share in the government of their native land?* Oh, how idly are jealousies and fears entertained of *such a people!*' (*ib.*). Choosing to forget that Ireland and Irishmen have, *even now*, some little share in the councils of the empire; and that to any sagacious observer of the Irish character, and even to any attentive auditor of his own speech, there could be no more fearful symptom for the peace of the country than that preternatural and hollow tranquillity

'Which, hushed in grim repose, expects its prey.'

In the course of September, meetings, under the new title of '*Provincial*,' were held at Loughrea and Clifden for Connaught, and at Lismore for Munster,—each of which was marked by progressive violence—that of Lismore (24th September) being distinguished by a more warlike tone than had been yet taken.

'I have no unwillingness (said Mr. O'Connell) that they [the Government] should go to law with me, for *I defied them before and will defy them again to go to law with me*; for if they did not pack a jury I would be acquitted, and if they did pack one they would make me a martyr, but let them think how *that would tell to quiet the people*.

'A Voice.—*Let them dare it.* (The whole company here rose and continued to cheer most enthusiastically for several minutes.)

'The Liberator.—They may put me into prison, but will those on the other side of the wall be secure for that? (Hear.) Will that proceeding make the violent man more moderate, or the moderate man less violent? (No, no! and great cheering.) *I have defied them already to war*, and they have *shrunk away in a paltry manner*.

'Mr. Barry.—Aye, Mallow.

'The Liberator.—Yes, an *aspiration* came over me at Mallow, but *I then checked it* :—

' "Oh! Erin, shall it e'er be mine  
To wreak thy wrongs in battle line—  
To raise my victor head and see  
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?—  
That glance of bliss is all I crave  
Between my labours and my grave."

(The delivery of this stanza was followed by most tremendous and oft-renewed shouts of applause.)

Our readers will observe here the gradation from *law* to *war*, and that the *warlike* '*aspiration*,' suppressed at Mallow, was now boldly proclaimed—

proclaimed—‘tremendous and oft-renewed shouts of applause’ testifying the eagerness of the auditory ‘to wreak their wrongs in battle line.’ All this was not, as it seems at first sight, mere bluster—the more immediate object was, no doubt, to intimidate the Government from taking legal measures against him by thus suggesting that *going to law* with him would be really *going to war*, and that to ‘put him in prison’ would be to create an Irish rebellion.

These proceedings were followed up by an attempt to implicate the Queen’s troops (assembled in the neighbourhood by way of precaution) in the seditious demonstration of the day:—

‘It has been rumoured about Lismore that very many of these gallant fellows loudly “pronounced”\* on Sunday evening in favour of O’Connell and Repeal, and toasted success to both in brimming glasses. The procession [O’Connell’s] had so much of *military precision* and commanding majesty about it, that they [the soldiers] could not refrain from expressing their warmest admiration of the “*measured tread*” of their *marching brethren* as they went forward in *array* to the place of meeting.’

The next step in this military march was the celebrated meeting at *Mullaghmast* on the 1st of October; and the more important and *decisive* character which it seemed now determined to give to these meetings was announced by the preparatory publication, in the *Nation*, the chief Repeal organ in Dublin, of a seditious manifesto, headed ‘THE COMING STRUGGLE.’ This paper was so remarkable for its belligerent tone, as well as for its prophetic title, that it was transferred from that ‘recognised organ of sedition’ to the *Times* of the 2nd of October, 1844, to warn the English public that Mr. O’Connell and his party were—now and at length—‘*throwing off all disguise*.’

These circumstances show the peculiar and prospective importance attached to this new aspect of the agitation.

*Mullaghmast* is a *rath* or artificial hill, somewhat like the *barrows* on the English downs, the origin or use of which is lost in the night of time; but it was chosen as an appropriate scene of national excitement, because Mr. O’Connell, in his recently published ‘*Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon*,’ had repeated a story of a most treacherous massacre perpetrated on this spot by one of Queen Elizabeth’s lords-lieutenant, on a party of Irish gentry, whose *graves* Mr. O’Connell traced in the undulating surface of the ancient *rath*. The fact (as has been clearly proved in the discussion which Mr. O’Connell’s revival of the slander provoked) was *altogether fabulous*—the mere phan-

\* Our readers will recollect the *mutinous* and insurrectionary meaning which the Spanish revolution had at this time given to the word ‘pronounced.’



tom of fraud, or blunder, or both—*neither it, nor anything like it, having ever happened.*\* But what of that? the reality of the scene seemed to authenticate the truth of the legend, and both were well calculated to inflame—if any extraneous inflammation had been necessary—the hatred and exasperation of the ignorant multitude against the British nation. *There*, then, on the imaginary graves of those fabled martyrs, Mr. O'Connell pronounced an harangue so violent, so insulting, and, above all, so boastful of the *physical force* which he said he had at his command—that, looking at all the circumstances of the case, even those who had given him credit for a prudent reluctance to an outbreak, began

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\* The whole affair does as little credit to Mr. O'Connell's literary character and personal candour as it does to his political loyalty. The first version quoted in the *Nation* of this 'ineffable horror,' was that it had been perpetrated by the *Earl of Sussex* to bring about the subjugation of the districts of Leix and Ophaly; but it was found that Sussex was one of *Queen Mary's* Lord Deputies, and that the settlement of Leix and Ophaly had occurred in that *Roman Catholic* reign. It became necessary, therefore, to shift the massacre twenty years later in order to charge it upon the *Protestant* Government of Queen Elizabeth. This of course would be Mr. O'Connell's version: and he quoted in his book the contemporary authority of *Fynes Morrison (Moryson)*. The learned editor of the *Standard* London newspaper—well versed in Irish history and discrediting both versions of the tale—found that nothing of the kind was related by Moryson, whose name the new historian could not even spell. Mr. O'Connell then relied on a passage in Dr. Leland's 'History of Ireland,' in which also the story is told, but of a different lord-lieutenant; and on this Mr. O'Connell observes 'that every body knew that the book was the composition of a *Protestant doctor of divinity*; and that it was intended to palliate the cruelties of England towards Ireland.' On looking, however, into Leland, it was found that he had not repeated the story on his own authority, nor admitted it into his text, but stated it in a note as having been furnished to him by Mr. O'Connor, a *Roman Catholic* gentleman, as a translation from an Irish manuscript: so that Mr. O'Connell's authority of a '*Protestant doctor of divinity*' turned out to be a *Roman Catholic gentleman's* version of an anonymous and unproduced Irish manuscript. This, in ordinary criticism, would have been sufficiently decisive against Mr. O'Connell and his legend; but the indefatigable editor was, on further search, enabled to give them the *coup de grace*—he found the groundwork of the story recorded by Holinshed in his description of Ireland—*before the date assigned by Mr. O'Connell to the massacre*—not as *fact* which had happened, but as a '*blind prophecy*' of something which the credulity of the Irish *expected* to happen on this spot. Here is the passage from Holinshed, ed. 1577, which explains also how the name of the Earl of Sussex came to be mixed up with this fable:

'There is also in the countye of Kyldare a goodly felde called Molleaghmast. Divers blinde propheties runne of this place. That there *shall* be a bloudie felde fought there between ye Englishe inhabitantes of Ireland and the Irish, and so bloudy forsooth it *shall* be, that a myll in a yale harde by it *shall* run four and twentie houres with the streame of blood that shall powre downe from the hill. The Irish doubtlesse repose a great affaunce in this *baldoctiom dreame*. On the top of this height stande motes or roundels, very formally fashioned, where the strengthe of the English army, as they say, *shall* be encamped. The *Earl of Sussex* being Lord Lieutenante of Irelande was accustomed to wishe that if any such prophesie were to be fulfilled, it shoulde happen in his government, to the ende that he might be general of the field.'

Here we have the germ of this blundering and impudent lie; and we see how the Earl of Sussex's gallant 'aspiration' to be in a battle, if it were to be fought, was perverted into his having been guilty of a monstrous and cold-blooded treachery. All this is permanently important as exposing the inveterate and unalterable malignity against England, which has been in all times the staple of Irish patriotism.

to believe that he had at last made up his mind to force on a direct conflict with the Government.

Mixed up with this formidable exhibition of force and these fierce declamations, there were some circumstances of Mr. O'Connell's personal deportment on this occasion which at first sight look like either very puerile or very extravagant. He appeared, it seems, this day in some kind of scarlet robes, with a gold chain or collar—those, we presume, of a Dublin alderman—but why he should have paraded these municipal insignia on the Rath of Mullaghmast, we should never have guessed, if he himself had not afforded us a clue. Everybody remembers the Irish melody:—

' Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,  
When *Malachy* wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the *proud invader*:—  
When her Kings, with the standard of green unfurled,  
Led her red-branch knights to danger,  
Ere the *emerald gem* of the western world  
Was set in the brow of a *Stranger* !'

At the opening of the Mullaghmast meeting, Mr. O'Connell, robed and decorated as we have stated, ascended the chair, and on this Irish *Lupercal* received an address read by a Mr. Mark O'Callaghan with the title of '*Most Illustrious Sir*,' and an offering of 'an article of domestic manufacture—a cap of *green velvet* and *gold in the form of the old Milesian crown*.' This crown, Mr. O'Connell, less modest than Cæsar, accepted\*—and placing it, like Buonaparte, on his own head, declared he would wear it till his dying day, and that it should be buried in his coffin; and then—referring to his *gold chain*—he likened himself to *Malachy*, who

' wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the *proud invader* !'

This seems to us, in the sober retirement of our closets, mere tomfoolery; but it is clear that the scene was seriously got up, and on an ignorant and enthusiastic multitude might have produced a serious effect. It is reported, however, to have failed; and the people *laughed* outright to see O'Connell in his *velvet* cap and Mark Antony O'Callaghan in a *frize* one, with which, in imitation of the *peers at a coronation*, he had covered his own head as soon as the modern *Malachy* had put on his *Milesian Crown*!

\* '*Mark Ant.* You all did see that on the *Lupercal*

I thrice presented him a *kingly crown*,

Which he did thrice refuse.'—*Jul. Cæs.* act iv. scene 2.

The gentleman who read the address on this occasion was really Mr. Mark O'Callaghan.

But

But all this melodram of Mullaghmast was but a prelude to a design of unmixed gravity and indisputable danger.

Another meeting, intended to be the continuation and climax of Tara and Mullaghmast, was summoned by a number of Roman Catholic priests for the ensuing week—Sunday the 8th of October—to be held at Clontarf, a small village on the north shore of Dublin Bay. Again, the selection of this place had a direct reference to the main—and at each step the less disguised—object of all these proceedings—WAR WITH THE SAXON. Clontarf was the scene on which Brian Borome, one of the federal sovereigns of Ireland, defeated the *Danes* in a bloody and decisive battle—which has long been a favourite theme with Irish patriots, as prophetic and symbolical of a similar expulsion of the *Saxons*.

In pursuance of this leading idea, we find that one of the resolutions intended to have been proposed at Clontarf, and afterwards moved at a Dublin meeting by Mr. Tyrrell, a priest, one of Mr. O'Connell's co-defendants, was—

'Resolved—That we, the clergy, gentry, freeholders, and other inhabitants of Fingal [the northern portion of the county of Dublin is so called], in public meeting assembled, declare and *pronounce*, in the presence of our country, and before Europe and *America*, and in the sight of heaven, that NO POWER ON EARTH OUGHT OF RIGHT TO MAKE LAWS TO BIND THIS KINGDOM, SAVE THE QUEEN, LORDS, AND COMMONS OF IRELAND [*sic*]; and here standing, on the ever-memorable battle-field of Clontarf—THE MARATHON OF IRELAND—we solemnly pledge ourselves to use every constitutional exertion to free this our native land from the tyranny of being legislated for by others than her own inhabitants.'

This resolution was evidently drawn up with all Mr. O'Connell's skill at evading the law, but we think our readers will be of opinion that the first passage printed in capitals (which is so distinguished in the Repeal newspapers) is, notwithstanding the introduction of the cautious terms 'OUGHT OF RIGHT,' nothing short of treasonable.

But Clontarf, besides its traditional and symbolical fitness for an anticipated triumph over the *Stranger*, had another peculiarity which rendered a great meeting in that locality of additional importance and danger. Tara and Mullaghmast were, as we have said, mere country districts—not in the vicinity of any considerable town—each above a *day's march* from the capital; and there was little or no danger of hostile collision, because none would come there who did not partake of the general feeling—but Clontarf is within sight of Dublin—to which, indeed, it is almost a suburb, joined to rather than separated from the city by a broad sea-side terrace a couple of miles in length, bordered by  
houses



houses and villas, and a favourite Sunday walk of the citizens. In fact it is Dublin; and so situated that, of whatever numbers might have attended the meeting, two-thirds at least must have marched through the city; and can any one in his senses suppose that the loyal and Protestant citizens could have looked at this illegal and insulting invasion—*on a Sunday too*\*—without deep dissatisfaction and disquiet; and could it be hoped—exemplary as had been the conduct of the loyalists throughout this long series of provocations—that some hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, of hostile politics and persuasions—the one party triumphing, the other alarmed and indignant—could have been brought into contact, under such circumstances, without the almost certainty of collision, which, however trivial or accidental in its origin, might have spread into a universal and uncontrollable conflagration; and who can venture to say to what disastrous excesses might have been carried the frenzy of a *million* of infuriated enthusiasts? Mr. O'Connell and the priests would have been, no doubt, anxious to prevent such a calamity—but just able as they are, and no more, to keep the peace amongst their own followers when all goes on smooth and there is no disturbing or exciting cause, if that ocean of men had been once put into commotion, they would have probably been utterly powerless, and instead of being able to save others, might have themselves been victims of the indiscriminate tumult.

We fairly confess, however, that we totally discredit these brag-gadocio numbers. We do not believe that Mr. O'Connell, or any man since King Xerxes, ever brought a million of men into one field; and we are confident that the garrison, the constables, and the loyal citizens of Dublin, small as their comparative numbers must have been, would, if the dreadful necessity had been forced upon them, have exhibited a *Marathon* ('I thank thee, Priest, for teaching me that word!') rather than a *Thermopylæ*, and successfully resisted the multitudinous aggression; but it is undeniable that the numbers reasonably to be expected were quite great enough for all the risk and mischief that we have indicated—and that the moment was at last arrived when the preventive interference of the Government had become indispensable to avert the possibility of such deplorable calamities.

This necessity was rendered if possible more urgent by a new feature of the agitation. Simultaneously with the Mullaghmast

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\* It is a remarkable fact, and proves how essentially *anti-Protestant* all these Repeal meetings are, that they seem to be held by preference on the *Sunday*, as if it were intended not merely to exclude Protestants, but even to insult them in their religious feelings. In one of Mr. O'Connell's addresses to a great meeting at Limerick, he dismissed them with directions '*to talk of what he had said on their way to Mass,*' very justly concluding that *all* his auditors went to Mass.

display, the directors of the intended meeting at Clontarf took an audacious step. On the 30th of September—the day before the Mullaghmast, and a week before the intended Clontarf gathering—the *Nation* published a Programme of the order of the proceedings, and for the first time that we know of, ventured to give an organised and military character to the assemblage. In this Advertisement the horsemen who were to take a part in the proceedings were announced as ‘THE REPEAL CAVALRY,’ and as to be organised in troops and squadrons under respective commanders, and directed as to the performance of certain prescribed duties, just as a body of regular cavalry might be.

This announcement occasioned surprise and real alarm. The *Repeal cavalry* looked like the vanguard of a revolutionary army; and as that revolutionary army might consist of hundreds of thousands—nay, of *a million*—every man in Dublin who had anything to lose—and every man has at least his life to lose—was forcibly struck by this announcement of military array, and the consequent chances of military conflict. The public sentiment against this overt act of high treason was so sudden, decided, and general, that Mr. O’Connell hastened to retrieve the false step which had been made. On Monday the 2nd of October, he—having perhaps learned, or, more probably, suspecting, that the Government were proceeding to take some steps on the subject, and foreseeing how this announcement of a military organisation might embarrass him—with profound tact veiled under an air of levity, alluded to it as a mere pleasantry—‘*a good quiz*, indeed, but wished it had not been printed’! On Tuesday the 3rd of October, therefore, there appeared an amended Advertisement, headed ‘*Repealers on horseback*,’ and omitting some of the military phrases of the former. This shift, however, was found insufficient to remove the impression which the first and *bonâ fide* advertisement had created; and on the 5th of October, Mr. Morgan, a solicitor—we believe, Mr. O’Connell’s own solicitor—certainly one who, at his nomination, had been appointed law-agent to the new corporation of Dublin—came forward at the Repeal Association, and avowed himself the *sole* author of, and *solely* responsible for, that ‘*silly emanation*,’ as he was reduced to the humiliating necessity of calling it; and Mr. O’Connell coolly dismissed the subject by saying, *ex cathedra*, ‘A very proper apology’! In all this incident, Mr. O’Connell’s conduct was very characteristic. Deeply aware of the significance of the matter, and feeling that it was destined to have considerable influence on the measures of the Government, as well as on public opinion, he felt the necessity of disclaiming it, and at the same time the impolicy of attaching the importance to it which he was aware the Government



Government would do; and he was moreover reluctant to be forced to take, on his triumphant march, even this small step backwards. He therefore treated it at first, with jocular indifference, as a *silly hoax*; then shifted all responsibility, both of the advance and the retreat, upon Mr. Morgan; and finally threw it all overboard as a trifle to be excused, forgiven, and forgotten.

But while this apologetical farce was enacting in the Repeal Association, the notice of the Clontarf meeting, accompanied by the *report* of what had passed at the coronation at Mullaghmast, and the *General Order* to the Repeal cavalry in its original vigour, were transmitted to England—where Earl de Grey, the Lord Lieutenant, happened to be—(at some watering-place, we believe) recovering from an attack of rheumatic gout. On the receipt, however, of this intelligence, his Excellency hastened to London, where it seems by the papers he had on Wednesday the 4th of October an interview with the Ministers, and then returned, notwithstanding his weak state of health, with such expedition to Dublin that he arrived in the morning of Friday the 7th, where at the same time, and on the same urgency, arrived the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who also had been spending a portion of his vacation in England. The Irish Cabinet immediately assembled, and after a long deliberation a Privy Council was summoned for next morning, which in the course of the day issued a proclamation prohibiting the intended meeting at Clontarf; and strenuous and successful efforts were made to circulate the prohibition in all parts of the country which could be expected to have contributed their population to the meeting. Mr. O'Connell also published his manifesto, in which, in the name of the committee of the Association, he talks contemptuously of the proclamation, but urges obedience to it, and 'deems it prudent, wise, and, above all, humane, to declare that the said meeting is abandoned.'

The measures taken on both sides were so active and complete that there was no attempt at a meeting nor any appearance of disorder at Clontarf; and although Mr. O'Connell, in some of his contemporaneous speeches, boldly pledged himself to prove the illegality of the proclamation, we have not heard that its legality has been since questioned any more than its policy—we may indeed say its absolute necessity. The sole objection we *now* hear is neither as to *form* nor *substance*, but as to the *moment*. The Government is reproached with having too long delayed its interference, and with having interposed at last only twenty-four hours before the intended meeting, so that there might not have been time to prevent the concourse of people, and that if they had assembled a great calamity might have occurred.

We



We will not content ourselves with permitting the *antagonist* reproaches made against the Government of *delay* and *haste* to knock their heads together; we will meet each separately. As to the delay, indeed, our former article said all that up to its date could be said—that Mr. O'Connell, by the connivance of the Whig Government, had established a kind of precedent of impunity, which, *without the occurrence of some new feature of danger*, it would have been very imprudent and perhaps not possible for the Conservative Government to have assailed. We hope we shall be excused for not losing time in repeating our demonstration on that head; and as a justification of the departure from that system of forbearance, we have already shown the rapid change in the character of the proceedings—from petitions for the repeal of an Act of Parliament, to manifestos of national independence—from indifferent localities, to scenes of exasperating traditions—from crowding a country town, to besieging the metropolis—from Temperance bands, to the '*Repeal Cavalry*'—from some thousands of inhabitants of a particular vicinity, to '*one million of Irish at the lowest calculation!*'

And this accelerated impetus was given to the movement—when? Within the first five weeks that followed the prorogation of Parliament. If the proceedings were alarming, the period chosen was no less remarkable; and both together left the Government—now without the immediate advice of Parliament—no alternative but to meet on its own responsibility the growing emergency.

But there was another element in the case which we have not yet mentioned. The measures we have hitherto recapitulated were those tending to direct violence; but the same short interval produced another, of a more quiet and plausible aspect indeed, but even more unconstitutional—nay, treasonable—the erection of popular jurisdictions under the name of *arbitration courts*, to supersede the established courts of common law, and to transfer the royal prerogative of the distribution of justice from our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria and *her* judges, to our future sovereign Daniel I., successor of Malachy II., and *his* justices, Mr. John O'Connell and Doctor Gray! The nonsense and absurdity of this usurpation was, at the moment it was put into operation, namely, just before the inauguration at Mullaghmast—no guarantee against its being so far successful as to create confusion and mischief, and to spread amongst the ignorant but very sensitive population, additional contempt and disregard of all civil and constitutional law.

Each of these various revolutionary proceedings, when looked at separately, may appear contemptible, and, in the abstract, they  
are

are so ; but, taken all together, crowded into so short a time, and applied to such a mass of inflammable ignorance as Mr. O'Connell's *millions*, they assume a more serious character, and even if there had been no antecedent causes of alarm, would have necessitated the vigorous interposition of the constituted authorities. We are satisfied we need say no more—we believe we need not have said so much—to justify the interference of the Government to arrest, as soon as they had developed themselves, these complicated illegalities. But the point of complaint which, it appears, Mr. O'Connell now urges was the shortness of the notice given by the proclamation, which he has five or six times quoted '*Lord Cloncurry*' as having 'characterised as being the instrument of a projected massacre:'—

'Thanks to Lord Cloncurry, and blessings on his name. Let him live for ever in your recollections. He called it by its proper name—the instrument of a projected massacre.'

Our readers cannot but have remarked the anxiety which Mr. O'Connell on all occasions exhibits to procure anything like *Protestant opinion* in his favour. Lord Cloncurry, Mr. Smith O'Brien, Mr. George Hutchinson, Mr. Gray Porter, Mr. Sharman Crawford, or any hybrid Protestant who will countenance Mr. O'Connell, becomes at once a respectable authority. This catching at straws is worth notice, because it involuntarily reveals three important truths—how much he feels the need of even such help—how utterly contemptible it has been both in quantity and quality—and, finally, the deserved respect in which, despite of all calumnies, the very name of Protestant is held in Ireland, even by their most bigoted opponents. But why is that great Protestant authority, Lord Cloncurry, quoted at all? The letter in which this phrase is contained was not written by his Lordship till the 19th of September, 1844, whereas Mr. O'Connell had been saying the same thing, and often in more calumnious terms, during the whole preceding twelve months. On the very day of the proclamation he, Mr. O'Connell, said it should be obeyed ;

'so that *if any one were speculating on the blood of the people*, they would be disappointed (Loud cheers). He would emphatically say that a more *base* or imbecile step had never been taken. *They* (the Government) *knew well that the Clontarf meeting was to be THE LAST*. He wondered they did not issue their proclamation on the last day, when it would have been all over. But no ! they waited till 3 o'clock to-day.

'Mr. J. O'CONNELL (interrupting)—AH, THE MURDERERS IN INTENT ! (Loud cheering).'*—Times*, 9th Oct., 1843.

And on the Monday following, with more deliberation, Mr. O'Connell asserted

'that



'that it was not the fault of the Government that A MASSACRE did not take place.'—*Times*, 11th Oct., 1843.

And this was repeated over and over again on several occasions; so that we see that Mr. O'Connell and his son were really the originators of the scandalous imputation, which he now dexterously endeavours to shift from his own responsibility to that of Lord Cloncurry—with 'thanks to him and blessings on his name!' But whoever may have made or shall repeat that charge, we venture to pronounce it to be a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, and that both Lord Cloncurry and Mr. O'Connell, and every man in the empire, know it to be so. We will not waste a word in answer to so foul a calumny, of which is it too much to say that he that could invent it is almost capable of being himself guilty of the crime?

But though even political bigotry will not believe that any mischief was premeditated, was there, in fact, no danger that the notice might be too short? There certainly was; but it was a danger created by Mr. O'Connell and his party, and inevitable on the part of the Government. In the first place, if the assemblage had been what it professed to be, and *legally* could have only been, a meeting of *the vicinity* in moderate numbers, for the purposes of petitioning, the notice would have been quite sufficient; and in strict law no previous notice whatsoever would have been necessary, but only a magistrate on the spot to read the Riot Act, when the crowd should collect in such numbers as to warrant an apprehension for the public peace. But the very measures which Mr. O'Connell takes so much credit to himself—not undeservedly, but too exclusively—for having adopted, prove how entirely out of all ordinary course this meeting was. The resolution passed at the Repeal Association for countermanding the meeting ran thus:—

'Resolved—That the above cautionary notice be *immediately transmitted* BY EXPRESS to the VERY REVEREND and REVEREND *Gentlemen* who signed the requisition for the Clontarf Repeal Meeting, and to all adjacent districts, so as to prevent the influx of persons coming to the intended meeting.'

The Roman Catholic clergy were, then, the authors and leaders of this illegal demonstration. 'I feel humiliated,' says Mr. F. Wyse, 'to think of the general and indecent interference of the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood in this agitation' (p. 11)—and Mr. O'Connell deemed it quite enough if *they* had notice that *he* had abandoned it:—the laity—the people—were, it seems, a *servum pecus* to be driven or folded at the will of the shepherds. But another notice was also published on Saturday afternoon:—

'Mr. Steele, the Head Pacificator (!), has, by order of O'CONNELL, already left town to disperse the *enormous multitude* of Meath men  
who



who are to assemble *this night* on TARA HILL, with the intention of going to Clontarf to-morrow.'—*Dublin Evening Post*, 7th Oct.

Were the Government so much in the secret councils of the Association as to be apprised that an *enormous multitude* was to be assembled *that night* on TARA HILL, *twenty-six miles distant* from the place of meeting—and were they informed that similar enormous multitudes were to be collected at other distant points in the vast circuit of twenty or thirty miles round the metropolis? No—it will be answered—but they *might* have expected it. They certainly might—because there was no illegality which they had not reason to expect—and moreover—*they did*—as was proved by the activity and celerity with which the proclamation was disseminated within a few hours through the whole of the neighbouring country.

But, then, we come to the main question—why was the proclamation delayed till the *very last day*? To which we answer—that it was not delayed an hour, and was published on the *very first possible day*—unless, indeed, factious politicians, like crazy poets, can ‘annihilate time and space.’ Look at the circumstances of dates and places. No preceding meeting had anything like the dangerous character of that of Clontarf;—the celebrated *Repeal cavalry advertisement* of that meeting was published in Dublin on Saturday the 30th of September,—on Sunday, the 1st, was held the worse than seditious meeting of Mullaghmast, attended by so many peculiar circumstances;—the news of these events reached the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in different parts of England, at earliest on Tuesday, the 3rd;—on Wednesday, the 4th, they were both in London, and in conference with the Cabinet. They were in Dublin on the morning of Friday, the 6th; and the evening of that day and the morning of the next were passed in examining in council all the recent transactions—in deliberating and perhaps debating on the steps to be taken—in preparing the proclamation when that course was adopted—and in taking the necessary and precautionary measures for enforcing it. It will, we think, be admitted that an evening and a morning were not too much to dedicate to such important councils; and so about two o'clock on Saturday, the 7th—that is, at the earliest *possible* moment after the announcement of the danger—the proclamation was issued. And it was in good time!—and when Mr. O'Connell says that it was in good time only because *he* exerted himself to disseminate it, we further reply—without denying his good intentions in that respect—that precautionary measures, even more active than his own, had been already taken by the Government; but that—even if there had not been—

notice to HIM was in reason, as it turned out to be fact, notice to all;—the wires of all the puppets were in his hands,—he had chosen his own time (when the chief authorities of the Government were accidentally absent), and employed his own means to prepare the storm, and—*according to his own showing*—he had time enough, and sufficient means to disperse it.

But why were the Lord Lieutenant and Lord Chancellor absent from Dublin at such a crisis? The crisis was made by Mr. O'Connell—suddenly, and perhaps just because they happened to be absent; and is Ireland in such a state under the boasted tranquillity of the O'Connell influence, that a Lord Lieutenant cannot visit England for a fortnight, or the Lord Chancellor spend a few weeks of the only vacation of his laborious year at his country seat—both, as we have seen, within forty-eight hours of any sudden duty in Dublin?—and yet those who make this objection are the readiest to echo Mr. O'Connell's eulogy on the peaceable and innocuous disposition of the population under his guidance: 'Oh! how idly are fears and jealousies entertained of such a people!'

But Mr. O'Connell, in order to enhance the *wanton* cruelty of the *projected massacre*, says that the danger against which it pretended to be directed was over—'*they well knew that this was to be the LAST meeting.*' This seems to be an ultra-Hibernian argument—the meeting is to take place to-morrow, *therefore* it is already passed! Perhaps the Government did indeed suspect that it was meant to be the *last*—or at least not unlikely to be the *last*—by the consummation of the whole conspiracy:—perhaps it was to prevent a *last and final catastrophe* that they interfered. But was it, even in Mr. O'Connell's sense of the word, intended to be the *last*? His assertion on this point is additionally remarkable as a proof of the laxity with which he deals, not only with adverse facts, but even with his own statements. At the Clifden meeting, 16th of September, he had announced *seven or eight more*—

'For the present year my *monster meetings* are nearly over; there will not be above SEVEN or EIGHT more: but, *before I have done with them*, the demonstration of the *mighty giant power of the people of Ireland* will be complete.'

And only one short week before this assertion that the *Clontarf meeting was to have been the last*, he had declared at Mullaghmast that the Ministers had connived at these meetings in the expectation that the agitation would wear itself out—adding

'This meeting is necessary to show them the futility and falsehood of the expectation that it [the Repeal spirit] would run out—and we shall give them a FEW MORE *by way of tilly* [an Irish phrase for something thrown in over and above a bargain, which was received with "laughter and cheers."'] I have FIVE, SIX, or SEVEN meetings yet unarranged—  
those



those AT LEAST we shall have—and I think by that time the ministry will be tolerably convinced that the do-nothing policy will not heal the sores of Ireland.'—*Freeman's Journal*, 2nd Oct.

Assuredly there is no other country in the world in which we should have heard of a *last* meeting which was to have been followed by 'six or seven others.'

The Government having thus, by its direct authority, averted the more immediate danger to the public peace, proceeded to vindicate its course and to secure future tranquillity, by the prosecution of the chief offenders.

Mr. O'Connell had, over and over again, defied the Government to go to law with him—the law being, as he on his legal reputation declared, clearly with him; in the first moments, and before there was any symptom of a proceeding against him personally, he charged the proclamation not merely as a treacherous design and wanton outrage, but as an 'utter illegality;' and he is reported to have pledged himself to *prosecute* each of the five persons—the Privy Councillors—who had signed the proclamation. Of course he never had any such design; but the Government, instead of waiting *ad Græcas Kalendas* for his prosecution, took the initiative, and having had informations, chiefly founded on the proceedings at Mullaghmast, sworn on the 13th of October, against Mr. O'Connell, his son, Messrs. Steele and Ray (his chief coadjutors in the Repeal Association), Dr. Gray, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. Barrett, editor of the *Pilot*, Mr. Duffey, editor of the *Nation*, and the Reverend Messrs. Tyrrell and Tierney, two priests, for an unlawful and seditious conspiracy, they were all arrested and held to bail.

This measure, the natural—and indeed, we think, inevitable—consequence of the proclamation, was received with a surprise rather affected, we suspect, than real, by the parties themselves and their immediate adherents; but it produced, as the proclamation had before done, a comparatively slight effect on the great mass of the people. This apathy, which seems to have been greater throughout the country than we should have expected, must of course have been very mortifying to Mr. O'Connell. To be, within one fortnight from his coronation at Mullaghmast, where he *defied* the usurping Government of the Saxon, arrested by a Saxon tipstaff, carried before a Saxon justice, and held to bail, like *Jack* or *Tom*, under all the vulgar formalities of Saxon law, was a sharp trial of temper. We do not refuse to Mr. O'Connell the merit of having now assumed, as he had before done on the day of the proclamation, the best attitude the case admitted of—an attitude that invested his constrained obedience to the law with the show of something of personal dignity, by



publishing, on the same day that he was held to bail, two addresses, exhorting the people to keep the peace. At the same time, we are convinced that the people did not need this injunction—that the peace would have been just as well kept without Mr. O'Connell's proclamations; and that the issuing of them was rather a device for saving the Hibernian dignity of King Malachy's successor, than for keeping the peace of Queen Victoria. We may here remark—and it is a most important fact, if our information be correct—and both Mr. Francis Wyse and the author of the '*Memoir of the Union*,' themselves Roman Catholics, corroborate the opinion—that Mr. O'Connell has less direct influence on the masses of the people than is generally supposed—that his strength, as well as his *modus operandi*, is almost exclusively in the priests—that *they* are the real arbiters of the peace of Ireland; and that, although Mr. O'Connell might, in concurrence with them, have raised a commotion—even an insurrection, perhaps a rebellion—he could not, without that organic power, have made, even if he had wished it, so much as a riot. In this particular case we are convinced his proclamations had no other intention or effect than to break his own fall, and to conceal under the air of obedience to *his mandate* a very apparent, and, there can be no doubt, a very distressing indifference to his person.

Meanwhile the Government pursued its own steady course. What was Mr. O'Connell's? Did he attack the proclamation?—did he prosecute the five Privy Councillors who had signed it? Nay—did he, with alacrity—with even common candour—meet those whom he had so often *defied* to legal combat? Was he now ready to support boldly, or even fairly, the opinions which he had so often and so authoritatively volunteered as to the legality of his own proceedings?—Nothing like it—instead of this manly and constitutional line of defence, he betook himself to a course of subterfuge, delay, and evasion, which proved that he was equally well aware that his legal doctrines were unsound, and that his personal position had become perilous.

The first symptom of this altered policy were the proceedings of the next meeting of the Repeal Association after the arrest, 16th October. Mr. J. A. O'Neil was called to the chair—a gentleman who had not heretofore appeared in these affairs, and who opened the scene with a long speech in a tone of moderation quite novel in that place. He announced 'that Mr. O'Connell was about to appear before a jury of his countrymen, and he respected that palladium of our liberties too much to prejudice the case; but he would go so far as to assert Mr. O'Connell's *loyalty* as well as that of the Association:—though a Catholic

Catholic himself, he *deprecated all rough and intemperate language*, and dwelt particularly on the necessity of *disusing the word SAXON*, as it offended many persons.' Mr. O'Connell here exclaimed—'I'll give it up at once *at your request*.' This was received, we are told, with 'cheers and *laughter*.' Well might the audience *cheer* when they recollected that this was only the 15th day since the solemn *Commination* of the Saxons at *Mullaghmast*:—well might they *laugh* when they were told that the renunciation was not to be understood as made from a sense of decency or in a spirit of conciliation towards the Protestants, but simply *at the request of Mr. O'Neil*; and as Mr. O'Neil had, as we have seen, opened his speech by announcing that Mr. O'Connell was soon to appear before a *Jury*—of whom in all probability many might be *Saxons*—who could but have laughed at this attempt to propitiate *them* by a verbal concession so ungraciously made? Amidst other slight but significant circumstances in this meeting that marked a change of tone, though not, we fear, of temper, was the following:—

'A letter being read from the operative butchers of Dublin, enclosing a contribution of 30*l.*, applying the term "*base*" to the conduct of the Government—the chairman rose to protest against the letter being received, as it was too forcibly worded, though at the same time he gave the writers every credit for patriotism. (Hear, hear.) Mr. O'Connell admitted that the word "*base*" was too strong, and must be erased, or the document rejected.'

Yet '*BASE*' was, as we have seen, the very word applied a few days before by Mr. O'Connell's very self, in that very place, to the very same conduct of the Government.

Another incident of this altered policy, which occurred on this occasion, has subsequently become important. Some Irish Whigs, who, though they would not identify themselves with the Repeal party, were willing to find a common ground on which they could unite against the Ministry, had for some time past thrown out some loose projects for a Federative Union—by which Ireland was to have a local parliament for local purposes, though still in general concerns subject to the Imperial Legislature: this notable scheme had *hitherto* met no countenance, and was hardly noticed by either of the great parties;—but now, when Mr. O'Connell found that the law was about to deal with his bolder plan for dismembering the empire, he betbought him of this minor scheme, and fancied that it might afford him a back door to escape from the difficulties of his *Repeal* question, while it would enable him to continue under a safer mask his profitable agitation; and accordingly on the same day on which he renounced the term *Saxon*, he added, 'that though his own opinions about Repeal

were



were unchanged, he would be willing to make common cause with those who sought for a local government for local purposes; and it is not unimportant to recollect that in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January, 1844, there appeared a long and able, though often, as we think, mistaken, disquisition on Irish affairs, in which Repeal was utterly rejected, while a periodical sitting of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin was favourably noticed.

All these indications of an altered, or at best a wavering, purpose, alarmed Mr. O'Connell's more violent adherents. It was suspected, and even rumoured, that he was about to enter into a compromise with either the Government or the Whigs for the abandonment of the Repeal agitation; and we were startled at seeing in the '*Nation*,' so late as the 2nd March in this year, such phrases as these:—

'The cheers of *London* [Mr. O'Connell, on appearing in the House of Commons, had been received with cheers by the Opposition] are *idle fascinations*! Do these *intriguers* take Daniel O'Connell—the old agitator—for a dolt or a traitor?

'Let no man *dare* talk or dream of *compromise*.'

Whether Mr. O'Connell was at that time negotiating a new Lichfield House compact, or whether his apprehensions, or his good sense, had led him to the contemplation of a conciliatory and Conservative (for even that was suspected) line of policy, we cannot say. Happy would it have been for his country and himself if he had adopted such a course. But whatever were his intentions, the masquerade of Moderation and the phantom of Federalism had no other effect than to confirm the confidence of the public in the prudence and vigour of the Government, and to dispirit even the blindest and most sanguine of Mr. O'Connell's devotees.

We have neither time nor space to follow the legal proceedings through the numerous shifts for evasion and delay which were now put in practice, nor could we hope to make them intelligible to the general reader; but a few of the most remarkable, and which had some bearing on the final results, must not be passed over.

After a long series of dilatory proceedings had been overruled *seriatim*, the Attorney-General (son of the late Baron Smith), who conducted all these contests with consummate ability and slow but steady success,\* served notices to fix the trial for the 11th

\* The writer of an able law argument on the O'Connell case in '*Blackwood's Magazine*,' November, 1844, who appears to have been an eye-witness of all the English proceedings, says, 'As we have mentioned the Attorney-General for Ireland, let us take this opportunity of bearing testimony to the very great ability—ability of the highest order—with which he has discharged *his* portion of the duty of conducting these prosecutions. He has manifested throughout—bating a little irritability and strictness

11th December. The traversers put in affidavits for a further delay on two grounds: *first*, that, from the magnitude of the case, they *had not time* to prepare for trial—though *two months* had elapsed since the commencement of the process, which two months had been spent in the merest chicanery, and though Mr. O'Connell had been for *many months* previous taunting and defying the Government to meet him in a court of law; but, *secondly*, because the jury-list for 1843 contained but 388 names, of which only 50 or 60 were Roman Catholics, and that, therefore, the traversers could not have a fair and impartial trial (three of the nine traversers, however—Steele, Gray, and Barrett—being professed Protestants). Now this list had been made out in October, 1842—before any such trial as this was thought of, and had served all the purposes of civil and criminal trials for the year without a shadow of complaint: the Attorney-General was, therefore, in law and in reason, entitled to repel this further attempt at delay, and to insist that offences committed in 1843 should be tried by the jury-list of 1843; but to avoid all possible imputation of unfairness, he, with supererogative candour, consented to postpone the trial to the 15th January, when a new jury-list would be in operation. The issue, as we shall see, shows how little deserving the parties were of this ultra-courtesy; but we entreat our readers to bear in mind that the Attorney-General might, if he pleased, have tried the parties by the then-existing jury-list. This fact subsequent events render very important.

When, after several other dilatory proceedings, the special jury came to be struck from the balloted panel of 48, the Traversers, according to the law, struck off 12 names, and the Crown struck off 12 names—and immediately a clamour was raised that 11 of the 12 names struck off by the Crown were Roman Catholics. What is the meaning of the law, and what the use of this peremptory method of reducing the 48 to 24, if any limit is to be placed on the exercise of a duty that the law enjoins, and of the exercise of which it requires no explanation? The 48 names *must* be reduced to 24; and it is idle, and worse, to inquire why this duty is executed by striking off any one name rather than another.

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strictness in petty details at starting—a self-possession, a resolute determination, a capability of coping with unexpected difficulty,—a familiarity, a mastery over the details of legal proceedings,—in short, a degree of forensic ability which has been fully appreciated by the English bar.'—p. 559. This writer speaks also in high terms of the Irish Solicitor-General.

With regard to the '*strictness in details at the outset*' here criticised, it is only justice to Mr. Smith to observe that the result has shown how absolutely necessary such strictness was in a case where every possible mode of personal irritation and legal quibble was put in practice.

It



It is a remarkable feature in this part of the case, that although the 12 names struck off by the Traversers were all names of *Protestants*, no one ever thought of raising the slightest complaint on that score: a *tu quoque* would have silenced the Traversers' complaint; but such a reply would have impugned the high character of the Irish Protestants, and no one ever thought of making it;—while the most violent proceedings were taken, not only in the city of Dublin, but throughout the country, in resolutions, addresses, and advertisements, expressing the general '*indignation*' against the '*daring insult*' of striking off 11 Roman Catholics. They were, indeed, struck off—not, however, as Roman Catholics; but for reasons that, if reasons had been necessary or even admissible, would, at the swearing of a common jury, have justified their exclusion—they were all members of the *Repeal Association*—the *very body* which was indicted in the persons of the Traversers as a conspiracy: so that they were all really *participes criminis*. An attempt was afterwards made to show that 2 of the 11 did not fall under this description; but it turned out that one of them, though not actually an enrolled member of the Repeal Association, had subscribed the requisition for the Repeal meeting at Tara; and the other gentleman, when struck off, was supposed to be a Protestant.

The absurd fury of this outcry lasted only a few days, but was succeeded by a more serious difficulty. In making up the new jury-list (which was done pending all this tedious litigation), it was found that of *nineteen* sheets of names from different districts, which altogether should compose the jury-list, *one* had been—by some still unexplained accident or fraud—mis-laid or stolen, without having been missed; and the general list was made up short of those names. The extent of this mistake was at first largely exaggerated; but it turned out at last that the omission was only of 19 names, while the general panel from which the 48 had been balloted still contained 717. On this state of the case the Traversers' counsel challenged the array. The Attorney-General might have admitted the challenge and fallen back on the only legal panel that would then have been in existence—that of the former year, 1843, to which the Traversers had before objected, and which contained only 388 names; but he would not countenance any illegality, though in his own favour, and he therefore *demurred* to the sufficiency of the objection, and the Court (Judge Perrin dissenting) allowed the demurrer, and ordered the trial to proceed. How, or by whom, this sheet of paper was mis-laid or stolen from the clerk of the peace's office has not yet been discovered. Mr. O Connell has, we see, lately given notice that at the meeting of Parliament he will move the impeachment of the Recorder

Recorder of Dublin, through whose hands the lists were to pass in one part of their course; although Mr. Justice Perrin, who at the arguments supported the Traversers' objection, expressly declared that

'The Recorder knew no more of it [the error] than I did; and I think it would be monstrous to hold that a shadow of suspicion should alight on him.'—*Report, Trial*, p. 46.

The Clerks of the peace, their deputies and subordinates, and the Crown solicitor, all subsequently made affidavits denying all knowledge of the spoliation, in answer to an affidavit sworn by Mr. Pierce Mahony, the Traversers' solicitor, to the purport that 'a gross, wilful, and corrupt suppression of names from the special jury book had taken place, and that such omission was for the purpose of prejudicing the Traversers.' How Mr. Mahony could swear that the suppression was *wilful* and *corrupt*, unless he knew how and by whom it was accomplished, we cannot guess. We must also observe, it is admitted that Mr. Magrath—the deputy of the Clerk of the Peace, and who had acted also in this matter as deputy to the Recorder—himself a Roman Catholic—permitted Mr. Mahony and four clerks of the *Repeal Association* specially employed by him on this occasion to have access to the original lists before the book was compiled—a latitude which Mr. Magrath did not give to the Crown officers. Neither the Recorder nor any of the officers of the Crown could have any interest in committing any irregularity—quite the reverse—while from the turn the case has taken, such an interest on the part of the Traversers has become strong and evident. As we are told that the matter is to be more solemnly investigated, we shall not venture to go beyond the preceding statement of facts; but we may express our conviction that if the matter be probed to a full explanation, it will be found to have been either a mere accident—as Mr. Justice Cramp-ton in his judgment on the motion in arrest of judgment thinks—or a confirmation of the old law adage, *Is fecit scelus, cui prodest*—he who profits by a fact, must in a doubtful case be presumed to have committed it.

At length, however, on the 15th of January, 1844, the trial commenced, and was protracted till the 12th of February, when, after twenty-five sittings, the jury found a verdict of *guilty against all the Traversers*. We need say nothing on the details of the trial—the facts are all indisputable, and the propriety of the verdict of *guilty on the merits and substance* of the case has not been and cannot be impugned by the subsequent extraordinary reversal for *error in form*. One only incident on the trial affects the political view of the case, which is our more immediate object. Mr. Sheil, M.P., who had not, we believe, for many years prac-  
tised



tised at the bar, appeared as counsel for Mr. John O'Connell. In the course of one of those brilliant harangues with which he always dazzles and frequently delights, however he may fail to convince, his auditors, he spoke strongly in favour of the proposition we have before mentioned, for a parliament's sitting annually for a limited period in Dublin for strictly Irish purposes. Our readers will recollect that this opinion, though not identical, was in perfect keeping with Mr. O'Connell's assent declared at the Corn Exchange on the 16th of October, 1843, to the principle of Federalism. Its production now by a person of Mr. Sheil's station was remarkable ;—but not less so what followed: this speech was delivered on Saturday the 27th, and on the sitting of the Court on the Monday Mr. John O'Connell craved licence of the Court to repudiate as far as applying to himself Mr. Sheil's proposition, and to declare that *he* would accept nothing short of the inalienable right of his country—an independent legislature.

The subsequent proceedings, by motions for new trial and in arrest of judgment, branching out into great complication, though very curious as exhibiting the strongest anxiety to put off—*per fas aut nefas*—by sense or nonsense—the evil day, are so fresh in the remembrance of the public, and now of so little substantive importance, that we pass them over, and arrive at the sentence pronounced on the 19th of June :—Mr. O'Connell to an imprisonment of twelve months, a fine of 2000*l.*, and to give security for 10,000*l.*, by himself and two sureties, for his future good behaviour ; the other persons to a fine of 50*l.* each, and nine months' imprisonment—all in the Richmond Penitentiary. The prisoners were immediately conveyed to the place of confinement by a small body of mounted police, with, as we are informed, as little popular excitement in Dublin as there was in London at the arrival of the news. But, true to the tactics we have already explained, Mr. O'Connell artfully endeavoured to conceal the public indifference by issuing another superfluous proclamation, enjoining the people to keep the peace, which they showed no disposition whatever to infringe ; and we do not believe that Ireland was ever more tranquil and contented than during the two months that Mr. O'Connell was confined in the Richmond Penitentiary. Nor do we see any reason to disbelieve what Mr. O'Connell himself is reported to have said, that he never had been happier. Of course his personal mortification must have been great—the breach of all his pledges, the failure of all his prophecies, the defeat of all his projects, gave no doubt very acute pain : but was it not compensated by an interval of repose, the first that he for some years could have known, from the bodily toil, the mental vexations, and, above all, the awful, the tremendous responsibility which rested  
on

on his conscience and on his head as the leader of such masses of ignorance, fanaticism, and passion, as might at any moment have slipped from his grasp, and involved themselves and him in incalculable ruin? We truly believe that the happiest nights that Mr. O'Connell has spent for the last twenty years were in the Richmond Penitentiary.

We now arrive at the last and most important stage of these proceedings.

The English public, and particularly the legal profession, had been a good deal surprised at the length to which these proceedings had been drawn out—at the number and variety of the objections raised—and at the interminable (as it seemed, and indeed has turned out) difficulties which arose on every step of the case. It was pretty generally thought to exhibit a *peculiarly Irish* mode of doing business—but it was not so: the difficulties were all of the Traversers' creation; the case of the Crown was got up and conducted with a degree of legal precision, professional skill, and personal ability, of which there are few examples, and which, in so long and complicated a proceeding, was hardly to be expected—with nine traversers, *separately* defended by seventeen counsel, against charges of conspiracy, comprising numerous overt acts extending over a long period of time and great variety of place—both traversers and counsel intent and astute, above all things, to pick holes, find flaws, and make delay; under these circumstances, we think that Westminster Hall would not have made cleverer work of it than the Four Courts; nay, we shall see presently that Westminster Hall, and the supreme court adjoining, have worse confounded the confusion incidental to the extent and intricacy of the original proceedings.

The prisoners brought a writ of error to the House of Lords. It is unnecessary for our purpose, and indeed it would be impracticable, to enter into all the technical details of this very complex process. We shall endeavour to give our readers a common sense view of the two or three main points, which, cleared of the technical details, are pregnant with considerations and consequences of permanent importance—far greater, we think, than even the case from which they spring.

In the first place a *writ of error* has nothing to do with the substantial MERITS of the original case, but only with any 'MANIFEST ERROR to the great damage of' the parties (so runs the writ), which may appear on the face of the RECORD, which record is the documentary history of the proceedings—not the evidence—nor counsel's speeches—nor judges' charges—but what we may almost call the *skeleton* of the case, and which is so much matter of form in criminal cases, that more is seldom done than to enter the



the verdict on the indictment, and the full record is rarely, if ever made up, unless when called for by writ of error. We notice this, to expose the strange assertion of Mr. O'Connell, who is reported to have repeatedly declared that the reversal of judgment on *error* was a reversal on the *merits*. We by no means say that cases may not be supposed in which *error* may collaterally involve the *merits*—but it is very unusual, and in this case there is not the slightest pretext, or even colour for such an assertion; and we also would observe, that under the terms of the writ, the error should be no idle quibble—no new-fangled subtlety—but ‘*manifest error to the damage of the party.*’

There were eleven counts in the indictment, all charging the same conspiracy, but under the different forms which it was possible that on the trial the facts might assume;—but though the several counts do generally, and did in this case relate only to *one* offence, they are *technically* supposed to apply to different offences. Formerly indictments generally consisted of one count; the practice of numerous counts is comparatively modern, occasioned by the subtlety with which a single mode of putting the case was frequently defeated. In old times criminal Justice fished with a *hook*; she is now forced to use a *net*—and the meshes are not always secure:—but this is, we believe, the first case in which judges have volunteered to make a rent where no weakness had ever before been found, or even imagined.

At the hearing of the writ of error the English Judges attended the House of Lords—as they are supposed to do in all cases by virtue of their office, and the law and constitution of Parliament, though in *practice* their attendance is confined to cases of special importance. Blackstone says, ‘the Lords have a right to be attended, and constantly are, by the common law judges for their *advice in points of law*, and for the *greater dignity* of their proceedings. They therefore have their regular writs of summons issued out at the beginning of every Parliament, *ad tractandum et consilium impendendum*, though not *ad consentiendum.*’—(1 Com. 168.)

The hearing lasted six days—from the 4th to the 10th of August. The PEERS most constantly present were the Chancellor, Lords Brougham, Cottenham, and Campbell. Lord Denman sat in his own court on the 6th and 10th. Several *lay* lords (as those ‘*not learned in the law*’ are called) appeared to follow the case with interest; and other Peers attended more or less regularly. The attending JUDGES were, Chief Justice Tindal, Justices Patteson, Williams, and Coleridge of the *Queen's Bench*—Coltman and Maule of the *Common Pleas*—Barons Parke and Alderson of the *Exchequer*. Sir Frederick Pollock did not attend, having

having as Attorney-General advised the Crown in the early part of the proceedings; Justice Erskine was ill; and Justices Wightman, Rolfe, and Cresswell were engaged in carrying on the current business of Westminster-hall.

At the close of the argument certain questions, embracing all the points of the case, were drawn up by the House of Lords for the opinion of the judges, but, being called away to circuit, they were unable to deliver their judgments till the 2nd of September. The questions happened to be *eleven*, and the counts of the indictment were also *eleven*—but this coincidence was merely accidental, and the numbers had no relation to each other. The result of the answers of the judges was this, that *NINE* out of the *ELEVEN* counts of the indictment were good, and that *TWO* counts, the *sixth* and *seventh*, did not point out with certainty the parties intended to be intimidated by the demonstration of force, and were therefore insufficient in law.

So far the judges were *unanimous*. There were some questions on the findings of the jury on some counts, and we have seen strong reasons alleged to impugn the decision on the *sixth* and *seventh* counts; \* but we pass over all such details: *NINE* of the counts were good, and concerning *FOUR*—the *eighth*, *ninth*, *tenth*, and *eleventh*—no doubt whatsoever had been raised!

As the *eleventh* may be said to be the essence of the whole, we think it right to give it *in extenso*. It charged the traversers with a conspiracy—

*'to cause and procure large numbers of persons to meet and assemble together in divers places, and at divers times, within Ireland, and by means of unlawful, seditious, and inflammatory speeches and addresses, to be made and delivered at the said several places, on the said several times, respectively, and also by means of the publishing, and causing and procuring to be published, to and amongst the subjects of her said Majesty, divers unlawful, malicious, and seditious writings and compositions, to intimidate the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and thereby to effect and bring about changes and alterations in the laws and constitution of this realm, as now by law established.'*

On the validity of this and the three preceding counts there was not even a question. Now up to that day it was the known, established, and confirmed law of England—known to every practitioner—established by invariable usage, and confirmed by all authority—that *one good* count was sufficient to sanction a judgment given generally on a whole indictment. And this is not merely law, but common sense—for why are several counts introduced, but only because some of them *may be* defective—

\* See the Article in 'Blackwood's Magazine' before mentioned.

because



because in the uncertainty of *undelivered* evidence, and in the *still greater uncertainty of judicial opinions*, it is next to impossible to determine what single mode of stating the case might not be found or fancied liable to exception?

But this was now for the first time contested, and the ground was this—that as the judgment was general, and sentenced ‘Daniel O’Connell for *his said offences* to be imprisoned and fined,’ that the whole or at least some portion of the punishment might by possibility have been awarded on the insufficient counts. On this point—the only one in which the judges were not unanimous against the appellants—Chief Justice Tindal, Justices Patteson, Maule, Williams, Coleridge, and Barons Alderson and Gurney, answered that the judgment was good. Mr. Justice Coltman dissented, and Mr. Baron Parke doubted. Aware that this is not a fit occasion for entering into a legal argument on questions merely technical, we shall only express our humble concurrence in the opinions of the majority of the Judges, and offer a few general remarks on the opinions of the two dissentient Judges—opinions which appear to us to be very inadequate, either in logical or legal reasoning, to carry the important decision which has been founded on them.

Both these Judges set out with a full admission that the law and the practice had—*up to that hour—never been so much as questioned*. But their modes of getting rid of that authority are very different, and equally, we think, unsatisfactory—Mr. Justice Coltman giving us a conclusion without premises, and Mr. Baron Parke premises without a conclusion.

Mr. Justice Coltman does not deny that the positive *dicta* of the most eminent Judges, with Lord Mansfield at their head—the exact precedents of some cases—the plain analogies of others—and the general opinion of all lawyers, have been contrary to the opinion which he has adopted;—but he thus concludes:—

‘It may be said the rule against which I am *arguing*—[not giving judgment, but *arguing* against a rule] is convenient in practice. It may be so, but such a rule seems to me neither consistent with the *dignity of the law as a science*, nor, what is more important, does it tend to promote the ends of substantial justice.’

We might defer to Mr. Justice Coltman as a professor of ‘the dignity of the law as a science,’ but we beg leave to doubt whether a theoretic notion of ‘the dignity of the law as a science’ is the sound and safe rule for interpreting the common law of England—the *axiomatic* duty of a judge being, *jus dicere, non dare*;—and as little can we agree that the releasing a convicted and *properly convicted* criminal, on a mere point of form, never before thought of, is ‘promoting the *substantial* ends of justice.’

Mr

Mr. Baron Parke, though he has evidently taken more pains with his judgment, does not appear to us to take a better, though it may be a more plausible, position in this argument—indeed, we think, by an ingenuity superior to that of Mr. Justice Coltman, and something of that '*nimia subtilitas*' which my Lord Coke himself reprobates—rather a worse. He too begins with an acknowledgment that all his life he had been of the old opinion:—

'I had certainly considered it to be a *settled rule and well established, ever since I was in the profession*, that in criminal cases a judgment warranted by *one good count would be good*. I must say that it was *with some surprise* that I heard that proposition *disputed at your lordships' bar*.'

Sir James Parke has been fifteen or sixteen years a Judge of great eminence and authority; he has gone some thirty and odd circuits; he had tried and condemned, transported and executed, we know not how many criminals, before he received, in the month of August, 1844, this new and '*surprising*' light on the doctrine of indictments. Should we not be entitled to bring a *writ of error* against the whole of the learned Baron's judicial life? But we leave the *argumentum ad hominem*, to look at the reasoning by which he endeavours to get over the momentous contrast between the practice of his whole life and his opinion of yesterday. He is evidently—and as a humane and conscientious man would naturally be—much disturbed by the idea of the numerous persons who may have suffered punishment under the old administration of the law; and he hastens to quiet his own and other consciences by this consideration, that though he now sees a necessity for distinguishing between good and bad counts in minor cases, there is no such necessity where the penalty is *death or transportation for life*: that is, in the higher and more critical cases, the new rule goes for nothing, because a man cannot be twice hanged or twice transported for life. We must give it in his own remarkable words:—

'Because, to put upon record a judgment that a person should be hanged or transported for life more than once would seem to be superfluous and to *savour of absurdity*—therefore in *such a case* the judgment may be good.'

It would certainly be '*superfluous to hang a man twice*;' but not, according to the Baron's doctrine, to *sentence* him twice—because since, *ex hypothesi*, each count is a separate indictment, and some may be good and some bad, it would be, *according to his theory*, necessary to enter judgment on each, just as if they had been really separate indictments. But admitting, as we readily do, to the learned Baron, that the case he puts does '*savour of absurdity*,' we must, on the other hand, most confidently assert, that to that  
absurdity



absurdity his premises inevitably lead. He that unmuzzles a theory must abide by all its risks, and Mr. Baron Parke is bound therefore to accept the whole consequences and responsibilities of his new doctrine, however absurd or unpleasant they may be. And as to the argument itself, we know not how we could have better disposed of it than by what Mr. Baron Parke himself inadvertently suggests—the *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Baron Parke then proceeds to say, that he can imagine but two theories upon which the doctrine and practice of his whole professional life can be defended, and he repudiates them both. The first is to imagine that the Court below knew which counts were good and which were bad, and passed the sentence on the good ones. 'This,' he seems to say (for the phrase is somewhat confused from, we suppose, an error of the press, but the meaning we take to be), 'this might hold if the judgment had said only—*it is therefore considered that the defendant should be imprisoned,*' but it adds 'for his offences aforesaid—meaning ALL the offences.' Now, certainly, if Mr. Baron Parke will insert *his own words* in the judgment, he will make error; but the judgment does not say 'ALL' the offences aforesaid, and Mr. Baron Parke's supplying that important word—'ALL'—goes far to prove, that without it, his argument would be incomplete. The judgment says '*for his offences aforesaid,*' and there are in the good counts *abundant offences* to justify that statement. Moreover, by what law or logic can the learned Baron make out that a court of error which *denies* certain circumstances to have been *offences* in one part of the record, should assert them to be *offences* in another? He must not, we submit, blow hot and cold with the same mouth: if they are '*offences*' in the indictment, they are '*offences*' in the judgment; if they are not '*offences*' in the indictment, they cannot be supposed to be stated as '*offences*' in the judgment—particularly when there are fifty other offences to which the judgment indisputably applies.

The second remedy which Mr. Baron Parke considers as having some plausibility in favour of the judgment is, that it (the judgment) must be supposed to apply to each of the counts separately, and thus to be complete on the good counts, the bad being rejected as *surplusage*; but this he also refuses, because he says 'it alters the language of the record;' and further, that even if it were good as to the *imprisonment*, it cannot be said that 'the same sum was intended to be a fine and a satisfaction to the Crown for *each and every offence*. *Primâ facie* at least a part *must* be for one offence and part for another; and a court of error cannot apportion it.'

As we do not at all feel the necessity of helping the case of the Crown by this remedial process thus suggested and thus answered by Mr. Baron Parke, we shall only observe on it *obiter*,  
and

and as a sample of the species of the logic employed in this argument, that the court of error is not invited to divide or apportion it—it is Baron Parke himself who, travelling out of the terms of the record, *supposes*, contrary to all antecedent law, the necessity of a division and apportionment, which he says *must* be meant (he gives no grounds for this peremptory expression '*must*')—and then adds, that the division and apportionment which he has thus imagined cannot be made. It is easy to answer objections raised and worded to facilitate the answer, and yet even in this easy process we do not think the Baron is very successful. And, after all, he makes no attempt whatsoever to reach the practical conclusion—the Q. E. D. of the case—viz., how such minute and hair-splitting niceties, on which this able and ingenious Judge can get no further than to *doubt*, can constitute '*MANIFEST error to the great injury*' of a party whose legal conviction on the substantive charge is not even questioned.

The proceedings in the House of Lords itself are full of most curious matter, and pregnant, we think, with serious results. We can only touch on the main points: The Chancellor and Lord Brougham supported the opinions of the majority of the Judges, which they combined, compared, and developed with great skill, and confirmed by the full concurrent authority of their own transcendent intellects. Lord Denman began by confessing, like every body else, that, till this case was opened, he had *never doubted*, nor ever *heard a doubt*, that the law was as stated by the majority of the Judges, and that he had heard the objection with great *surprise*—a declaration which, from so many learned Judges, we should have considered as tantamount to a declaration that such was the common law of England: indeed Lord Denman seems to us to admit this almost in terms—for he says this state of the law has hitherto '*been taken for granted*.' With all deference, we should ask Lord Denman what are nine-tenths of the *common law of England* but law '*taken for granted*?' His Lordship adopted, without hesitation, the dubious suggestions of Mr. Baron Parke (though with something like a complaint\* of the hesitation and obscurity of *his* opinion, as contrasted with that of Mr. Justice Coltman); but he further differed from *all* the Judges in England, and from the majority of the Judges in Ireland—in *all twelve*—in thinking that the loss of the slip of jury names was fatal to the array. Lords Cottenham and Campbell also

\* 'My right honourable and learned brother, Mr. Baron Parke, was exposed to some censure for expressing more doubt than seems to be quite consistent with his holding a strong opinion on this point. *Perhaps he may have done so.*' And soon after he takes occasion to say, 'My learned brother, Mr. Justice Coltman, whose plain and manly understanding brings his argument before your lordships in a way that cannot be misunderstood.'—*Judgment*, p. 39—144.



adopted decidedly the opinion of the two dissenting Judges as to the vitiating effect of one bad count. Lord Campbell had also strong doubts on the jury point (which Lord Cottenham did not notice), and questioned the legality of requiring sureties for good behaviour. Thus, then, the law Lords were divided—two for, and three against the opinion of the Court below and of the majority of the Judges here: so that a majority of *one* in the House of Lords was to overrule a majority of 10 to 3 of the Judges or of 14 to 6 of the law Lords and Judges taken collectively. In this strange state of things some other Peers present expressed a very natural wish to record their votes; and this gave rise to a discussion in which Lord Wharncliffe, the President of the Council, thinking that a majority obtained by the votes of lay peers against the law lords on a law question might be taxed with partiality, and that the maintenance of the judicial character of the House was paramount to all other considerations, advised those peers who were '*not learned in the law*' to abstain from voting. In this he was supported by Lord Brougham and the Chancellor—and the lay peers leaving the House, the question was, we believe for the third time, put and finally decided—3 to 2 against the judgment of the Court below:—and the Chancellor pronounced 'The judgment is reversed.'

We are convinced that this was an erroneous decision; and, we fear, an unfortunate one—not from its effect on the O'Connell case, for we doubt that it has given any real encouragement to the agitation, and we think that any mischief it might have done in that direction would be amply compensated by its having proved to the people of Ireland the scrupulous—the over-scrupulous—delicacy of the House of Lords and the Government in the administration of justice: but we consider it unfortunate for deeper and more permanent reasons—the disparagement of the Judges, and the doubts, difficulties, and uncertainties thrown over a great and important branch of our criminal law. All that appears is, that '*the judgment is reversed*:' but why, or upon *which* of the numerous points raised—and which are, and must be, of every-day occurrence\*—cannot be known, nor even guessed—save only from the indications afforded by the *speeches* of the peers—which would be vague guides to pleaders and judges. Lord Cottenham dwells mainly on one point—Lord Denman on two—Lord Campbell on three or four; and every one of these several points involves an endless variety of distinctions and applications; and we know not how this vagueness and uncertainty can be cured but by re-establishing in

\* For instance, if the reversal can be supposed to have turned on the Chief Justice of England's decisive opinion as to the *Jury List*, no cause tried in Dublin within the present year can be worth a straw.

some future case and by a fuller court of error (as we have no doubt the result must be), the common law of England and Ireland, as declared by the majority of the Judges in both countries, or by the awkward and seldom successful operation of a statutable correction.

But there is another point in which we look at this decision with equal, if not greater, concern. We confess that, with all our confidence in the Lord Chancellor, our admiration of the great sagacity of Lord Brougham, and our respect for Lord Wharncliffe, and with a full appreciation of the high and generous motives which prompted their advice to the House of Lords on this occasion, we have considerable doubts as to its soundness in point of constitutional law; and we suspect that if they had had more time for deliberation (it was the last day of the session), and that the case had not been one from which they were so sensitively anxious to exclude all possible suspicion of partiality, they would have come to a different conclusion. The subject is, we think, so important as to justify a few remarks from us. In the first place we will observe that the overruling the advice of the Judges, though undoubtedly within the discretion of the House of Lords, is a rare and exceptional proceeding. In a celebrated case, *Reeve v. Long*, on a certain point of law, the Lords, moved by the hardship of the individual case, reversed the judgment of the Court below, contrary to the opinion of all the Judges; but the House of Commons, in reproof of this assumption of legislative authority in the Lords, immediately brought in the 10 and 11 William III., which passed into a statute (2 *Christian's Blackstone*, 170 note). The position and duty of the Judges on such occasions are very peculiar. We have seen that Blackstone says that the House of Lords are attended by the Common Law Judges, for *their advice in point of law*, and that they have their *regular writs of summons ad tractandum, et concilium impendendum*, though not *ad consentiendum*. The Judges therefore—and not some accidental number of peers who happen to have been called to the bar—are the proper and constitutional guides of the House of Lords in matters of law. Neither the constitution of the country nor the practice of the House of Lords acknowledge anything like an *imperium in imperio* of *Law Lords*; there have frequently been no Law Lords attending Parliament, and there is no obligation on them to attend:—three of those so designated—Lords Wynford, Plunket, and Langdale—did not attend on the late occasion—if they had, the result might have been different. Sometimes—as so lately as 1836—there is not even a Chancellor, and every body knows that Lord Denman himself was Chief Justice, and Lord Cottenham First Commissioner of the Great Seal, without being



peers; and we do not see what claim Lord Campbell can have to be entitled to any particular authority as a Law Lord above Lord Devon, or Lord Canterbury, or Lord Dunfermline, or any other peer who has happened to have held a legal office or even to have been called to the bar. Lord Wharncliffe himself—one of the oldest and ablest chairmen of Quarter Sessions in England—would be as fully entitled to rank himself in this select coterie of Law Lords. In ordinary cases, and when the Judges are not specially summoned, it is decent and usual for Lay Lords to acquiesce in the decisions of the Law Lords:—but this stands on a principle directly adverse to the pretension in the present case—for the only solid and constitutional ground for this deference is that, when the Judges are not present, the *Law Lords are supposed to speak their opinions*. And moreover in every case which we have been able to trace of a division for supporting or reversing the opinions of the Judges, the Lay Peers have voted. In the celebrated case of the King against Horne (which has several points very analogous to the O'Connell case\*) there was a division in the Lords, the Duke of Richmond and three others voting against the unanimous opinion of the Judges; and eighteen Lay and two Law Lords for it. The discretion and propriety of Lay Peers voting *against* all the Judges may be (and was in that case most justly) questioned, but no one ever doubted the propriety of Lay Peers voting *with* the Judges. Dr. Johnson would have been as far as any man from approving the notoriously factious conduct of the four opposition Lords in Horne's case, yet, when he heard them blamed for presumption, he said—

'There is no ground for censure. The Peers are Judges themselves: and, supposing them *really* to be of a different opinion, they might from duty oppose the Judges, who were there only to be consulted.'—*Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 213.

We, on the same principle, do not presume to censure Lords Denman and Cottenham, or even Lord Campbell (whom we cannot recognise as a Law Lord in any authoritative sense), for differing from the majority of the Judges: it was—if they had a strong, clear conviction the other way—their duty as well as their right; but we much regret that other peers did not exercise the same right, and the clearer duty, of maintaining and confirming the authority of those advisers whom the Constitution has assigned to them, and who are summoned to *Parliament*—like themselves—for that special purpose. We think that when it was proposed to make such an innovation on the ancient and up to that hour unquestioned law, all peers would have been

\* State Trials, xx. 787. *Inter alia* it disposes indirectly but decisively of Lord Campbell's point about the Recognizances.

justified in following the oldest and noblest precedent on their rolls, and *exclaiming* as the *lay peers* did of yore, when they refused by *acclamation* even to listen to the innovating doctrines of a body of *law lords* of that day—*NOLUMUS LEGES ANGLIÆ MUTARE*. We regret that some of the challenged peers did not happen to recollect and quote that memorable case. The point is surely too important to have been disposed of in so hasty a way. We are quite sure that the broad doctrine laid down in the first instance in this case, that such matters belong *exclusively* to what are called Law Lords—and that without any definition of what a Law Lord is, or any notice to all Law Lords to attend—is wholly inconsistent with, and would—if confirmed and sanctioned—be fatal to, the jurisdiction of the House of Lords.

So much we think our duty to say on this novel and extraordinary incident—but we repeat that, as to its effect in Ireland, we see little cause to regret it. Mr. O'Connell has endeavoured in vain to misrepresent it as having been an absolute acquittal on the *MERITS*—that is, on the *facts* of the case. This is so glaringly false that we really should have doubted the possibility of Mr. O'Connell's having made such an assertion. We find it, however, reported over and over again. We find also that Mr. O'Connell has asserted—and we see in some of the Whig as well as the Radical prints a similar assertion—that the judgment of the House of Lords declared his monster meetings legal, and that they might henceforward meet in any numbers they pleased. Again we say that the reversal of the judgment on two counts which stated that great multitudes of people were assembled, without stating 'with sufficient certainty the persons meant to be intimidated,' gave no pretence for Mr. O'Connell's assertion. But if he wants an authority to his doctrine, that *numbers* do not of themselves constitute an illegal meeting, we can help him to *two*—one which as the inferior we put first, *ourselves*—we told him in our Number for September, 1843—

'It has been said that the enormous *numbers* assembled constitute *ipso facto* an unlawful assembly; but that is not the case: numbers form a most important ingredient in every such question—but mere numbers are not in themselves illegal: 500,000 persons, for instance, assembled to see the ascent of a balloon, would not be an illegal assembly.'—*Quart. Rev.*, lxxii. 579.

Our opinion he may not have read or valued, but he must have known that of Mr. Justice Crampton, delivered in the Court below on his own motion for arrest of judgment—

'Tis true *mere numbers* will not make illegality; nor can armed numbers *per se* make an assembly unlawful—multitudes may meet together for innocent, nay, for laudable purposes,<sup>2</sup> &c.

So



So that Mr. O'Connell's attributing to the reversal of the judgment a doctrine which that reversal did not touch, which had been already admitted, and which nobody doubts, was but another of those shifts by which he endeavours to cloak his defeats, and to catch at a rag of Saxon authority to cover the nakedness of his pretences.

But he deceives nobody—his followers no more than himself—he and they both know and feel that though released from Richmond Penitentiary on a mere technical point—the stamp of the law has characterised his offences—and that, after all his boastings and bravadoes, he is neither more nor less than a convict whose sentence has been reversed for a technical error.

From the moment that the Government were about to proceed against him, he foresaw—as how should *he* not, who had been so many years either practising or evading the law?—that the law was against him—that the Government would defeat him—and that a retreat, more or less hasty—more or less creditable—was his only chance of maintaining even the semblance of his arrogated power. We have seen how suspicious his bolder colleagues were of his endeavouring to make some compromise—we have seen how he began to flirt with Federalism—and deeply convinced, as he was, that the reversal of the writ of error had very little altered, and certainly not bettered, his condition, we find his first appearance after that event was in the penitential habit of a *federalist*—

‘And bending low, and in a bondman’s key,

With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,’

he begged permission to resign the Mullaghmast majesty of agitation into the younger and abler hands of—‘whom, for a ducat!’—‘Tom Steele’—‘Dear Ray’—‘The Lion of Judah’—one of his own sons, or any MAC or O of true Hibernian race? No; of a young Saxon gentleman of the name of Porter—the son of a clergyman—the grandson of an English clergyman who came into Ireland as chaplain and private secretary to Lord Camden (the viceroy whom of all others Mr. O'Connell the most constantly, violently, and, let us add, unjustly, vilifies). Lord Camden had an early opportunity of appointing his chaplain to the bishopric of Clogher, in which he accumulated a considerable fortune, which, together with some church preferment, is enjoyed by his son, the Rev. Mr. Porter, who is, we are informed, an accomplished and amiable gentleman, much and deservedly respected in the county of Fermanagh, where his estate lies, and where he himself resides. It is hardly necessary to add that, like that whole county, the Rev. Mr. Porter is of high Conservative politics. We feel considerable reluctance in thus intruding into the private life of any gentleman, but as Mr. O'Connell's motive for giving

giving such unexpected prominence to Mr. Porter's name cannot be fully appreciated without some such explanation, we hope we may be excused, and we are careful not to say a word more on such topics than is necessary for our public purpose.

The eldest son of this respectable clergyman, the Mr. Grey Porter to whom Mr. O'Connell gave a nine-days' celebrity, is still a very young man; and it was, probably, as the representative of his father's property—that he was appointed High Sheriff of the county for the last year; but he seems to have taken, as eldest sons will sometimes do, a turn in politics *radically* different from his father. He has also some literary pretensions. He published in May, 1843, a pamphlet called 'Some Agricultural and Political Irish Questions,' written in that style at once pert and pedantic, which is apt to mark the transition state between college and the world, and particularly in young Irishmen:—his statements are a jumble of truth, error, and exaggeration, with a strong bias to the great Whig dogma that '*whatever is, is wrong*,' and to the still graver, because more practical, mistake of assuming that everything that is wrong can be made right by this, that, or 'tother nostrum. This pamphlet deserved little notice, and excited none. We at least never heard of it till we found it *quoted by himself* in another pamphlet published last summer, which obtained (not certainly by any merit of its own) more notoriety. This second pamphlet is written in the same incoherent—or indeed we should rather say in a wilder style—and with little or no novelty either of facts or arguments, except that he changes a proposition hinted at in the first pamphlet for a '*triennial meeting of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin*,' into the following

‘NOTICE.

'*About Christmas next*, or as soon as the discussion of the federal question is ripe for details, I will, with some Irishmen who wish to raise their country, show how simply and easily, upon the ground of common sense, could be arranged, (1.) A BRITISH PARLIAMENT of Lords and Commons for the internal affairs of Great Britain (which, by the bye, would then be much better managed than at present); (2.) AN IRISH PARLIAMENT of Lords and Commons for the internal affairs of Ireland; (3.) AN IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT OR COUNCIL, of so many Irish and British Peers for its Upper House; so many Irish and British Members of the House of Commons for its Lower House (not more than 100 in all); for all the Foreign and Colonial Affairs of the HIBERNO-BRITISH EMPIRE, of the common colonies and conquests of Great Britain and Ireland. The Prime Minister would sit in the Imperial Parliament, whose members, chosen by Lords and Commons in the Irish and British Parliaments, would thus always be in unison with their majority. Thus the particular interests of Great Britain and of Ireland would be well attended to, and could develop themselves freely at home; also the general



general interests of the whole empire; while the whole system would work in loyal harmony under the Sovereign of Great Britain and of Ireland.'

We shall say something by and by upon this flimsy project, but our immediate object is to exhibit the strange use that Mr. O'Connell made of it. In the first meeting of the Repeal Association after his release, he is reported to have said—

'He (Mr. O'Connell) held in his hand the pamphlet lately published by Mr. Grey Porter, *the Protestant High Sheriff of Fermanagh*, who said, "that the union of 1801 would always draw away the men of rank and genius, who always strengthened a nation, from Ireland" (hear, hear), and who considered "that the only remedy for her now was a federal parliament" (loud cheering). Where (continued the learned gentleman) is the *curtained contumelious little English dog* to dismiss that noble-minded magistrate from the commission of the peace? Will he dare to supersede this gentleman? No, he won't—I don't want him to do so; but I say boldly that he has not the courage to make the attempt (cheers); he may supersede the ordinary county magistrate, but he will not dare to dismiss Grey Porter (tremendous applause). *Mr. Porter deserves the highest praise that can be given to man*, for there is a spirit of nationality throughout his pamphlet which must warm the heart of every Irishman; and I have only to say that whenever he wishes to join this Association, he shall have his proper place in this hall suitable to his rank and station. *Is not such a man worth conciliating? Would I not give more than the Queen's rank* (what can that be but King Malachy's?) to bring such a man over to his country's cause? Yes, I would do anything, *make any sacrifice to make him see that there was nothing dangerous to the constitution in that Association, where, if he (Mr. Grey Porter) choose, he might take the handle of the plough into his own hand*, for he (Mr. O'Connell) had no anxiety to be a leader, and was ready to go into harness and put the drag on the wheel when necessary (hear, hear, and cheers).'

We just observe *en passant* that this invidious allusion to the dismissal of magistrates is as unfounded in fact as indecent in terms. Mr. Porter *was no Repealer*—he attended no Repeal meetings, and never took or countenanced any of those steps for which other magistrates were dismissed; why then should the Irish Chancellor be so insolently defied to dismiss *him*? We are really sorry to have to expose at every step such disingenuous misrepresentations.

In Mr. O'Connell's hyperbolic praises of Mr. Grey Porter, our readers will recognise that strange anxiety we have before noticed, to catch at anything like *Protestant countenance* to his proceedings. Here then was a prize!—a young and clever Protestant gentleman—heir to a considerable estate—the son of a Conservative clergyman—the grandson of a Protestant Bishop—High Sheriff of the Orange county of Fermanagh. All this  
sounded

sounded very fine, and perhaps may have duped the more ignorant of his auditory—but any one who knew anything about Mr. Grey Porter, knew, first, that he had no more real importance than John-a-Nokes or Peter Styles, and, secondly, that though he professed himself a Whig, he had given no countenance to Mr. O'Connell's Repeal agitation; on the contrary, hear what (amidst much more to the same effect) he said in May, 1843:—

'While I honour O'Connell as the champion of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, I look with the *greatest disgust* on his mode of political warfare, and cannot help regretting that in his old age, instead of exciting the silly, but *very mischievous passions* of the mob, he has not used his great influence to give his country what she so much wants, internal peace.'—*Questions*, p. 104.

And again, in the very pamphlet which Mr. O'Connell so much eulogised:—

'The first practical step to self-government. We [Mr. Porter and his Whig federalists] must neither oppose nor join the *O'Connellite party*. It is, or which is the same in effect is thought, *more Roman Catholic than Irish*.'—*Ireland*, p. 12.

And we could quote from this gentleman's pamphlets passages still more personally displeasing to the '*O'Connellite party*' than even the foregoing. What then was the cause of this sudden glorification of Mr. Grey Porter—this miraculous discovery of a *western Phoenix*—this offer of abdicating the *Milesian crown* in favour of the *young Saxon*? Nothing but delusion—a mere cloak caught up by Mr. O'Connell in the haste and pressure of the moment, to enable him to escape from his pledges, promises, and prophecies, and to slide out of the legal difficulties of *Repeal* (to which the prosecution has made him most painfully sensitive) into the unindictable foolery of Federalism.

In pursuance of this very prudent, though not very magnanimous design, Mr. O'Connell closed all proceedings in Dublin and, as soon as he could, hastened to Derrynane, where he passed some weeks of more tranquillity to himself and to Ireland than either had enjoyed—except during the Elysian episode of the Richmond Penitentiary—for many years; but the approach of the annual RENT-DAY warned him of the expediency of recalling himself to the recollections of his grateful country, and at the same time of making some demonstration of his political intentions—in short, of feeling his way whether, under the banner of Federalism, he should be able to combine the contributions of the *Chapels* with security from any fresh interruption from the Castle and the Four Courts. Now as everybody knows that the RENT and the RENT-DAY must have had a most serious influence on all

Mr.



Mr. O'Connell's proceedings—*rem, quocunque modo rem*—we shall take leave to say a word on that topic.

No one could, we think, reasonably object to a demonstration—pecuniary as well as honorary—of the gratitude of the emancipated Roman Catholics of Ireland for Mr. O'Connell's eminent services to their cause; nor regret that it were both large and lasting: but the incessant collection for so many years of such enormous sums for the support of various political associations, and the inquisitorial and *capitation-tax* style in which the *O'Connell tribute* itself is levied, seem to be cruel and exorbitant calls on the poorer classes, who have assuredly been the least benefited by Mr. O'Connell's exertions. We are sorry that the Romanist patriotism of Ireland has not more of the ancient Roman spirit:—  
'For I,' said Brutus,

'can raise no money by vile means:  
By heavens, I had rather coin my heart  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection!'

The amount of the O'Connell tribute and the Repeal rent for the last year (1843) appears to have been—

O'Connell Tribute . . . . .	£.28,000
Repeal Rent . . . . .	78,500
	<hr/>
	£.106,500*

And with regard to the Repeal rent, we cannot but observe that such a system of general, permanent, and unbounded taxation of a people *by private authority*, for private purposes, or for public purposes hostile to the government, was never before practised, and is altogether irreconcilable with the principles of our constitution, or with the good order and public tranquillity of any country; and we think the greatest and most disgraceful anomaly ever exhibited was that which we saw but a few years since, and may soon see again—the English people subscribing hundreds of thousands of pounds to rescue from absolute starvation a population from whom were wrung every year some sixty or seventy thousand pounds (exclusive of the *O'Connell tribute*) for the purpose of exciting and maintaining the deadliest and most rancorous hatred of their benefactors. This monstrous ingratitude, however, is an evil which, when misery knocks at her door, the charity of England will never attempt to cure but by increased benevolence.

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\* We take these sums from the accounts and estimates of the Repeal journals.

The RENT-DAY was fixed for Sunday the 17th of November; and on the 12th of October (dated in the *Pilot* newspaper 2nd of October, we presume by mistake) Mr. O'Connell addressed from Derrynane a long and laboured letter to the Repeal Association, declaring, after a deal of circumlocution, that

'for my own part I will own that, since I have come to *contemplate* the specific differences, such as they are, between "simple Repeal" and "Federalism," I do at present *feel a preference for the Federative plan*, as tending *more to the utility of Ireland* and to the maintenance of the connexion with England than the mode of simple Repeal.'

In other portions of the letter he stated that 'the Federalists must have observed that there had been, *out of deference to them* and in expectation of their plan, a pause in the Repeal agitation;' and he invites all parties, Protestant and Catholic, who were in any degree dissatisfied with the Union—in which class he ranked, most unjustly, we believe, 'many, many Protestants,'—to 'meet on this common ground of Federalism.'

This letter, which was a virtual and almost direct abandonment of 'simple Repeal'—as Mr. O'Connell by another palliative distinction now called that object for which he had so lately made such gigantic efforts, and to the *unqualified* attainment of which he had so solemnly and irrevocably pledged himself before God and man—this letter, we say, made more sensation in England and amongst the Irish loyalists than Mr. O'Connell's manifestoes were wont to do; and many well-meaning, but not very far-seeing people, began to wonder 'whether Mr. O'Connell was in earnest, and whether he really expected that any Protestants would join him;' but no sensible person who had watched the course of these proceedings could, we think, have any doubt that it was a mere momentary expedient to tide over the RENT-DAY without compromising either his power, his person, or his purse—and to gain time for concocting some equally profitable, but less perilous, mode of maintaining his individual supremacy.

But it would not *go down* with the more violent of his own party in Ireland. It appeared, indeed, to us—very inadequate judges, we confess—that some of the Romish clergy, and many of the more affluent and respectable of the laity, were pleased at the prospect of escaping, by the Federal or any other compromise, out of the tumultuous and dangerous courses in which they had been gradually and somewhat reluctantly involved—and that the mass of the people seemed very indifferent about the matter. But, however that may be, there was a large and powerful body—particularly in the Repeal press—whom all their deference for Mr. O'Connell could not reconcile to this retrogression. We have seen that the younger, bolder, and abler Repealers, the  
avowed



avowed Separatists represented by *the Nation*, had already taken umbrage at some indications of temporising and compromise on the part of Mr. O'Connell—and the editor, Mr. Duffy, one of the Traversers, now addressed to his hesitating leader a strong and direct remonstrance, signed with his name. This mutiny, and the 'venit summa dies et inexorabile tempus'—the near approach of the *rent-day*—were irresistible; and on the 8th of November Mr. O'Connell published a long apologetical letter, in which he recanted Federalism and returned to *simple Repeal*. The legerdemain of this whole affair is too transparent to deceive any eye—but closer examination will detect numerous wires by which the puppet-show was worked: one may be selected as a specimen.

Mr. Grey Porter had said, as we have seen in his 'Notice,' that his plan of Federation would not be ready till Christmas. This was an additional advantage to the dilatory policy of Mr. O'Connell; and in his letter of the 12th of October, he quoted this passage from Mr. Grey Porter's 'Notice,' and stated that *of course* his final resolution about Federalism could not be taken till after he had seen this plan—that is, after Christmas—three good months gained—but lo! we find that by the 8th of November, under the keen spurs of Mr. Duffy, he overleaps this barrier; and without waiting, as he had promised to do, for the Federative plan, returns *per saltum* to the true Catholic faith of simple Repeal. Hear his own words:—

'Mr. Grey Porter has pledged himself to produce his plan of Federation before the end of the present year; and, judging from his character, it is to the last degree probable that he will redeem that pledge. Let us, however, in the mean time *exert all our energies to forward the REPEAL cause, as if this INTERLUDE had not occurred.*'—*Letter*, 8th November.

INTERLUDE! What could we add so full of meaning as that one word?

Before we close this topic—as we have followed the ascending scale of Mr. O'Connell's Federalism, it is worth while to mark the descending notes of his recantation, which are, like the whole course of his proceedings, consistent in nothing but inconsistency. We have seen that on the 12th of October he announced his preference of the principle of *Federalism* to that of *simple Repeal*—but, as to details, 'the Federalists had not yet spoken out. Mr. Grey Porter has promised his project; but *the time within which he was to produce it* [Christmas] *has not yet arrived.*' Yet on the 8th of November, without waiting for Mr. Porter's project, he in a cloud of verbiage gives the *go by* to Federalism, and concludes

cludes 'HURRAH FOR REPEAL!' But, to soften the sudden transition, he promises that

'whenever the Federalists shall *announce their plan*, it will be received with *deference and respect*—and, if compelled by our principles to reject it, it will be rejected with the most *conciliating courtesy*.'

However, on the 23rd of November, at a great dinner at Limerick (of which we shall say more presently), he throws the Federalists overboard altogether, and dismisses them with a species of '*deference and courtesy*' too habitual, we regret to say, with Mr. O'Connell. He calls them, in contemptuous derision, 'poor *featherless* animals;' and says that they meant to put an '*extinguisher* on Repeal'—the extinguisher being his own deliberately '*preferred*' plan of Federalism. How was it that he had been, *three weeks* before, so short-sighted as not to distinguish an '*extinguisher*' from an *olive branch*?

On the 2nd of December, in a speech in Dublin, he says that 'he invited the Federalists to join him—but, instead of joining, *they deceived him*.' The Federalists are no doubt as absurd, as disingenuous, and as contemptible a party as Mr. O'Connell is now pleased to represent them—but we cannot see, *on the face of the transaction*, in what they could be said to have deceived him—who, for aught we can discover, rather deceived *them* by having broken his repeated promises to wait for Mr. Grey Porter's *Christmas Box*. There evidently was some underplot which we cannot pretend to unravel, but towards the elucidation of which we beg leave to offer a few suggestions.

It is notorious that Mr. Henry Caulfield, Mr. Sharman Crawford, Mr. Grey Porter, and other Whig Protestant gentlemen—each, no doubt, with special objects and interests of his own—were willing to fraternise with Mr. O'Connell for the purpose of displacing the Conservative Ministry. They would risk, as Mr. Wilberforce said of the English Whigs during the war, just so much public confusion and calamity as should bring them and their party into power, and ensure the little objects of their own personal ambition; but they were very far from wishing to sacrifice their stations and property to any *real Repeal*. They therefore—according to the invariable tactics of all such intrigues—agreed upon Federalism as an intermediate station, where Mr. O'Connell would be very glad to join them—for it was *so far on his way*—and where, they quieted their consciences with a faint hope that by the enjoyment of power and patronage, he might be persuaded to stop. There seems strong reason to suppose that these matters were not entrusted altogether to the management of such '*weak masters*' as the Irish Federalists, but were sanctioned,  
if



if not directed, by the Whig party in England; and that a second edition of the *Lichfield House Compact* was again to unite Mr. O'Connell and the Whigs, English and Irish, in combined array against their Conservative antagonists. Symptoms of this design may, we think, be traced back to an early stage of the proceedings against Mr. O'Connell. The 'Edinburgh Review' for January indicated, as we have already observed, something of the same kind\*—at least, its suggestion for a periodical parliament in Dublin, faint as it was, was so received; and several of Mr. O'Connell's subsequent proceedings seem to us to have been influenced by some such scheme. On the 7th of September, immediately after the reversal of the judgment, there appeared in a provincial newspaper, afterwards copied into the London journals, the following remarkable paragraph, in which the early information of the intention of reversing the judgment is very strangely and suspiciously combined with an intimate knowledge of the *new Lichfield House Intrigue*:—

'It will be recollected that we announced, some time back, on *high authority*, the difference of opinion among the judges, and also that the *majority* of the *tribunal of final appeal* held an opinion favourable to the traversers. We revert to this, not for the purpose of vain boasting, but to obtain confidence for the announcement which, upon the same authority, we are now enabled to make. *It has been resolved to form a union of Liberal parties for the purpose of driving the present Ministers from power, and it is intended to propose that one of the bases of agreement shall be a FEDERAL PARLIAMENT FOR IRELAND.* We have every reason to *rely* on the source from which we derive our information; and we recommend the constituencies of the kingdom to be prepared soon to declare what policy is to be adopted in the present critical circumstances of the State.'—*Cheltenham Free Press*, 7th September, 1844.

And the more recognised organs of the Whigs in London gave sundry indications of the same project. Without pretending to know—as indeed how should we?—what all the parties have now so strong an interest in keeping secret, we can see how curiously the facts dovetail into each other; and repeating our belief that Mr. O'Connell's conversion to Federalism was mainly effected by the terrors of the Attorney-General, and his somewhat more rapid alienation from it urged by the pressure of the *Rent-day*, we cannot but believe that, with his usual art—and this at least is no discredit to a politician—Mr. O'Connell endeavoured to combine and conceal his personal objects in a comprehensive *party* arrangement—in which inconsistencies would be forgotten, differences merged, income secured, and power consolidated: but 'the Federalists *deceived* him,' and he hastened—

\* This idea had been, we believe, even sooner broached in some of the Magazines.

with some prudent practical concessions to the law, which nevertheless he still affects to defy—to resume his former attitude of unconditional Repeal.

We cannot help suspecting that it was some branch of this intrigue that led to the rumour that Federalism was gaining ground amongst the Conservatives of Ireland, and gave a momentary importance to a proposition for a triennial sitting of the Imperial Parliament in Dublin, suggested in January, 1844, in the Town-council of that city, by Dr. Maunsell, a professed Conservative—almost an Orangeman—and reproduced by him as a direct motion for an address to the Queen on the 27th of September. It was, with some assiduity, rumoured that Dr. Maunsell was to be understood as speaking the opinions of his municipal constituents. Now this we believe to be a complete mistake. The plain fact we take to have been this;—Dr. Maunsell is a physician whose professional practice happens not to be so great as his abilities deserve, and may in time, if he attends to his *proper business*, probably command; but with the desire of having something to do, and under the error into which clever men will sometimes fall of confounding distinction and notoriety, he has condescended, as some other gentlemen did, with, we believe, sounder views, to become a member of the reformed town council of Dublin; where finding, as he might have foreseen, that he was lost in the Radical crowd, he was glad to seize any favourable opportunity of making a noise; and he knew that one refractory soldier makes more talk and tumult in a camp than the twenty thousand men standing steadily to their duty. We have not learned whether Dr. Maunsell meant actually to change sides, or simply to attract notice, but we must confess that his proceeding looked very like passing over to the enemy's camp. The proposition of the Conservative Town-councillor was identical with that of the Whig Federalists, adopted by Mr. O'Connell; and Mr. O'Connell himself, with that anxiety for *Protestant proselytes* which we have so often noticed, cited the Doctor's authority as powerful in favour of Repeal:—

'It is perfectly clear that things cannot remain as they are: there must necessarily be some change. This is asserted as distinctly and *emphatically* by the Conservative member of the Corporation of Dublin, the *talented* Dr. Maunsell, as by me.'—*Letter*, Oct. 12, 1844.

Now we will venture to express our opinion that no true *Conservative* ought to have given Mr. O'Connell any excuse for pronouncing on him such a eulogy on such an occasion; and we are told that it was reported in Dublin that before Dr. Maunsell made his motion, he had had some correspondence with Mr. O'Connell, which he had not communicated to his Conservative colleagues in the council, who, we believe, declined to take any share in his proceedings.



proceedings. These circumstances would alone warrant us in declining to recognise Dr. Maunsell as the organ of any portion of the Conservative party; and as to his project of a rotatory parliament, which could not, we think, for a moment deceive the dullest (and the dull are not many) of the Dublin shopkeepers, we shall say no more than that it has this advantage over the Federal scheme—that though Federation, like an *infernal machine*, would in two or three sessions dash itself and the three nations to pieces, it is yet capable of being constructed, and therefore attempted; but the rotatory parliament is a silly conceit which no visionary would attempt to realise, unless, indeed, one of those philosophers who may be already engaged in discovering the *perpetual motion*,—to which class of problems Rotatory Parliaments indeed clearly belong.

But we have something more serious to say on this matter. Dr. Maunsell, towards the end of October, printed his Town-council speech in a pamphlet form, and has added to it a note on the present state of political parties in Ireland, in which he not only throws off all allegiance to, but violently attacks the Conservative Ministry—defends the *consistency* of Mr. O'Connell in the matter of Repeal and Federalism—and in the ardour of his new enthusiasm exclaims—

'No!—Mr. O'Connell has not yielded an inch; there is no apparent division in his camp which would not end in a more firm consolidation of his authority.'

And afterwards proceeds—

'I have spoken of Repeal as the demand of the *entire Irish nation*, and it is practically so, even at this moment; the majority of the people have enrolled themselves as its advocates; no ten individuals that I know of have *banded* themselves together as its opponents. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio* is a maxim at least as sound in politics as in law.'

To this we might reply by an equally recondite quotation—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. We might accept a medical *diagnosis* from Dr. Maunsell; but if his authority 'in *law* and *politics*' is to be judged by this specimen, it is *vilius algâ*. What? the law of the land—a great constitutional axiom—the union and consolidation of a mighty empire—can have no friends, if none shall appear to have *banded* themselves in support of it—that is, if the friends of law do not imitate and countenance the enemies of the law by forming illegal associations, the law shall be held to have no friends—if the loyal population of Ireland, of Scotland, and of England do not *band* themselves in defence of both the Unions, but rely in respectful confidence on the wisdom of the Government and Legislature,

Legislature, Dr. Maunsell shall deem and doom—not that they are negligent or imprudent, but—that they have absolutely no existence in *rerum naturâ*. Doctors are sometimes terrible homicides; but such a wholesale exterminator of nations as Dr. Maunsell we never before heard of. Does the Doctor disbelieve that the heart beats and the blood circulates because he does not *see* it? We tell him that the life-blood of loyalty to the British crown, constitution, and connexion beats in, at the very least, a million of Irish hearts, and beats with a truer and a healthier pulse than if it exhibited the inflammatory symptoms of fever and eruption, by which only this new and more extravagant *Paracelsus* would be satisfied of its existence.

But his *fact* is as unfounded as his theory is ridiculous. What does his vague *non apparentibus—non existentibus* sophism weigh against the following testimony, which we extract from an address of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, presented on the 30th November last to the Lord-Lieutenant?—

‘May it please your Excellency,—We, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, . . . *having under our spiritual jurisdiction ONE-HALF of the Protestant population of the island*, trust we are borne out by historic records and present circumstances in characterising them as distinguished by Scriptural knowledge, by moral and peaceable demeanour, by enterprising and industrious habits, and by hereditary attachment to the House of Brunswick. . . . And we beg to assure your Excellency that while the Scriptures teach us to fear God and honour the Sovereign, we feel bound, by a sense of gratitude and a due regard to *our own and the public safety*, to preserve inviolate THE UNION with Great Britain, and to promote, as far as in us lies, the peace and prosperity of the empire.’

So say ‘*one half of the Protestant population of Ireland*,’ and who that knows anything of Ireland will doubt that the members of the Established Church are at least as generally, as firmly, and as affectionately devoted to the same principle as their Presbyterian friends?

But the true meaning of all this alarm—the pith and core of this great national calamity—seems to be that *Dr. Maunsell himself is dissatisfied with the Government*—which, as he says, has in the distribution of its patronage favoured its enemies and neglected its friends. This, we admit, would be (if acted on as a general rule, as Dr. Maunsell asserts) a great political error—unconstitutional in principle—fatal in practice. No party is fit to govern this country which has not intrinsic strength for the great responsibility it assumes, and which should be therefore reduced to the unhappy necessity of borrowing from its adversaries helps for its incapacity. There is, we will further admit to Dr. Maunsell, but



one more contemptible predicament in which a government could be placed—namely, that of being so feeble—so abased—as to suffer itself to be swerved from its conscientious policy by the menaces or mutiny of wrong-headed, or self-sufficient, or self-interested followers. Lord Melbourne, though his personal feelings both of honour and duty were abhorrent of such practices, was reduced by the original and completed *Lichfield-House Compact* to suffer both these humiliations; but Sir Robert Peel will at least not embarrass or disgrace his administration by any such alliances or any such deferences.

Dr. Maunsell accuses him of having disorganised the great Protestant party by consenting to the suppression of the Orange Society, and by some other '*amazing*' circumstances of his own administration—*exempli gratia* :—

'A carelessness of the social state of the kingdom was exhibited by the *perverse support of the absurd Poor Law*, and by the refusal even of an inquiry into its operation, though urged by men of every shade of politics and religion.

'*Schemes for the construction of railways were ungraciously and peremptorily rejected by the Premier.*

'The *prejudices of the clergy, mistaken though they may have been*, but yet conscientiously entertained against the Whig Education system, were *rudely contemned*, and the progress of education itself was retarded by a *harsh refusal of a grant of a few thousand pounds to the Church Education Society.*

'The Protestants observed these signs with amazement, and they saw in them the *destruction of their hopes*, sincerely entertained, that the Government would effect a diversion from the political and religious warfare of which all parties were beginning to be weary, by engaging both sections of the Irish nation in a bustling and manifold movement for the development of the social and economical resources of Ireland. Their amazement was turned *into anger and despair* when they found the doctrine promulgated that past services to the cause which brought Ministers into power were to be considered as *disqualifying the authors of them for Government patronage*, and when they heard it announced by the Premier himself, in his place in Parliament, that it was his intention, in the exercise of that patronage, to regard the profession of the Protestant faith, *pro tanto*, as a disqualification.'

Now we believe we might safely content ourselves with a general appeal to the common sense of mankind against such charges; but we will look at them *seriatim*.

Sir Robert Peel, it seems, is guilty of a '*perverse support of the absurd Poor Law.*' A Poor Law for the poorest country upon earth—the only one where starvation is perennial—where typhus never intermits—the only one in which neither law nor custom had ordained any sort of public provision for the poor!—a Poor

Law for such a country was, it seems, '*absurd*;' and such a law, uniting Ireland with England in one system of charity, having passed, it is '*perverse*' to give the experiment fair play!

'*Schemes for the construction of railroads ungraciously and peremptorily rejected by the Premier.*' We know not why or how 'the Premier' should have any special concern with schemes of Irish railroads, but we suppose that 'the ungracious and peremptory rejection' may have been a refusal to grant public money for some particular scheme; and if this be so, the result has shown that Sir Robert Peel did his duty, not only as guardian of the public purse, but as a judicious friend to railroad extension; for private enterprise, which Government interference would perhaps have stifled or perverted, as it did in the case of the Irish canals, has taken so powerful a spring, that every little district on the face of the country has become a scene of conflict—not in the old Milesian style of robbery and murder—but of rival companies striving who shall be allowed to spend their money in the employment of the people and the improvement of the country. Another beneficial effect has been produced by this system of private enterprise. Gentlemen of different parties and persuasions, who had passed their whole lives in active or sullen hostility, who would not interchange salute or word, are now brought by a common object into daily and friendly intercourse, and feel for the first time a common interest in the affairs of their common locality. This is a social benefit greater even than the material advantages of the railroads—the former only approximates *places*, the latter unites and reconciles *mankind*. But as to the mere material consideration;—in the only case that we know of a railroad at all connected with Ireland in which public aid was required—that to *Holyhead*—Sir Robert Peel, it is well known, gave it the most diligent attention, and eventually the most efficient support—and in fact the *only railroad in the whole empire*, to which any public money has been granted, is this railroad, which has no other object than Ireland, and especially its metropolis!

Of Sir Robert Peel's '*rude contempt of the mistaken prejudices of the clergy*' we never before heard, and we think that we may confidently say that he never spoke of them in any such disrespectful terms as those which Dr. Maunsell—who volunteers himself as their advocate—thus ventures to employ; but in the Education case, as in that of the Poor Law, a law for a most desirable purpose having been passed, Sir Robert Peel thinks it right to give it a full and fair experiment; and would it have been a full and fair experiment, and what hope could there have been of its



success, if the *Minister* had proclaimed his disapprobation, or at least his indifference, by 'granting a few thousand pounds' to a *society* set up on a hostile and antagonist principle?

But now comes the great charge of all—that persons whose services had helped to bring Ministers into power were *thereby* disqualified for *Government patronage*. Dr. Maunsell may know more on that subject than he chooses to tell us, but the proofs he adduces are rather worse than scanty:—

'I *need not* cite examples in which this doctrine was reduced to practice: the *treatment of the late Mr. West*—the *appointments of Lord de Grey's tradesmen*—the *tone adopted by the Castle functionaries* in their communications with country gentlemen and citizens, *need not* now be dwelt upon.'

Now we demur to this '*need not*' style of making charges and evading proof; and we take leave to say that, if these matters were fit to be made *counts* of Dr. Maunsell's indictment, they ought to have been stated with sufficient certainty to admit of a positive reply. We shall guess, however, at what he means.

'*The treatment of Mr. West*,' we presume, was this:—a legal office—that of Queen's serjeant—fell vacant. These offices have no salary, and their value, besides the honorary distinction, consists in their affording the holders an opportunity of showing their fitness for promotion to the judicial bench. Mr. West, a respectable barrister and amiable man, and Conservative member for the city of Dublin, was a candidate for it—so also was Mr. Warren, a barrister of nine years' longer standing and much greater practice than Mr. West—and beyond all doubt one of the most eminent lawyers at the Irish bar—certainly the very most so, of any of those who looked to this office. The place was conferred, regardless of the parliamentary interest, on the more eminent lawyer. So far our readers will see little to blame; but they may suppose, from the tone of Dr. Maunsell's complaint, that Mr. Warren was a Roman Catholic—a Whig—an enemy to the existing government, and that his appointment was made on the principle of discountenancing friends and conciliating enemies. Not at all. Mr. Warren happened to be as zealous a Protestant and as stanch a Conservative as Mr. West himself. What, then, does Dr. Maunsell's charge mean? Why, just nothing but this—that Mr. West and his personal friends felt some disappointment that his political services to the party in successfully contesting the city of Dublin had not overborne all other considerations; but we are glad to be able to add, that Mr. West himself was, on consideration, satisfied with the reasons that had operated on the Government, and was, at the time of his death, which happened soon

soon after, on his usual good terms with the Irish Ministry. But Mr. West is dead—and his memory is evoked for purposes which, if living, he would have been the very first to disclaim.

Dr. Maunsell's objection to Lord de Grey's choice of his tradesmen must, we presume, be that some of them are Roman Catholics. We know nothing and care little as to the choice of Lord de Grey's tradesmen; but, knowing his Lordship's taste and hospitality, we have little doubt that they were the best that Dublin afforded. The employment of this or that tradesman would be a miserable topic of disputation, but Dr. Maunsell's principle goes farther and higher; and we ask, if Ireland is to be governed on any principle of impartiality or justice, and in the spirit of real UNION, whether it can be seriously pretended that a tradesman, a barrister, or any other candidate for private or public favour, is not to be employed, or promoted, or favoured, if he happens to be a *Roman Catholic*? We honestly say that such an interdict would be an intolerable outrage on the principle of the UNION, and would indeed justify the Roman Catholics in endeavouring to release themselves from a contract so cruelly one-sided. For ourselves we heartily wish that the Government had more frequent opportunities of acting in the spirit which Dr. Maunsell seems to complain of, and that every Roman Catholic of Conservative principles and friendly to British connexion should feel that he is, equally with his Protestant fellow-subjects similarly situated, entitled to pursue and obtain any object of his reasonable ambition.

As to the '*tone of the Castle functionaries*,' we have just seen by the other complaints the kind of *tone* that would displease Dr. Maunsell—a tone of equal justice—of conciliation towards the Roman Catholics—of kind and brotherly feeling towards the Protestants—protection to both—*undue* favour to neither.

Those, then, are the instances, and these are the principles, which Dr. Maunsell tells us fill the Protestants with '*anger and despair*,' and have disorganised the great Protestant party—converted some to Repeal—others to Federalism—and the rest to apathy and indifference. We believe it as much as that a fog extinguishes the sun.

With regard to the extraordinary declaration so boldly attributed by Dr. Maunsell to Sir Robert Peel 'in his place in Parliament,' that 'to be a Protestant was, in his eyes, *pro tanto* a disqualification for office,' our readers will wonder when we assure them that the most diligent inquiry has not enabled us to discover any colour for such a charge but the following passages of a private letter addressed to the Lord Lieutenant by Sir Robert Peel, and read by the latter in the *monster* debate on Ireland



on the 23rd of February last. The point in immediate discussion was the promotion of Mr. Howley, a Roman Catholic barrister, to a vacant serjeantcy—subsequent to the death of Mr. West. Mr. Howley had been sixteen years an assistant-barrister, and for a great part of that time of the county of Tipperary—one of the most arduous judicial situations in the country. He had some *Protestant* rivals for the office, of not inferior professional claims; but it is no derogation to Mr. Howley's merits to admit, that the Premier and the Lord Lieutenant were not sorry that—in addition to his universally-admitted fitness for the office—he happened also to be a Roman Catholic; they wished to promote a Roman Catholic, and the principle on which they acted is explained in the following extracts from the letter before-mentioned:—

‘I admit that political considerations would not justify a bad appointment of any kind, still less a bad judicial appointment; but I must, on the other hand, express my strong opinion that considerations of policy, and also of justice, demand a liberal and indulgent estimate of the claims to the favour of the Crown of *such Roman Catholics as abstain from political agitation, and take no part in politics offensive to the dispensers of that patronage.* What is the advantage to Roman Catholics of having removed their legal disabilities, if, somehow or other, they are constantly met by a preferable claim on the part of Protestants, and if they do not practically reap the advantage of their nominal equality as to civil rights?’

‘I can readily believe that for nearly every office that may become vacant for ten years to come, there may be found a Protestant candidate with at least equal claims in point of qualifications, and *superior on account of professed attachment to the Church.* If *that claim is always to be admitted,* there is still a practical *disqualification*; and what motive can we hold out to Roman Catholics to abjure agitation, and the notoriety and fame which are its reward, if *honourable appointments and legitimate distinctions* be in fact withheld from them?’—*Hansard, Debates*, vol. lxiii., p. 215.

The whole speech is a clear and open explanation of the ministerial policy, and deserves a more attentive commentary than we can here give it.

The result was that Mr. Howley was appointed; and did the noblemen and gentlemen of Tipperary, amongst whom Mr. Howley had passed so large a portion of his judicial life, and of whom a great majority are Protestants—did they look with jealousy or disapprobation on his promotion?—Quite, and signally, the contrary. The grand jury—all the practising solicitors—and 105 magistrates of that great county voted him, respectively, addresses of thanks for his services amongst them, and congratulations on his advancement (*ib.*)—an unprecedented compliment!

Our readers now see how the facts stand. Sir Robert Peel is glad to find an occasion—we heartily wish they may become more frequent—of giving a small share of the public patronage to a Roman Catholic gentleman fully entitled to it in all personal and professional respects, but having also the additional rare merit of having kept aloof from and discountenanced the anti-Union agitation: and this exercise of justice and discretion, stamped with the approbation of upwards of 100 magistrates, of whom *nine-tenths* were Protestants, is represented as ‘a declaration made in his place in Parliament, that to be a Protestant was pro tanto a disqualification for office.’

We are indisposed to speak with severity of the errors into which the warmth of public *speaking* may betray any one, and particularly an Irishman; but we cannot reconcile with our notions, either of candour or patriotism, the attempt made in Dr. Maunsell’s deliberately-written and ostentatiously printed ‘*Note*,’ to do the very thing of which he most unjustly accuses others—that is, to scatter the seeds of discontent and disunion in the great party to which, we believe, he still professes to belong.

When Mr. O’Connell, after his vacation at Derrynane, chose to rekindle his own torch of discord, such Jack o’ Lanterns as Mr. Grey Porter and Dr. Maunsell ‘paled their ineffectual fires.’ They have fallen back into what we must call *nonentity*, if we are to adopt the rotatory champion’s axiom—that *de doctore non-apparente et non-existente eadem est ratio*.

But though Mr. O’Connell brandishes his torch with apparent spirit, and seems to shower abroad his sparks of sedition with the same boldness as heretofore, it is plain, even to superficial observers, that, like the theatrical Demon of a Christmas pantomime, he is very cautious how he scatters his fire, and is peculiarly anxious not to burn his own fingers. Thus he boasts that he has defeated the Government, baffled the Attorney-General, and established, by the *decision of the House of Lords*, the *legality* of all the proceedings for which he was indicted; but there is only one of the specially inculcated proceedings, viz., the Arbitration Court, which he even talks of renewing;—though he shows his anxiety to do so, if he dare, by apeing them so closely that to the vulgar eye he seems to repeat them—he ‘wears his ruc with a difference.’ The first homage to the Attorney-General was, that Dr. Gray and Messrs. Barrett and Duffy, editors of the principal Repeal newspapers, withdrew from the Association in order, avowedly, that ‘they’ and that Association should no longer be involved in any common responsibility—a clear admission that the indictment for the conspiracy was *good*. A more important step was the abandonment of the monster meetings—the point, be it observed, of all his proceedings



ings on which he had ventured most confidently to assert that the reversal of the judgment had established its legality. *He gives them up!*—but has devised, it seems, in their stead a series of grand national banquets, of which two have been already held at Limerick and Waterford. The design of these banquets was to ape the *monster meetings* without incurring legal risk. An assemblage, apparently spontaneous, was therefore formed outside the town to meet the Liberator and to accompany him to the scene of the festival, ‘in numbers,’ as he tells them in his usual style, of ‘hundreds of thousands—such an exhibition of popular strength and determination as he had never seen equalled’—not even, perhaps, at Mullaghmast—but not a word was said of luckless Mullaghmast—and there was no more technical illegality in the people of Limerick or Waterford happening to walk out on the Kerry or Carrick roads to meet Mr. O’Connell than, as we have already said, to see a balloon. It is said that the assemblages on both occasions, but particularly at Waterford—where even his nominee members failed him, and were denounced in consequence—exhibited strong symptoms of diminished numbers and waning excitement. At the dinners, however, his speeches were as violent as ever, and took a more decided character of entire *separation*—by the adoption of a new watchword, IRELAND FOR THE IRISH, and by comments upon it wholly irreconcilable with any idea of British connexion:—

‘I hate tyranny and injustice as much as John Bull cau, with this difference, that mine is no torpid feeling. I entertain not the slightest animosity to any individual in private life; but I have a *political hatred and revenge, dear as the honey cup of life of which I have tasted for many long years—dear as the sweetest memory of the departed is the unaffected animosity I bear towards English injustice and tyranny.*’

This extraordinary instance of—if we rightly understand it—something infinitely worse than bad taste must be left to the appreciation of our readers, who will be still further astonished at hearing that it was received by the company with ‘*Hears*’ and *loud cheers*. The following is of a less painful character, but not unimportant. On this his first appearance after his liberation by the House of Lords, while expatiating on the difficulties of transacting Irish business in London, he says—

‘The ultimate appeal is to the House of Lords. To be sure the man who has the *Repeal rent at his back* may afford to go there (*loud cheers*); but what is to become of the sober citizen of Limerick—of the country gentleman—of the poor farmer? They are to appeal to the House of Lords—*appeal to the king of Ashantee!*—*Ib.*’

We quote this not merely for its droll ingratitude to his majority of *one* in the *House of Lords*, but for the information it affords

affords as to the funds which supply Mr. O'Connell's legal, and, we presume, all other Repeal expenses, and as to the easy way in which the after-dinner '*cheers*' of the company sanctioned the appropriation, and seemed to *audit* the account.

The following is an instance of inconsistency, and disregard of promises, professions, and preferences, which has the merit of being ludicrous.

On the 12th of October, Mr. O'Connell had, on mature *contemplation*, arrived at a *preference of Federalism*. On the 26th of November he made his first appearance at the Association, and in the course of a long speech said—

'I'll tell you a secret—Federalism (*snapping his fingers*) is not worth *that*.'

The Waterford Banquet speech enlarged vehemently on the new text—*Ireland for the Irish*,—but betrayed more important inconsistency and symptoms of hesitation than we have yet seen.

As early as the 1st of January, 1834, Mr. O'Connell at a meeting in Dublin had exclaimed—

'Oh! we will not—cannot be twelve months more without a Repeal of the Union.'

And he has re-issued a similar prophecy, *like an accommodation bill*, whenever his necessities obliged him to draw more largely on public credulity. Sometimes the utmost possible delay was only *six months*—sometimes he extended it a little further by calling the passing year *emphatically the Repeal year*,—till, at last, he went so far as to declare his readiness '*to lay his head upon the block*'—a strange, ominous pledge—'if Repeal was not carried within twelve months.'

Repeal has not been carried, and his head is still on his shoulders, and on the 15th of December, 1844, he pronounced a speech at the Waterford Banquet in which he promises Repeal—within six months, as usual?—or his head on a block if not carried in a twelvemonth?—No—but a hope, if his new organization be successful, that

'before twelve months the result will be seen in the—*progress* of the Repeal cause!' (Cheers.)

The *progress*—not the accomplishment nor the approach, but the *progress*. *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* And the new organization is this—

'IRELAND FOR THE IRISH. (Cheers.) *Nothing else will do us—no palliatives—no half measures. Nothing can do—nothing must do till we have IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.* What I desire is, that the feeling of nationality shall spread throughout the entire country. Let the Repeal wardens organize every parish. Let Repeal reading-rooms be established—



blished—let there be *weekly collections of the Repeal rent*. No man will be asked to give any more than he can afford. If he cannot give the *entire halfpenny* a-week, let him give a *farthing*, that is, a *half-penny a fortnight*. Let the Repeal wardens arrange to *report* to us every week in Dublin—for much depends upon the organization of the Repeal wardens. We will begin in Dublin on the 1st of January with a new organization. In many other towns the new organization will begin on the same day.

*New organization!*—a further homage to the Attorney-General.

It may seem almost too ridiculous to notice—but it is an incident in this great tragi-comedy—that the celebrated *Milesian crown* which he was to wear *living and dead* has been abdicated, and has quietly resigned its place to a mere protection from the cold, *made for him by his daughter*.

‘He was obliged when speaking in the open air to wear a covering on his head, and if his cap happened to be a beautifully ornamented one, he might thank a dear little daughter of his who had made it so.’

What! the crown offered on the *Lupercal* of Mullaghmast by Mark Antony O’Callaghan to the ‘Illustrious’ Cæsar of the day is dwindled down to a little covering from the cold, worked by a daughter? Observe with what art Mr. O’Connell thus endeavours to escape out of all the odium and ridicule excited by the ancient forgeries and modern fooleries of *Mullaghmast of the Martyrs*—where, alas! there were no other martyrs than Messrs. O’Connell and Co.

We know not whether these new devices may have better success, or whether he will be able in his meditated campaign to evade the keen eye and keener intellect of the Attorney-General; but of this we are satisfied, that the prosecution has dissipated much of the *prestige* of his power, and that the flirtation with Federalism, whatever may have been its secret history, has essentially diminished the confidence and enthusiasm of his followers.

In short, we feel almost justified in saying that the *Repeal bubble has burst!* We hope we are not too sanguine. In the case of any other country in the world we should have no doubt—but Ireland is *Ireland!*

Meanwhile another difficulty—which Mr. O’Connell seems to think more serious, if possible, than that from which he has escaped—has arisen. The Government, in pursuance of that wise, just, and conciliatory policy which equally offends *all* Irish agitators—Dr. Maunsell as well as Mr. O’Connell—introduced and passed last session what is called the *Charitable Donation and Bequests Bill*, by which a Protestant board of Commissioners of Charitable Donations, already existing, was changed by the addition of a certain number of Roman Catholic members into  
a mixed

a mixed Commission, and invested with a power of accepting donations and bequests for the building Roman Catholic places of worship, and for endowing a provision for the ministering clergy.

This bill, a most important one as we candidly admit to all classes of objectors, passed, by the steady resolution of Ministers, as well as, we hope, by its intrinsic merits, with little objection in either House. All sensible men—the most sincerely attached both as Christians and statesmen to the Established religion—must see a broad and decisive distinction between an *alimentary provision* for the ministers of any particular church and the recognition or adoption of what they may believe its spiritual errors, and ought, therefore, to have no more objection, on conscientious grounds, to a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland than they have to one for the Presbyterian Church in Ireland (which has existed an hundred years), or for the Roman Catholic Church in Canada or Malta. But even those whose liberality might not extend to a direct state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have never, in recent times, supposed it possible or even desirable to prevent the people of that faith from personally contributing to the maintenance of their priest. As long as it was vainly imagined that the growth of popery could be and ought to be checked by such means, it was logical at least, if not wise, that all permanent donations and bequests for Roman Catholic purposes should be prohibited—but nowadays, when every such imagination has vanished, this prohibition is wholly indefensible, and pregnant, we think, with the double evil of increasing the mischief and intercepting the remedy. The Roman Catholics of Ireland are rapidly growing in wealth and weight, though not in proportion to the growth of the poorer population. What, then, is more proper than that the Rich should be permitted, if they please, to take upon themselves, to the relief of their poorer neighbours, a larger and more permanent share of the expenses of the due and decent celebration of their own rites, and the respectability of their pastor? But it is not the affluent Roman Catholics only by whom this act will be considered an indulgence: we trust that we shall see that the more considerable Protestant proprietors will come forward to avail themselves of this privilege—they will feel equally with the Roman Catholic the charitable impulse of increasing the comfort and independence of the priest, and of alleviating, if not of altogether saving, the burden of his maintenance to a population too poor in general to maintain itself. The almost unanimity with which this important bill passed through Parliament, is particularly



larly remarkable when we consider that the present state of the public mind is certainly not indifferent to religious considerations in general, nor especially to the points of difference between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.

But the Act is too wise, too just, too tranquillising, to meet Mr. O'Connell's approbation. We have already said that his main power is that of the Priests; and he probably thinks, and in our opinion thinks truly, that as *he* is forced to agitate to maintain *his* influence and *his* rent, so the priests are in a like manner, though not in an equal degree, obliged to agitate for *theirs*—that the two species of agitation are connected by this common principle—and that, if the priests should obtain a more easy, assured, and independent position, they would naturally occupy themselves more with the spiritual and local duties of that position, and less with the unprofitable, unclerical, and unseemly labours of political agitation. The danger—that is, to Mr. O'Connell's influence—is no doubt great, and the greater because, though everybody knows where the shoe pinches, he who feels it most is the most reluctant to indicate the exact place. What then was to be done? The old and popular objection to a State provision for the priests, that it would subject them to the influence of the Government, cannot be made here, for the Act confers the *exclusive* management of *all* Roman Catholic questions on the five Roman Catholic members of the Board, of whom the Government had announced their wish that three should be *prelates* and two laymen, with a Roman Catholic secretary; and there can be, moreover, no opportunity for favour or influence even in the Board itself, for its members are only the depositaries and executors of the directions of the donors. For instance; a handsome chapel has been built at Cahirciveen, in Mr. O'Connell's own parish. If Mr. O'Connell chooses to make the Priest of that parish, or even his diocesan, the Romish Bishop, we suppose, of Ardfer, more comfortable and independent by a permanent endowment, he is at liberty to do so through the organ of the Commission; but neither the Commission itself, nor, *à multo fortiori*, the Government, will thereby obtain any influence either over Mr. O'Connell, the Prelate, or the Priest. Indeed the most remarkable merit of the Act, in our eyes—as it is, we fear, its greatest offence in Mr. O'Connell's—is the perfect independence of *all* influence which it ensures to all parties. So great a good as this promises to be was hardly ever before achieved by such easy and simple means.

The alarm of the agitators was greatly increased when it was understood that the Roman Catholic Primate, Dr. Crolly, Archbishop

bishop Murray, Bishop Kennedy, Sir Patrick Bellew, and Mr. Anthony Blake, had consented to accept the duty of Commissioners. We have heard that strong private influence was employed on those gentlemen, particularly on the prelates, to deter them from accepting this *duty*—we cannot call it an *office*; but, that failing to shake their resolution, a bolder step was found necessary. Archbishop M'Hale of Tuam, so remarkable by his turbulent activity in every agitation, set on foot a *protest* against the Commission, to which the most powerful means were taken to obtain the signatures of both bishops and priests;—and a very large number of both classes signed it:—but still in vain. At last the knot seemed to be *dignus vindice*. Mr. O'Connell appeared, and by what he offered as a legal opinion on the Bill, but which to us seems hardly entitled to be called a quibble, and by violent speeches to different assemblies, he endeavoured to rouse such a spirit of popular resistance as might overawe the assenting prelates, not at all used to what they call in Ireland 'the rough side' of Mr. O'Connell's tongue,' and intimidate them from keeping their slowly formed and deliberate engagements with the Government. We learn from the Dublin papers, that after a conference with a deputation of agitators, Bishop Kennedy withdrew his consent to act in the intended Commission:—he adhered, it seems, to his *opinion* on the subject, but submitted his *conduct* to their imperious dictation. It is, however, with the greatest satisfaction that we find, that in spite of all this intrigue and intimidation the Commission is at last completed, and that the appointment of the following Commissioners was notified in the *Dublin Gazette* of the 18th Dec., 1844:—

The Master of the Rolls,	} <i>Ex-Officio</i> .
The Chief Baron of the Exchequer,	
The Judge of the Prerogative Court,	

The Lord Primate,	The Most Rev. Archbishop Crolly,
The Archbishop of Dublin,	The Most Rev. Archbishop Murray,
The Earl of Donoughmore,	The Right Rev. Bishop Denvir,
The Hon. and Rev. Dean Packenham,	The Right Hon. Sir Patrick Bellew, Bart.
The Rev. Dr. Henry,	The Right Hon. Anthony Blake.

This seems to us a great triumph to the cause of good order and public tranquillity in Ireland, and accordingly we are not surprised to learn that the Commission was announced in the Cork Repeal papers with black margins in sign of *mourning*, and that Mr. O'Connell is reported by his own friends to have left Dublin suddenly, and to have retired to Derrynane 'in a huff.' We hope he may have gone in a better spirit. Christmas is a season which every man may wish to spend at home; and we trust that this season of the Christian regeneration of mankind may calm his hostility to the political regeneration of his native country.

But



But at all events we trust that the efforts of Mr. O'Connell and Dr. M'Hale to defeat this wholesome measure of charity and conciliation cannot fail to open the eyes of all of the Roman Catholic clergy and people who are not blind from incurable ignorance, prejudice, and *terror*, or still blinder from a wilful and factious determination not to see, to the means and motives of Mr. O'Connell's whole system of agitation; and that they may learn to estimate the sincerity and success of his declarations against the *Union* by those of his hardly less violent denunciation of the 'Charitable Bequests Bill.'

To the important question to which all the preceding observations naturally lead—*How, then, is Ireland to be tranquillized?*—we are glad that it is not our duty to find, and it would therefore be presumptuous in us to attempt, a peremptory answer: but, considering that the same question has been asked for near 700 years without having received any satisfactory solution, its difficulty will rather afflict the patriotism than disturb the conscience of statesmen of the present day. But however adventurous it might be to predicate what would give to Ireland that which she has never yet enjoyed—entire content and tranquillity—it is not so hard to determine what would not. To each of the three grand nostrums now in vogue—*Independence, Repeal of the Union, and Federalism*—one comprehensive objection is ready and decisive—they have been tried and failed!

*Independence*—though the only real object, and, in fact, the end towards which the other two proposals are only means—has not, that we know of, been seriously proposed; and it would be enough to answer the lyrical rhapsodies of the '*Nation*' by reminding these Irish *Tyrtæi*, on the still higher poetical authority which we have already quoted, that it was Ireland's own '*faithless sons that betrayed her*' to the dominion of the stranger. But we will add, in humbler prose, that after seven centuries of a connexion which, however uneasy and imperfect, has produced in fact community of laws, identity of language, similarity of habits, and intermixture of blood, you may talk, indeed, of separating the *nations*; but nothing—not even the mutual massacre of all the British in Ireland, and all the Irish in Britain—could separate the people. They are ONE: differing, no doubt, in detail of manners and character, as individuals of the same name and family will do—but in all essentials, indissolubly ONE. And, besides these moral ties—*ties* is too feeble a word, they are *joints* and *ligaments*—there are some almost as powerful natural and physical considerations—armies, navies, colonies, markets, capital, railroads and steamboats, *Portpatrick, Holyhead, and Milford Haven*—which render the independence

of *Ireland* as impossible as that of the *Isle of Man*: and as to the influences, to which Mr. O'Connell so often and *significantly* alludes, of *France* and *America*, he is but a shallow statesman who does not see that to the *moral* and *physical* impossibilities just stated, the position and power of those countries superadd the *political* impossibility of the independence of Ireland. Ireland must be British—or nothing! As to the *Union* being the chief, or indeed any, cause of the unhappy disorders of Ireland, or its *Repeal* a remedy for them, we need but say that the Union is not 50 years old, and that the disease complained of is far older than 500. We need hardly allude to the long catalogue of jobs, corruption, mischief, and misery, which have been imputed to the old government of Ireland—it is enough to say that not one advocate for the Repeal of the Union has ventured to suggest a return to *that* system, but expatiates, with all the obscurity and vagueness of vaticination, on some 'new variety of untried being,' for which he foresees that she is destined in the book of fate. This would be, not *Repeal*, but the discovery of Utopia.

As to *Federalism*, that was tried in its fairest and most favourable form by some of the wisest and ablest that Ireland has ever produced—Flood and Grattan—Malone and Yelverton—Foster and Fitzgibbon—and a crowd of other distinguished men, courtiers as well as patriots—all parties to the arrangement, and interested in various ways in its success. It broke down in the third year of its existence by the difference between the British and Irish Parliaments on the 'Commercial Propositions;' and again, four years later, on the choice of a Regent; and if the French war had not intervened to divert internal discord, it never would have reached its eighteenth year, when it died, apparently a violent, but in truth a natural death in the arms of its *residuary legatee*—the *Union*. 'The lifetime of our independence was short—its author [Mr. Grattan, in 1805] is still living—his measure is already dead: "he sate by its cradle—he followed its hearse." Murmurs against this dispensation of Providence have arisen, but unjustly. The being, *from its mother's womb untimely ripped*, was faint and feeble; the dissolution, though sudden, was natural; though early, not premature.'

The sum of all is, that Independence is a phantom, Repeal a fraud, and Federalism a folly; and that the Imperial Government has no other duty in this respect than to consolidate and strengthen the Union by the closest combination it can attain of

\* State of Ireland, Past and Present, 1806, § x.



persuasion and authority—*by all that is possible of conciliation, and all that shall be necessary of power.*

We trust and believe that whatever new shifts or schemes Mr. O'Connell may practise or devise, the law will be found wide enough and strong enough to defeat; and that no special legislation may be necessary. In the very able and useful 'Memoir of the Union by an Irish Catholic,' named at the head of this article, and which we recommend to every one who wishes for compressed yet accurate information on every point and period of this extensive subject, we find some curious and instructive facts as to the Scottish Union.

'Mr. Hallam remarks, that "an attempt to dissolve the Scottish Union by the United Parliament itself, was made in a very few years; and not very decently supported by the Whigs, against the Queen's Tory ministry." In reference to that attempt, we find the following important letter of Lord Bolingbroke, in his published correspondence. It is dated at Whitehall, May the 29th, 1713, and is addressed to the Duke of Shrewsbury, soon afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland:—"The Scotch, both Lords and Commons, are in a high mutiny. . . . Your Grace will wonder when I tell you that they intend to move in our House on Monday to dissolve the Union. You may be sure, that all those *whose spirits are naturally turbulent and restless—all those who have languished under expectation—and all those who have any personal resentment—will take the occasion to add to the cry, and to pursue their own views, by intermingling them in this cause.* . . . A call of the House is ordered below stairs; and above, *we shall, I believe, ground on their motion, a bill to make it HIGH TREASON by any overt act to attempt the dissolution of the Union.* If, after this, *we go on to show them all reasonable indulgence, and at the same time to show to them and all mankind a firmness of resolution and a steadiness of conduct, good will have come out of evil, and we shall reap some benefit from the 'contre-tems.'*"—p. 38.

The general principles of conduct announced by Bolingbroke are sound and statesman-like; and his proposition to declare any overt act to attempt to dissolve the Union with Scotland *High Treason*, was not quite so extreme as it at first sight looks, for when the Rebellion broke out two years after—

'The Pretender deluded the unfortunate people of Scotland by promising them a dissolution of the Union. His proclamation, dated the 25th of October, 1715, will furnish an admirable speech for another pretender, for the opening of the first session of the parliament of real Irish manufacture:—"We are come," said he, "to relieve our subjects of Scotland from the hardships they groan under, on account of the late unhappy union, and to restore the kingdom to its ancient, free, and independent state. . . . We hope for better things; we hope to see our *just rights, and those of the church and people of Scotland, once more settled*

*settled in a free independent Scotch parliament, on their ancient foundation.* To such a parliament, which we will immediately call, shall we entirely refer both *our own* and their interests."—pp. 39, 40.

It is impossible to read these details of the violent prejudices of the Scottish people at that day against their Union, without a lively gratification at thinking that the present Irish agitation is, in every way, of a less dangerous character—altogether, as we believe, factitious, not founded on any substantial grievance chargeable on either the principle or administration of the Act of Union, but springing solely from the personal ambition of Mr. O'Connell—who, like the man who was ruined by the 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery, has been led by his success and popularity on the Emancipation question into a series of extravagances which, if all precedent and experience be not utterly deceptive, will end—and we repeat it in no vindictive spirit—in *his* ruin also.

But Mr. O'Connell, with all his great talents and his great services on the Emancipation question, could not alone have carried this agitation to the height which last year deserved the title of *formidable*, without the co-operation of the powerful priesthood and their obedient flocks. It is melancholy to have to confess, but it is the truth, that the great majority of the Roman Catholic population are and have been for two hundred years hostile to the Government—first, a little to Government in the abstract; more so to an English Government; and, now, above all, to a *Tory* one, which (so changed is the political nomenclature of our ancestors) they look on as a peculiarly *Anti-Catholic* Government. We do not believe these feelings exist to the degree that the agitators pretend, and that the vivacity of the people appears to indicate; but it cannot be doubted that disaffection to the British connexion has spread to a great, though we trust only superficial extent.

However difficult it may be to account philosophically for what is called *national character*—to explain precisely in what it consists, or how exactly it is formed—no one will venture to deny that there is such a thing;—some secret influence of climate and soil, combining with the still more inexplicable peculiarities of the races of men, and which seems to a considerable degree independent even of education or individual qualities. The *steady English*—the *wary Scotch*—the *testy Welsh*—the *volatile French*—the *phlegmatic Dutch*—the *artistic Italian*—the *solemn Spaniard*—all these are people crowded into so small a space of the earth's surface as some twenty degrees of latitude and longitude, and having most of the essential circumstances of social influence common to all—yet are each marked with a national stamp, indelible in natives, and still frequently distinguishable, for two or three generations,



in families that have migrated into other countries. Ireland is certainly no exception to this general law of nationality; and it cannot, we think, be denied that, with a great many admirable and estimable qualities, the Irish people have been, from all time, remarked for a certain confusion of ideas, combined with a peculiar susceptibility and, so to say, *pugnacity* of temper, which is emphatically distinguished as the *Irish character*. This of course, like the national characters of England, France, or Spain, is interspersed with important modifications, and marked with many and wide degrees; but, as might naturally be expected, is strongest in that uneducated majority of the population which has continued under the uninterrupted influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. These and their flocks had been for two centuries in a state which we can hardly think of without shame and wonder—at one period of persecution, at another of oppression, and always of disability and discredit. It is not surprising, therefore, that the worst peculiarities of the national character should be fostered amongst them, and that the *faith* for which they suffered these political disabilities and disadvantages should take an additional taint of political enmity against those whom they looked on not only with aversion as heretics, but with hatred as oppressors. The relaxations of the penal code were awkwardly, ungraciously, and impolitically made. Power was granted, but the means of conciliating and directing that power, in legal and constitutional channels, were neglected. Had Emancipation and a competent provision for the Roman Catholic clergy accompanied the Union,—as the authors of the Union intended,—we have little doubt that Ireland, in spite of her natural disposition to effervesce, would have *remained* (for the opposition is recent) contented under it, and would have made advances in moral and social improvement, and in political tranquillity and loyalty, at least equal to her progress in wealth and population.

Regrets for lost opportunities are not only vain, but humiliating, unless they give us courage to acknowledge and repair our errors. Mr. O'Connell demands *justice for Ireland*—so do we—so does the universal voice of the empire—full justice; not that unilateral favouritism—those schemes of anarchy and dismemberment—which constitute Mr. O'Connell's peculiarly Irish notion of justice; but justice that will protect and conciliate the peaceable, the reasonable, and the loyal—justice that will discountenance faction, defeat conspiracy, and punish sedition. This is the *justice* that Ireland needs, and this is what the Government professes, and, as far as we have been able to trace their measures, appear determined to practise. On the one hand, the prosecution of

of Mr. O'Connell is a pledge of their resolution to guard and vindicate the tranquillity of Ireland, and to maintain inviolate the integrity of the empire by all the means that the letter of the law and the spirit of the constitution can supply. On the other hand, the 'Charitable Bequests Bill' is a proof of the sincerity and the delicacy with which they desire to promote the temporal comfort and respectability of the Roman Catholic clergy, without in any way interfering with their spiritual duties, or infringing on their political independence; and while they exert an impartial and even indulgent justice over all classes, Dr. Maunsell's evidence is at least good for so much as to satisfy us that they will not shrink from extending to their Roman Catholic supporters a measure of countenance, confidence, and favour, as large and as cordial as to their Protestant friends in similar circumstances. When the Roman Catholic clergy feel themselves in a respectable and independent personal position, freed from the necessities of the worst '*voluntary system*' that ever humiliated any church—when the Roman Catholic gentry shall find that they are not discountenanced, and the Roman Catholic population that it is not subjected to any invidious distinctions, may we not hope that discontent and disaffection will gradually give way before more auspicious influences?

Nor have we any apprehensions that justice, and no more than justice, thus done to their fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians, can be in the slightest degree offensive to the feelings of the great body of the Protestants. Many will be, no doubt, dissatisfied—some from very low interests, and some from very high principles: the former we fear that we cannot hope to reclaim, because we can offer them reasons only, and not places; but we would remind the latter, and the Protestants of all ranks and denominations, that the principles of the Reformation are those (*κατ' ἐξοχὴν*) of justice, tolerance, and freedom of conscience—of doing as we would be done by—and that the anti-Papist principles which they have inherited from their ancestors were in all times essentially defensive, and though necessary to maintain their position in the former condition of Irish parties, ought now, from sound policy as well as good feeling, to be merged in the less invidious and more powerful safeguard of **BRITISH CONNEXION**. That is, in any imaginable difficulty or danger, the surest refuge, the unconquerable strength of the Irish Protestants—'*it is as the air they breathe, without it they die!*' And neither the insidious flatteries of Repealers, nor the treacherous delusions of Federalists, will have any disturbing effect on that brave, honest, pious, and most intelligent people. *They* may be as well assured of the undying



undying sympathy and support of England, as England is of their hereditary affection and unchangeable loyalty.

We conclude with consolatory and even hopeful impressions. So great is our faith in the force and final prevalence of truth—in the ultimate triumph of fair dealing and common sense—that we look at the state and prospects of Ireland with less alarm—we may even say with more satisfaction—than we have done for some years past. All we read, all we hear, and all we see, both reasoning and experience, concur in inspiring a deliberate confidence that the day will come—nor is it, perhaps, far distant—when the Irish agitation of 1844, like the Scottish faction of 1713, will have left no traces but on the page of history—where another generation will read of the transactions that have lately appeared so formidable to the very existence of the British empire, with no other feelings than wonder at their extravagance—contempt of their folly—gratitude for their failure.

## QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *A New Greek and English Lexicon; the words alphabetically arranged; distinguishing such as are poetical, of dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain writers and classes of writers; with examples, literally translated, selected from the classical authors.* By James Donnegan, M.D. Fourth edition, considerably enlarged, carefully revised, and materially improved throughout. London, 1842. 1 vol. large 8vo.
2. *A Greek-and-English and English-and-Greek Lexicon: with Addenda of new matter, and an Appendix explanatory of scientific terms, &c.* By George Dunbar, M.A., F.R.S.E., and Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1844. 1 vol. large 8vo.
3. *A Greek-English Lexicon, based on the German work of Francis Passow.* By Henry George Liddell, M.A., Student of Christ-Church; and Robert Scott, M.A., sometime Student of Christ-Church, and late Fellow of Balliol College. Oxford: at the University Press, 1843. 1 vol. large 8vo.
4. *A Lexicon, chiefly for the use of Schools.* Abridged from the Greek-English Lexicon of H. G. Liddell, M.A., and R. Scott, M.A. Oxford and London. Square 12mo.
5. *A Lexicon of the Greek Language, for the use of Colleges and Schools: containing, 1. A Greek-English Lexicon, combining the advantages of an alphabetical and derivative arrangement; 2. An English-Greek Lexicon, more copious than any that has yet appeared. To which is prefixed a concise Grammar of the Greek Language.* By the Rev. J. A. Giles, LL.D., late Fellow of C. C. C., Oxon. Second edition, with corrections. London, 1840. 8vo.
6. *A Lexicon to Æschylus, containing a critical explanation of the more difficult passages in the seven Tragedies.* By the Rev. William Linwood, M.A., M.R.A.S., Student of Christ-Church, Oxford. London, 1843. 8vo.

WHEN a Dictionary has been in use a long time, there is no difficulty whatever in forming a correct estimate of its value; but if it be only a recent publication, it is no easy matter to review it. There is, indeed, a case on record of some indefatigable gentleman having read through Johnson's Dictionary,



which he pronounced to be a very amusing though rather unconnected work. We ourselves have from practice, if not from nature, a pretty considerable stock of patience, but we do not profess to have either taste or perseverance sufficient to carry us through a similar task; and we had therefore almost determined to withhold for some time our judgment on the various Greek-and-English Lexicons which have started from the press, with surprising rapidity, within the last few years. Had we, after having examined the different Lexicons at the head of our article, felt the least doubt as to the decision to which we must come, and had not our first impressions been fully confirmed by many succeeding trials, we should have delayed accordingly.

We cannot exactly agree with Dr. Johnson in thinking that the dictionary-maker ever stood so low in the scale of literary merit as he endeavours to make out. We do not think he ranked so high as he ought, considering the arduous nature of his duties and the varied qualifications which he should possess; but we doubt whether he was ever really considered by those whose opinions were of any value, as the 'mere slave of science, the humble drudge of literature, whose highest ambition must be to escape reproach, but who could never aspire to praise.' At all events, if this might, perhaps, have been partially true of the so-called lexicographers who preceded Johnson, one thing is certain, that it ceased to be applicable as soon as he published his great work. From that time the science of lexicography stood very high in the public estimation: the Doctor depreciated it in his splendid Preface, but his Dictionary raised it to a rank from which it has never since descended. And as long as the name of Johnson shall be known in England, and that of Adelung in Germany—as long as the 'Dictionnaire de l'Académie' shall reign without appeal in France, and the Della Crusca in Italy—the science of lexicography will stand on very high literary ground.\* But when we leave the modern

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\* At the close of the last European war our language was very little known or cultivated in Germany; a good German and English Dictionary or Grammar did not exist; the only way for a German to learn English, or an Englishman German, was through the medium of French, for which purpose there were several good grammars, and the *German-and-French* and *French-and-German* Dictionary of the Abbé Mozin, published at Stutgard, in 2 vol. 4to., was everything that could be desired. After thirty years of peaceful intercourse between the two countries English is now becoming general in Germany, and German is fashionable in England; consequently the press of both countries teems with books to facilitate the study of the two languages. An especially commendable German and English Dictionary has been published at Leipsic, by Dr. Flügel, a clever and laborious German, who acts there as Consul of the United States. As one proof of the superiority of this work, it has been pirated (very unhandsomely, it would seem, though not illegally) both in Germany and England. The Doctor's intimate knowledge of obsolete expressions found in our early writers is quite surprising; and his acquaintance with our modern terms of art and commerce

modern tongues and enter on the study of a dead language, by which we mean not a mere superficial survey but a deep and accurate examination of it, the lexicographer then rises to a still higher rank. It is then seen that not only all the qualifications necessary for him who compiles a dictionary in his own mother tongue are required for the lexicographer of a dead language, but many others must be added to the list, while the acquisition of them will require much longer time, and be attended with ten-fold difficulty. Intense indeed must have been the studies of a Budaeus, a Constantine, a Stephanus (all three Frenchmen—to the literary honour of *old* France be it spoken!) before they could compose the lexicons which have immortalized their names. The lexicographer of the present day has not, it is true, the obstacles to surmount which opposed those giants at every step they took: his task, compared with theirs, is children's play; still, however, he has to contend with difficulties great and numerous enough to startle any deep-thinking scholar. He must have a complete command of his own language, and an intimate knowledge of the exact value of all its words, terms, and phrases; he must possess that power which Dr. Johnson enjoyed in a high degree—the power of illustration; he must have a fine and keen judgment, a nice discrimination to seize on the exact idea or ideas, visible and latent, furnished by each word; to distinguish true and complete synonyms (very few there are in any language) from those which, corresponding in most respects, yet differ in some one or other. And to be able to supply the place of synonyms he must possess the talent (and a rare possession it is) of accurate definition; of being able to seize on the great distinguishing marks or properties which characterize a word or thing, and represent them to the mind of others clearly and concisely—*‘justo numero vocum propriarum.’*

If now we apply these qualifications to the study of ancient Greek, the knowledge of the lexicographer will take in a very wide range. That any one who undertakes to compose a good Greek and English Lexicon must necessarily be a first-rate classical scholar is universally allowed; there can be no doubt of it. But we add, that not every first-rate scholar will make a lexicographer. One very small part of lexicographical ability is that which serves to interpret a difficult passage. It will be readily admitted that the lexicographer should have a deep and comprehensive knowledge of ancient Greek;—yes, this he must have, in

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commerce no less so. We wish he had not burthened his page with Americanisms (he resided ten years in the United States), many of which we cannot admit into the English language at all, and some would be admissible only in a *slang* dictionary.



the fullest sense of the words. His knowledge must be deep, for it must enter into the structure and formation of the language, must unravel its intricacies, distinguish its idioms, and trace its anomalies; and it must be comprehensive, for he must be able to carry his investigations through all the varied styles of poets and orators and historians, and through all the various dialects of the different eras and races that make up the Grecian history and people. Above all, there is one qualification, the absence of which would impair the efficiency of all the rest—he must have powers of memory to enable him to draw at pleasure on the literary fund which his reading has laid up in store, and to bring all his force to bear on any given point.\* We have sometimes heard one of our most able judges or leading barristers discourse at great length on some intricate and disputed point of law, bringing to bear on that point a vast mass of legal learning, a host of authorities, and cases, and precedents, as if all the reading of many tedious years and all his thought and memory had been directed to and were concentrated in the elucidation of that one particular question; and in the course of an hour or two we have been astonished and delighted by the same acute and eloquent lawyer exhibiting an equal amount of legal knowledge and research, but of quite another character, in the solution of a question widely and essentially different. And so must the lexicographer at one moment collect all his stock of epic knowledge to decide on a passage or reading of Homer or Hesiod; the next he must bring a similar extent of learning, but of a totally different character, to settle some local or historical or strategetical question in Thucydides or Xenophon. Before the ink is hardly dry he is called on to evince an intimate acquaintance with the domestic life of Athens for the elucidation of a passage in Aristophanes; he must soon produce a thorough knowledge of the laws and civil polity of Athens, to clear away obscurities from an expression of Lysias, or Isocrates, or Demosthenes; and ere long must summon all his philosophical recollections to understand and explain a passage of Plato or Aristotle.

But we see our readers smile; and we seem to hear the very natural exclamation, ‘If all this be required to constitute the lexicographer, few or none can aspire to, or be fit for the task.’ True; very few indeed are fit for it; and that is the reason why we have few or no good lexicons: but many aspire. It may be said, that in these palmy days of literature a great portion of the work

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\* Buttmann was an extraordinary instance of this rare mental faculty, and almost every page of his writings is an example of it. Whatever he has attempted to explain or elucidate, whether in the language or antiquities of ancient Greece, is done with such extensive and minute research, as if in all his studies he had in view only the one particular point before him. We regret that more of his works have not been translated.

of the lexicographer is ready done to his hands. It is so; and often done so badly that it had better be left undone. The lexicographer of the present day has not, indeed, to spend half a life in searching for the hidden seeds, and discovering the unknown plants which are to produce him fruit; most of the seeds have been already found and sown for him, most of the plants are already known and planted; but they are so choked with weeds, and those weeds are so similar to the true plants, that it requires all the skill of a subtle head and an experienced hand to separate them. It requires all the knowledge of the most accurate philologist to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious reading, between the sound and the plausible argument, between the true and the false interpretation.

Let us now proceed with the Lexicons, and first with Donnegan's, as being the oldest of the four now in court. About ten years ago we reviewed, at some length (vol. LI.), the first and second editions of this work, and we then felt it our duty to censure them: we did it as mildly as we could—perhaps more mildly than we ought. We did so, however, in the hope that the author might profit by our advice, and either abandon the line which we thought he had unwisely chosen, or, if he persevered, might see his faults and deficiencies, and in time correct them. His third edition we have not seen, nor are we called on to take any official notice of it, as the one now before us is the fourth. This Lexicon was at first a mere manual for the schoolboy, but it has gradually grown into size and importance, until it is now offered to the more advanced student as a guide through the higher classics, and evidently professes, both by its interior and exterior, its matter and volume, to supersede the *Scapulas* and *Hederics* of former days. This fourth edition has undergone (if we are to believe the preface) a 'rigorous and scrupulous revision,' so that it is now almost an entirely 'new cast of former editions; it is enlarged by 136 pages of new matter and by a profusion of additional references; the arrangement of the articles, as to the order of the explanations, has been materially improved; the passages, whence meanings are taken, have been carefully collated and examined'—in short, it seems that all former errors are corrected, and all deficiencies supplied. But we have had in our time a little experience in prefaces, particularly in prefaces to Dictionaries and Lexicons, which generally seem composed according to Pindar's direction—

Ἀρχομένους ἔργου, πρόσωπον  
Χρὴ θεῖμεν τηλαυγές—

and



and too often on the maxim of the Gascon who, having told an anecdote, and being interrupted with the question, 'Mais est-il vrai?' exclaimed, with a contemptuous frown, 'Cadédis! c'est encore plus beau.' That this fourth edition is an improvement on the first and second we readily allow; but what we have to complain of is, that it is not such an improvement as to lay the foundation for a progressive advancement towards high excellence. It is still lamentably deficient in all those points of arrangement and simplification which so greatly assist the inquiries of the student, that no Greek Lexicon, whatever its matter, can be good or useful without them. It has now almost every radical fault which it originally had—faults so constantly recurring, and so mischievous, that nothing can make amends for them. One great fault is uncertainty. Dr. Donnegan is not to be depended on, particularly when his assistance is most needed: his explanation or account of a word may be true, but if there be doubt or difficulty, the chances are even that it is false—ten to one but it is vague, diffuse, and inexact. The Doctor is, we have no doubt, what the world calls a very fair Greek scholar, but he is far from an accurate one. In explaining a common word, or translating a plain passage, he gets on pretty well; but where a questionable tense demands the investigation of the acute grammarian, where a doubtful derivation calls for the judgment of the experienced etymologist, where a disputed meaning requires the keen eye of the critic—the Doctor generally leaves us where we find him,—in the dark.\* In many instances he is contented with giving a close translation of Passow, and then, to a certain extent, we are pretty safe; but where he attempts to abridge the German lexicographer, he usually makes him unintelligible: where he adds to him (which in this edition is very often the case), we are not always much the wiser, but are more likely to be led away by something vague and perplexing. This is particularly the case in words which have a variety of senses, and which therefore require to be traced out and marked with more than usual care and distinctness. What Dr. Donnegan means by saying in his preface 'the arrangement of the articles, as to the order of the explanations, has been materially improved,' we are at a loss to conjecture; he must have a queer idea of arrangement. We have never had the pleasure of seeing him, but we will venture to affirm that the bump of order is defi-

\* An instance of this may be seen by comparing ἀγάζω, ἀγασμαι, ἀγάσμαι and ἀγῶν, where there are such a confusion and repetition of themes and tenses and quotations, as must puzzle and confound the unfortunate inquirer. In ἀναίνομαι and ἀναίστημι Donnegan has mistranslated plain passages from Euripides and Herodotus, for which a schoolboy would deserve a flogging.

cient in his phrenological system. In the extracts which we shall give by-and-bye, this will be seen at one glance; every article of any length is a maze of explanations, without mark or arrangement to distinguish the earlier meaning from the later, or the primary from the derivative. In our review of his former editions we pointed out nearly the same faults as we are now doing, and we afterwards drew out some rules for the guidance of future lexicographers. On looking back at those rules, after the experience of ten years, our opinion is confirmed: we are convinced that no Lexicon which shall not be composed according to the principles there laid down, will ever make any near approach to superior excellence. That Dr. Donnegan never read that article, never saw those rules (he saw them beautifully exemplified throughout Passow), we can hardly believe. He has chosen, however, to disregard them—to compose the fourth edition of his Lexicon in total defiance of those principles, and contrary to the example of Passow, his acknowledged pattern and guide; and the consequence is, that his Lexicon may become more bulky in each succeeding edition, but it will not become proportionably more instructive. It is from such Lexicons as these that the copious Greek language acquires the undeserved character of being vague and indistinct.

We come now to Dunbar's Lexicon, the first edition of which, published in 1840, we have not seen. The second is of 1844: the author is Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, and well known among our northern classics as a clever man and an acute scholar. In almost every page we meet with something which bespeaks the pen of a scholar, and we every now and then stumble on explanations of words and passages, occasionally fanciful, but always sensible, and sometimes ingenious, which amply repay us for the search. Some of these explanations indeed degenerate into dissertations, and would be more in their place as notes to the text of the author whom they serve to elucidate; but still we can excuse their length for the information which they furnish. They prove, moreover, that the Professor is possessed of one quality which we could wish to see more general: he does not see with the eyes of others: he thinks for himself, and he seems well qualified to do so. In several instances we find him discussing (and with considerable success) some very intricate passages in Arnold's Thucydides, in others examining tenses from Buttman's large Grammar and dissertations in his Lexilogus. He has certainly shown that some of the conjectures of the erudite German are, to say the least, very far-fetched and questionable; whether the suggestions from Auld Reekie  
are



are preferable we think equally doubtful;\* so much easier is it to pull down than to build up. Why the Professor strings the additions and emendations of this second edition as 'Addenda,' at the end of the book, instead of incorporating them, we are at a loss to conceive. There is also 'an Appendix, explanatory of scientific terms, &c.,' which seems well done and useful, but which might, for all we can see, have been much more useful if worked into the body of the Lexicon. Lastly, we have a second part containing an English and Greek Lexicon, by far the best and most copious which we have seen, and enriched with a vast number of appropriate phrases and references. And yet, with all these and many other points of excellence, we cannot recommend this Lexicon for general use. We do not think it calculated to give a fair and favourable view of the language, nor to facilitate the study of it. It is not based on those principles which we believe indispensable to good Greek and English Lexicography. Mr. Dunbar says, indeed, in the preface to his first edition, that 'it has been his aim to give the primary meaning in the first instances, then the more general and common; then to notice a few peculiarities of expression—with references or quotations from the authors by whom they were employed, &c.' And we gladly bear our testimony in his favour, that generally he has performed his promise: he is too good a scholar to be ignorant of the primary meaning of words, and, excepting in a few scattered instances, we think he has given it; but then he might almost as well have not done it, unless he had at the same time marked out some line of distinction between the primary and derivative senses, which would at once have simplified the thing, and enabled younger students to see where the one ended and the other began: instead of which we have generally at the commencement of an article three or four explanatory words or senses following close on each other, divided sometimes by a comma, sometimes by a semicolon; the former intended, we conclude, to divide (we had almost said to unite) words representing the same meaning, the latter to separate those of a different meaning: but unfortunately these marks are so similar to each other that, what with occasional mistakes of the printer and occasional oversights

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\* Among many others his objections to Buttmann's explanation of ἀμολγός and κητέεσσαν seem well-founded; his own idea of the meaning of the former is however quite as objectionable; his conjecture of κητέεσσαν, in the only two passages of Homer where the latter occurs as the epithet of Lacedæmon, deserves consideration; but we fear it is not supported by any old authority, or found in any MS. His idea of the meaning of βόσμαι, in opposition to the generally received opinion of grammarians and commentators, is, we have no doubt, the true one.

of the author, they are rarely to be depended on; proofs of which are visible in every column of every page. Another great objection to this Lexicon is the almost universal want of references to authorities, by which we might be able to ascertain whether the word were used by an early or late writer, whether it were an expression of poetry or prose, whether it were Epic, or Lyric, or Ionic, or Doric, or Attic; in what era its primary meaning is to be found—whether its derivative senses are valuable as having existed in the pure times of Greece, whether they crept in during the Macedonian or Alexandrian age, or are to be considered only as the clumsy imitation of a Græco-Roman writer. All this information we ought to find in a good Lexicon; but we cannot have it, unless to each meaning be appended the name of the author in whom it first occurs. Besides, although we may have great dependence on the scholarship of the Edinburgh Professor, he cannot think that every one who uses his Lexicon is to sit down contented with his opinion; we wish to think and examine for ourselves and to be able to verify his judgment by our own. But many, very many words have no authority at all, neither reference nor quotation; others refer the reader to Xenophon, or Plato, or Sophocles, or Demosthenes, when we ought to have had Homer or Hesiod. To give one instance from a thousand of the very imperfect manner in which this branch is handled, and the mischief to which it may lead younger students, we will cite the case of

“*ἔγχος*, *εος*, *τό*, a spear, a pike, a sword, any offensive weapon; metaph. power or strength, *οὐδ’ ἐνι φρόντιδος ἔγχος*, nor is there any strength of mind, Soph. *Œd. Tyr.* 170.’

Now here we have no distinction whatever between the different significations, between the older and later use of the word, no author quoted to show when it was used as a spear, and when it took the additional meaning of a sword: nothing to tell us what foundation there is for the sense of ‘any offensive weapon,’ whether that were the language of prose or a figurative expression of poetry.

Another fault constantly recurring is the unmethodical and confused manner in which the meanings are given, particularly where an adjective has an active and passive sense, or some slight variety of meaning as applied to persons or things. This ought to be always distinctly pointed out, as it simplifies what may otherwise appear unconnected; but in Dunbar’s Lexicon it is almost always omitted. For instance:—

“*ἄγνωτος*, *ῶτος*, *ὁ*, *ἡ*, unknown, ignorant; *ἄγνωτες ἀλλήλων*, unacquainted with each other, Thucyd. iii. 53; unconscious, Soph. Col. 547;  
*δόκησις*



δόκησις ἀγνώως, an unknown or strange suspicion, Soph. Œd. Tyr. 681; not understood, Æschyl. Ag. 1021; unknown to, Thucyd. i. 137.

Now surely nothing can be more complicated, more unphilological than the arrangement, or rather disorder, of this simple word. It has but two senses, an active and a passive one, *not knowing* and *not known*. Under the former should have come the two passages from Soph. Col. 547 and Thucyd. iii. 53: under the latter those from Æschyl. Ag. 1021, Soph. Œd. Tyr. 681, and Thucyd. i. 137;—and then in addition to the simplification of the arrangement, would be seen what might else be overlooked or appear anomalous—why in the former passage of Thucydides ἀγνώως is followed by a genitive, and in the latter by a dative. \*Αγνώσις is left in similar disorder; still worse is

“Ἀγρῶς, ἰά, ἰον, belonging to the country, rustic; rude; wild; ferocious; grievous; violent; excessive; cruel; troublesome, Il. xix. 30; ἄγρια, n. pl. for adv. in a rustic clownish manner.”

Here, if we are to rely on the semicolons, we have no less than nine meanings for so common a word as ἄγριος, but no reference to any author, no example, no explanation to show how from the primary sense all the others are deduced by a metaphor common to most languages: we surely ought to have been told that the original and primitive meaning is, *living in the country, living wild*—that *wildness* when applied to the vegetable world or to countries is opposed to *cultivation*—that when used of animals it is opposed to *tame*—when spoken of the passions it implies that they are *fierce and violent*; but what shall we say of *troublesome* as the epithet of the flies around the dead body of Patroclus? We can only say that this cannot be the meaning of ἄγριος either in Homer or elsewhere; the Professor must have been napping (for which, to be sure, he may plead Homeric example); when wide awake he will agree with us that his epithet does not at all come up to the *wild restlessness* of the Patroclean blue-bottles. We remember to have read in some English poet ‘untameable as flies,’ which might have been an imitation of Homer; but it is very possible that both the Greek and the English poet drew their idea from the same great original source. It does certainly appear that the Professor is not happy in his translation of Homeric epithets, for within a page or two we find ἀεσίφρων (Il. xx. 183) translated *inconstant*, for no other reason that we can see (and it is no reason at all) but because it is preceded by and opposed to ἔμπεδος. Again, ἀήσυλος (Il. v. 876) is rendered *troublesome, unjust*. We hope the Professor won’t think us *troublesome* for remarking that he seems to have an unfortunate partiality for this term, which we find

find again in the preceding page as one of the explanations of ἀνδής; while ἀνδῶς ἐσθίειν (Xen. Mem. 3, 13, 2) is translated 'to eat with reluctance or unwillingness,' instead of *without enjoyment or relish*. All this is very slip-slop, very careless. Still worse is ἀζήμιος (Thucyd. 2, 37), *harmless*, but judiciously rendered by Liddell and Scott, 'not amounting to punishment;' and ἀέμευτος, *not warmed, unfostered* (Æsch. Choeph. 620). What the latter epithet has to do with the passage referred to, and as the epithet of ἐστία, we are at a loss to imagine. On the following page we were struck with a most unnecessary number of interpretations to those very plain and simple words ἀθυμία and ἄθυμος, the latter having no less than twelve explanatory epithets, making that vague and diffuse which might have been kept exact and definite by three or four at the most. We might bring forward a thousand other instances of similar slovenliness and confusion, but it would only occupy time and space unnecessarily; we shall therefore close our review of Dunbar's Lexicon by adding that we have looked carefully through many different parts of the work, and have found generally the same vague and inaccurate interpretation, the same unmethodical disorder. We mention these details to show the Professor, if he ever condescends to read our southern lucubrations, that we have not been sparing of our time in examining his Lexicon, and that he has still much to do. He has been working on false principles or without any at all, and until he retraces his steps and begins anew, we fear his Lexicographical labours will never attain that high excellence to which his classical knowledge may fairly entitle him to aspire.

Let us now proceed to the Greek and English Lexicon by Messrs. Liddell and Scott, published at the Oxford University press in 1843. The authors tell us in their preface that their first intention was to give a translation of Passow's Greek and German Lexicon, with additions of their own. Had they carried out that idea, had they confined themselves to a mere translation of Passow's valuable work, we feel confident that the attempt would have been a total failure. We assert unhesitatingly that no scholarship however high, no experience however tried, no knowledge of Greek and German however accurate, can translate successfully a Greek and German into a Greek and English Lexicon. It is a literary impossibility. Messrs. Liddell and Scott soon found this, and they then adopted a wiser plan; they took Passow and the principles on which he had based his Lexicon as the foundation of theirs, and set themselves (we extract from their preface) to examine some of the principal writers whom Passow had more or less neglected and omitted:—

'One



'One undertook to read carefully through Herodotus, the other through Thucydides. They then went through the fragments of the early poets, Lyric, Elegiac, &c., which were not in the *Poetæ Minores* of Gaisford; as well as those of the early Historic and Philosophic writers; and those of the Attic, Tragic, and Comic poets dispersed through Athenæus, Stobæus, &c.'

Throwing their chief strength on the phraseology of the Attic writers, they found themselves greatly assisted in this branch of their inquiries by many excellent special Lexicons and copious indexes of particular authors, as 'Wellauer's of Æschylus, Ellendt's of Sophocles, Beck's of Euripides, Caravella's of Aristophanes, Ast's of Plato, Sturz's of Xenophon, Reiske's and Mitchell's of the Attic orators.' When, however, they launched out into the wider and less-known ocean of the later writers, they were almost entirely deserted by such guides, and constrained, in addition to their own reading, to content themselves with very few Lexicons and very meagre indexes. The consequence is, as they tell us in the preface, that they 'have not been anxious to amass *authorities* from these authors, though they have endeavoured to collect their *peculiar* words and phrases.'

Whether these colleagues have depended too much on indexes is a question that may fairly be asked, and in a review of their work ought to receive an answer. In doing this we must bear in mind that their Lexicon is a *first* attempt to realize the great and laborious plan drawn out and begun by Passow. That plan was to give the first place to an accurate examination of the Epic language of Homer and Hesiod; which Passow did most thoroughly in the first edition of his Greek and German Lexicon. In a second edition he proposed (proceeding in an historical order) to examine the old lyric and elegiac poetry, with the prose of Herodotus and Hippocrates; in a third, the Attic poets, and then the Attic prose: and in this way, says he (in a letter translated by our Oxonians), 'I hope gradually to come nearer to my idea of a good Lexicon, and to bring organic connexion into the thing of shreds and patches which we now have.' That the learned German would have wished to continue his plan by (at least) selecting the best of the later writers, if he had lived to finish the earlier ones, we know from his preface (p. xxii.); for he saw, as clearly as we do, that no Lexicon can be complete without such a continuation. Unfortunately for the cause of Lexicography he was spared to do little more than plan for others to execute: though his Lexicon reached a fourth edition, he got no further than the prose of Herodotus; and even that, though admirably and efficiently done, was not so complete as the epic language of his first edition—while Hippocrates he entirely omitted.

omitted. The great advantage, however, of Passow's plan was, that it enabled others to continue what he had so well begun: so that a succession of scholars, treading in each other's steps, might in time bring to perfection what one or two lives would not be long enough to complete. Now in this first edition of Messrs. Liddell and Scott they have done more, and proceeded further in Passow's plan than he did in four editions. They have followed him through the epic language of Homer and Hesiod almost too servilely; for he, like most of his countrymen, has refined too much—has given significations which are not in the word but in the context—has made distinctions where there was no real or essential difference.\* In this part of their work we wish they had compared Homer with Passow, and thought more for themselves. Pindar and the minor lyric and elegiac poets they evidently have not neglected; Herodotus they have examined more thoroughly than Passow did, and, as far as we can judge, they have done it well;† Hippocrates they, like their German prototype, fought shy of; they contented themselves with using Foesii *Œconomia* (a very imperfect kind of Lexicon for Hippocrates, composed by Foes, a physician of Metz, towards the end of the sixteenth century), and with gleaning a few expressions from the index of the Oxford Scapula (see their preface). We regret much that they should have treated the Greek physician so slightly. It is true that he is not a very attractive writer—his matter is not very interesting, except, perhaps, for one of his own profession; it is also unfortunately true that we have no critically accurate edition of his text; still his works must be examined carefully by any one who would give a complete account of the old Ionic dialect; and, until they are, there will be a hiatus in Greek Lexicography which he, and he only, can fill up. In regard to the Attic writers generally—the tragedians, historians, and orators, we have great

\* For instance Homer marks so plainly and distinctly the difference between λέχος, the bedstead, and εἶρη, the bed, that we can hardly think the latter means a bedstead at Od. 16, 34, nor can we see why, at Od. 23, 179, it should signify a mattress, bolster.

† Though their general management of Herodotus is deserving praise, this does not of course preclude occasional defects. For instance ἀπλοια we cannot help thinking badly done. They translate it 'want of sailing, or bad time for sailing, difficulty or impossibility of sailing, Æschyl. Ag. 188, also in plur. contrary winds, stress of weather, Hdt. 2, 119.' What 'want of sailing' means we don't understand; 'bad time for sailing' may be implied or expressed in some context, but we doubt if it is in the word; the same we think of 'contrary winds, stress of weather.' We see no reason for giving any other interpretation than 'impossibility or difficulty of sailing, principally when caused by unfavourable wind or weather,' which will be quite sufficient to explain the passage of Æschylus, two passages in Euripides, two in Thucydides, and the one above quoted from Herodotus, where it is put in the plural, because the impossibility of sailing was repeated. If in any other author it means really 'bad time for sailing,' or 'stress of weather,' give us the proving instance.



reason to be satisfied with Messrs. Liddell and Scott: they have enlarged and improved very much on Passow: Thucydides and Xenophon, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and the Orators, testify the research and the scholarship of the two editors. At the same time there can be no doubt but that an examination of Linwood's *Lexicon for Æschylus* (published too late to be of any use to Messrs. Liddell and Scott), and a more careful reading of Aristophanes, Demosthenes, &c., would be very desirable—we should even say, will be absolutely necessary, before we can arrive at anything like a complete Greek and English *Lexicon*. Euripides, in particular, we would recommend to these writers or their successors, as having been always too much neglected. Nor has the Stagyrite been treated with that respect which his intrinsic merit well deserves—an omission particularly remarkable in these eminent alumni of the University of Oxford. We certainly wonder that Messrs. Liddell and Scott should have contented themselves with the very meagre index of Sylburg, and two or three others, and wish that they had thoroughly examined Aristotle's works themselves, voluminous though they be; but then some one may require the same in favour of Theophrastus, others of the later historians, Diod. Siculus, Dionys. Halic., Dio Cassius, &c. &c.; and so we might go on to enumerate authors, to master whom a long life would not suffice. We must, therefore, declare once for all that it would be unreasonable, in this first essay in Greek and English Lexicography, to expect much more than the Oxford colleagues have given us. If we have in this first edition the epic, lyric, and Attic writers well and fully elucidated—*fully* though not *completely*—we ought to be contented, when we come to the later writers, with what the editors could glean from the best existing indexes. We must have a little patience, and look forward to future editions.

We have said that Messrs. Liddell and Scott have based their work on the great leading principle which Passow adopted and exemplified in his *Lexicon*, and which we may call 'the historical principle,' viz. 'to make each article a history of the usage of the word referred to.' That is, to give first the earliest authority for its use. Then, if no change was introduced by later writers, to leave it with that early authority alone,—adding, however, whether it continued in general use or not, and taking care to specify whether it was common to prose and poetry, or confined to one only. In most cases the word will tell its own story; the passages quoted will themselves say whether it continued in use or not, both in poetry and prose;—for there are few words that do not change their significations more or less in the downward course of time; and few, therefore, that do not need many references. It will  
be

be understood' (we are quoting from the Oxford preface) 'that deviations from the strict historical order must occur. Homer sometimes uses a word in a metaphorical sense only, the literal sense of which occurs (perhaps) first in Plato. In such instances we, of course, give the literal and actual sense the preference.' This great principle, the only sure foundation on which to build a good Lexicon of the Greek language, we have already spoken of more at length (Q. R., vol. LI.). It was very beautifully exemplified for the first time in Passow's Lexicon. Donnegan seems to have disdained it, Dunbar to have been ignorant of it:—Messrs. Liddell and Scott have made it the basis of their work. And the consequence is that Passow's Lexicon was, as far as that went, admirable; Donnegan's, and Dunbar's, objectionable and mischievous; Messrs. Liddell's and Scott's excellent and useful. And here another question naturally proposes itself to us—Have these last carried out in their work this principle which they hold forward so prominently in their preface—have they constantly kept it in view and regularly acted upon it? We have examined their Lexicon with great care and patience, as well with regard to this as other questions, and we answer without hesitation that they do appear to have kept constantly in view this great fundamental rule. That they have *always* been able to carry it out—that they have *always* acted upon it—is quite another thing; for that would presuppose that they were aware of *every* passage in *every* author where a word occurs. No: we are sorry to see that in a vast number of instances their reading has not been sufficiently extended to enable them to make every word tell its own history. It is but too true that with them a great number of words tell no history at all—others only half. This defect is indeed rarely to be found among the Attic, but principally among the later writers, and is the consequence of the two editors not having had time or leisure to consult the authors themselves, but having been obliged to content themselves with imperfect indexes. We have already given it as our opinion, and we have never seen occasion to doubt its soundness, that no Lexicon can make any near approach to perfection, unless to each meaning of every word be appended a reference, not merely to the author, but to the passage which supplies and proves the meaning. Now, in this respect, no one can deny that the Oxford Lexicon is very defective. In the epic, lyric, and early Attic writers there is, indeed, little fault to be found; but in Hippocrates, in Theophrastus, in Athenæus, and in the later historians, references to particular passages are rare—perhaps in the latter part of the Lexicon more so than in the former, as if the editors were gradually getting weary of their laborious undertaking. And as  
these



these authors are, generally speaking, pretty voluminous, and never furnished with a good index, it is just in these that particular references are most needed. How provoking, for instance, is it, when we wish to verify the interpretation of the Lexicographer whom we are consulting, to be put off with a mere reference to Diod. Sic. or Dion. Hal., or Herodian or Philo—as we have often been in Scapula, and very often are in this work. Why we should be served so as respects Polybius and Plutarch and Lucian we cannot imagine, because Schweighaeuser's *Lexicon* to the first, Reiske's and Wyttenbach's indexes to the second, and Geel's index to the edition of Hemsterhuis and Reitz for the last, are so copious as to leave little to be wished for: in these we ought always to have chapter and verse. An instance of the mischief arising from this neglect we shall see by-and-bye in ἀβλεπτέω.

We have also observed that Messrs. Liddell and Scott have not always quoted the earliest author in which a word occurs, and that, when there was no good reason to prevent them; at the same time it is but fair to add, that this does not seem to happen more frequently than might fairly be expected in the first edition of so bulky a work. And it must be remembered that in many cases such a defect may be of a trifling and venial nature; whether, for instance, an authority be from Thucydides or Xenophon, from Sophocles or Euripides, from Plato or Aristotle, is really of very little consequence; whether it be from Homer or Apollonius Rhodius, from Hippocrates or Galen, from Pindar or Callimachus, does indeed make a wide difference. For instance, ἀγών, in the sense of a battle, is quoted from Thucydides (and, by the bye, without reference to book or chapter), when it might have been quoted from Æschylus; the latter ought certainly, according to our rules, to have had the preference, as being the earlier author, though, on the other hand, there is some advantage in citing Thucydides, as showing that the sense was not a mere poetical liberty, but the sober language of historical prose. Again, it would have been better to have given for ἐγγαστρέμιδος the authority of Hippocrates than that of the LXX.; for σέριφος to have given Aristophanes than Dioscorides, particularly when the passage in which it occurs in the latter informs us that it was used by the former; it would have been very much better to have quoted Hippocrates than Theocritus for the use of μῶς in the sense of a muscle, and Hippocrates than Plutarch for τυρώδης; at the same time, as τυρός is found as early as Homer, it is of less consequence whether one of its regularly-formed derivatives were in use a few hundred years earlier or later. We repeat that, having examined this *Lexicon* word by word through many, very many pages, we have

not discovered in it more defects of this kind than might fairly have been expected, in proportion to its size, and considering it to be a first edition; and those which we have seen are not generally of a glaring character, nor of any very material consequence.

Nor are these faults of the *Lexicon* what may be called radical ones; they are not of such a nature as to spread their contagious influence far and wide, and almost defy the weeding hand or the pruning hook: they are defects or rather deficiencies to be supplied in future editions, and we have mentioned them thus at some length and at the risk of being tedious, in order that their real character may not be mistaken, and because in other respects this *Lexicon* is so well done that it deserves to be made better; there is so little to be obliterated that it will be always worth the while to add; it lays so good a foundation that Messrs. Liddell and Scott, or (if they have not leisure and inclination) any other experienced scholars, may build a goodly superstructure thereon. In fact, as it stands, it constitutes already a sterling addition to the library; and reflects indisputably very high honour on its authors. We hear a second edition is soon to appear—and that in it we shall find a very marked improvement, particularly as respects the supply of references.

We must now bestow a few words (a very few will suffice) on Giles's *Lexicon*, of which we have before us the second edition, dated 1840. The three *Lexicons* which we have been hitherto reviewing are of nearly the same size and pretensions, offering to the more advanced scholar a substitute for *Scapula* and *Hederic*;<sup>\*</sup> but this is a mere manual for school-boys, a small unpretending book without one reference or authority, and about the size of the old *Schrevelius*, which we remember at school—it is not necessary to say how many years ago. We have looked through it with some care, and we have no hesitation in saying that generally speaking it is a creditable and useful little work, and though not quite up to the *Lexicography* of the day, we should have no objection to put it into the hands of any boy who was beginning his Greek. At the same time it is not to be compared with the abridgment of Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon*, which is by much the best manual for beginners that has ever come from the press. This *Lexicon* of Dr. Giles has also an English-Greek part, surprisingly copious for its size, and very good, but not equal to Professor Dunbar's, of which we have spoken already. The Professor's is both more copious and more accurate than that of Dr. Giles.

<sup>\*</sup> In 1826, Pintzger and Passow edited *Hederic's Lexicon*, in 4 vols. 8vo., at Leipsic, but we suspect it had no great circulation. The time for Greek and Latin *Lexicons* is gone by in Germany as well as in England.



But this branch of Greek and English Lexicography is still in its infancy.

We will now proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts taken from the four Lexicons; taken, be it observed, from the very beginning, from one single page; not selected from different parts, because a selection might appear unfair, at least might be so construed by persons dissatisfied with our animadversions. Nor in making these extracts have we sought for words or passages of doubt or difficulty. For it very often happens that the more prominent parts of a work are drawn out with attention, while

DONNEGAN, <i>Fourth Edition.</i>	DUNBAR, <i>Second Edition.</i>
<p>Ἀβιοί, proper name of a nation, Il. v 6. Wolf.</p> <p>*Ἀβίος, ου, δ, adj. wanting sufficient means of support, poor, Il. v 6. Antiphon. Τετραλογία. B. p. 666. l. Reisk.—s. s. as ἀβίωτος, Plat. Leg. ix. p. 44, and Anal. Br. iii. p. 290. Th. a priv., βίος, life. ¶ having abundant means of support, rich, Antiph. cited Schn. L. but ? Th. a augm., βίος.—‡‡ unprovided with a bow, Th. a priv., βίος, a bow.—‡‡ wanting strength or vigour. Th. a priv. βία. The latter ss. from the mark ¶ are of doubtful auth., Valcken. Adon. p. 215.</p> <p>*Ἀβίωτος, ου, adj. s. s. and Th. as ἀβίωτος.</p> <p>*Ἀβίωτος, ου, adj. wanting life, not vital, lifeless; but, generally, insupportable as life, Eur. Hipp. 823. not to be deemed as living, viz. living miserably, Xen. Mem. 4, 8, 8. leading a hopeless existence, Plut. Dion. 6. βίος ἀβ., Anthol. Jacob. iii. 2. p. 232. a joyless life, scarcely to be called life; ἀβιώτως ζῆν, Plut. Dion. 6. to live in a state of utter hopelessness. Th. a priv., (βίω) βίος.</p> <p>*Ἀβλαβία, poet. ἀβλαβία, as, ἡ, the state of being uninjured; safety, Æsch. Agam. 995. 1st form Act. harmlessness; innocence, Hom. H. in Merc. 93. Pass. sign. s. s. as 'incolumitas'—in the Act. as 'innocentia,' Cic. Tusc. iii. 8: from ἀβλαβής.</p> <p>*Ἀβλαβής, έος, adj. uninjured, safe, Pind. P. 3, 76. Soph. Œd. T. 229. compare Electr. 650. unbroken, as a treaty—not injurious, inoffensive, as a treaty, Thuc. 5, 57. innoxious, Æsch. Eum. 275.—Act. averting evil, as lustral water,</p>	<p>*Ἀβίος, ου, δ, ἡ, that has not the necessities of life; leading an insupportable life. a priv. βίος. also, rich, long-lived. s. intens. βίος, life.</p> <p>*Ἀβίος, not violent; gentle, mild, peaceable, Il. xiii. 6. also intolerable, Plato Legg. ix. a, βία, strength.</p> <p>*Ἀβίωτος, ου, δ, ἡ, without life, lifeless; insupportable, intolerable, as βίος ἀβίωτον ἡγεῖται, he was leading an insupportable life. Æsop. and Xen. Mem. 4, 8, 8. a, βίος.</p> <p>*Ἀβλαβία, as, ἡ, and Poet. ἀβλαβία, in an uninjured state, safety; harmlessness, innocence.</p> <p>*Ἀβλαβής, έος, δ, ἡ, unhurt, unharmed, uninjured, Soph. Œd. T. 229. also harmless, Thucyd. 5, 18. innocuous, doing no injury, Plato Phil. 63. a, βλάβη.</p>

while the less striking are slurred over carelessly. And if we find the easier badly managed, whether from ignorance, inexperience, or want of attention, we may at once pronounce the work faulty, and the author censurable. From one of these three sources all defects in a Lexicon must arise; and if we were to specify which of them we have seen most prominent in the Lexicons now under examination, we should say that the faults in Donnegan arise principally, not exclusively, from ignorance; those of Dunbar from inexperience; those of Liddell and Scott from want of care and attention. But we must produce our extracts.

SCOTT AND LIDDELL.

\**ἄβιος*, *ov*, = *ἀβίωτος*, hence *βίος ἄβιος* Emped. 326. also *not to be survived*, *αλογόνη* Plat. Legg. 878. C. II. *without a living*, *παρ*, Luc. The signif. *rich*, with *α*, intens., rests on a false interpr. of Il. 13, 6. Equally false are the signs. *without a bow* (*βίος*), and *without force* (*βία*), Valck. Adon. p. 215.

\**Ἀβίωτος*, *ov*. = *α*. Eur. Hipp. 821, 867. *acc.* to Elmsl. and Dind.

\**Ἀβίωτος*, *ov*, (*βίω*) *not to be lived*, *insupportable*, *βίος ἄβ.* Ar. Plut. 969. cf. *ἐπιγ.*; so *ἄβιωτον χρόνον βιοτεῦσθαι* Eur. Alc. 241; *ἄβιωτον ἡμῖν*, *I can live no longer*, Id. Ion. 670. Adv. — *τως*, Plut.

\**Ἀβλάβεια*, *ῆ*, *freedom from harm*, Lat. *incohæritas*, Æsch. Ag. 1024. where however Dind. *εὐλαβεία*. II. act. *harmlessness*, Lat. *innocentia*, Cic. Tusc. 3, 8. from

\**Ἀβλαβής*, *ές*, (*βλάβη*) *without harm*, i. e. I. pass. *unharméd*, *unhurt*, Pind. Æsch. etc.: *inviolate*, *unbroken*, *σπουδαί*, Thuc. 5, 18. II. act. *harmless*, *innocent*, *ξυνουσία*, Æsch. Eum. 285. *ἡβουαί*, Plat.: also *averting or preventing harm*, *ἔδωρ*, Theocr. 24, 96. In Plat. Legg. 953. we have the act. and pass.

GILES, Second Edition.

\**Ἀβιος*, *ov*, 1. (*ἄ, βίος, life*) wanting the necessities of life; rich, long-lived. 2. (from *βίος, a bowstring*) unfurnished with a bow. 3. (from *βία*) robust, strong; or with *δ* priv., weak, not strong.

\**Ἀβίωτος*, *ov*, and *ἀβίωτος*, lifeless, insupportable; joyless. — \**Ἀβιώτως*, hopelessly.

\**Ἀβλαβέως*, or *ἀβλαβῶς* (*ἄ, βλάβη*) harmlessly, innocently; superl. *ἀβλαβέστατα*. — \**Ἀβλαβής*, *έος*, harmless, uninjured. — \**Ἀβλαβία* and *ἀβλάβεια*, *ας*, f. innocence, safety. — \**Ἀβλαπτος*, *ov*, (*ἄ, βλάπτω*) unharmed, harmless. — \**Ἀβλάπτως*, harmlessly.



DONNEGAN, <i>Fourth Edition.</i>	DUNBAR, <i>Second Edition.</i>
<p>Theocr. 24, 96. <i>others understand</i>, 'pure,' Th. a priv., βλέπω.</p> <p>'Αβλεπτός, ὦ, fut. ἴσω, not to see, or see imperfectly, hence, to commit a fault; to err, Schn. Lex. Th. a priv. βλέπω.</p> <p>'Αβοητι, adv. silently; without noise or struggle, Pind. Nem. 8, 16. Th. a priv., βοῶν.</p> <p>'Αβουκόλητος, ου, adj. in a met. s. not entertained, or attended to, Æsch. Suppl. 907. Well. (see βουκόλει.) Th. a priv., (βουκόλει) βουκόλος.</p> <p>'Αβουλέω, ὦ, fut. ἴσω, perf. ἤκα, to want reflection; not to reflect or consider: from a priv. and βούλομαι.—†† not to will or wish, with accus. Dem. p. 1471. Reisk. Th. a priv., βουλή.</p> <p>'Αβούλητος, ου, adj. contrary to the will; compulsory, disagreeable. Th. a priv. (βούλομαι) βουλή.</p> <p>'Αβουλία, ἡ, want of reflection, rashness, Pind. Ol. x. 42. imprudence, Eur. Med. 878. Soph. Antig. 1242.</p> <p>'Αβουλος, ου, adj. inconsiderate; imprudent; ill-advised, Soph. Œd. T. 635. irresolute.</p> <p>Ἄβρος, ρά, ρόν, and ὁ καὶ ἡ ἄβρος, ου, adj. (prim. s. tender, delicate, according to Damm. Lex. deriving it from ἀφή, ἄπτω, to touch.) Thess., splendid, magnificent, stately, gorgeous, sumptuous, renowned, occur in Pind. P. 3, 195. Nem. 7, 47. Isth. 8, 145. and Ol. 5, 17. beautiful or delicate, Ol. 6, 92. Nem. 5, 48. Soph. Trach. 523. Valcken. ad Fragm. Callim. p. 233; the ss. luxurious, pompous, magnificent, in dress, manner or mode of life, usually implying effeminacy, as Herod. 4, 104. so also Xen. Cyrop. 8, 8, 16. sumptuous, Sympos. 4, 44. adorned with care; elegant, Eur. Med. 1161. Troad. 820. tender or delicate, verse 508. Orph. Arg. 226. and Anal. Br. 3. p. 86. tender, effeminate, Herod. 1, 71. met. highly adorned, and also, feeble, applied to style, Hermogenes. Ernest. Lex. Rhetor. Neut. sing. and plur. adverbially as in Eur. as cit. Comparat. ἄβρότερος, superl. ἄβρότατος. Elym. the most</p>	<p>'Αβλεπτός, f. ἴσω, not to see, to commit a fault through inattention, to err. α, βλέπω.</p> <p>'Αβοῦτι, Poet. and Dor. adv. as ἀβοητι, i. e. without noise, without tumult, silently. α, βοῶν.</p> <p>'Αβουκόλητος, ου, ὁ, ἡ, inconsiderate; indifferent, Æsch. Suppl. 907. α, βουκόλος.</p> <p>'Αβουλέω, f. ἴσω, to be unwilling, Plato Pol. 4, 437. i. e. οὐ βούλομαι, not to wish; to want consideration. α, βουλή.</p> <p>'Αβούλητος, ου, ὁ, ἡ, not willing, involuntary, Plato Legg. v. and</p> <p>'Αβουλ'ια, ας, ἡ, want of reflection, inconsiderateness, folly, Thucyd. 1, 32. Eurip. Med. 878. irresolution, imprudence. α, βουλή. Hence,</p> <p>'Αβουλος, ου, ὁ, ἡ, wanting reflection or prudence, inconsiderate, imprudent, unwise, Thucyd. 1, 120. νόημα ἄβ. a wayward disposition, Anacr.</p> <p>'Αβρός, ἄ, ὄν, in the bloom of youth, soft, delicate, Eurip. Hel. 1527. effeminate, luxurious, elegant, magnificent, delicious; also, tender, feeble—ἄβρον and ἄβρα are used adverbially, as ἄβρον βαίνουσα, Eurip. Med. 1161. supposed to be derived from ἄβρη Dor. as ἡβη.</p>

## SCOTT AND LIDDELL.

signs. conjoined, ἀβλ. τοῦ δράσαι τε καὶ παθεῖν. Adv. —βῶς, *without infringement*, Thuc. 5, 47. Ep. —βέως in act. signif., h. Hom. Merc. 83.

Ἀβλαβία, ἡ, poet. for ἀβλάβεια, in plur. ἀβλαβίαι νόοιο, h. Hom. Merc. 393.

Ἀβλεπτέω, ἥσω, (βλέπω) *not to see or to see imperfectly, to mistake*, Polyb.

Ἀβοητί, Adv. (βοῶν) Dor. ἀβοῶτί, *without shout, contest*. II. *uncalled, without summons*, Pind. N. 8, 15.

Ἀβουκόλητος, ον (βουκόλῳ) *untended*. metaph. *unheeded*, ἀβ. φρονήματί μου, Æsch. Suppl. 929.

Ἀβουλέω, ἥσω, = οὐ βούλομαι, *to be unwilling*; Plat. also c. acc. *to decline*, Dio. C.

Ἀβούλητος, ον. (βούλομαι) *unwilling, involuntary*, Plat. II. *not according to one's wish or will*; hence, *disagreeable, irksome*, Dion. H. Adv. —τως.

Ἀβουλία, ἡ, *ill-advisedness, want of advice, thoughtlessness*, Hdt. etc.: more frequently in plur., Hdt. 8, 57. Pind. etc.

Ἀβουλος, ον. (βουλῇ) *inconsiderate, irreflective*, Soph. etc. II. *ill-advised*, Soph. Tr. 140. Adv. —ως, Hdt. 3, 71: superl. ἀβουλότατα, Hdt. 7, 9.

Ἀβρός, ὁ, ὄν, poet. also ὅς, ὄν, (probably from the same root as ἡβη) *graceful, beautiful, pretty*, παῖς, Ἔρω, Anacr. 16, 64. Χάριτες, Sapph. 50. esp. of the body, σῶμα, ποῦς, etc. Pind. Eur. etc.: of things, *bright, splendid*, στέφανος, κῆδος, πλούτος, Pind. Very early, however, the word took the notion of *soft, delicate, luxurious*, like τρυφερός; hence, ἀβρὰ παθεῖν, *to live delicately*, Solon 12, 4. Theogn. 474. and esp. from Hdt. was applied to Asiatics, e. g. 1, 71. 4, 104. cf. σαῦλος. Still the poets continued to use it in a good sense, esp. of women, *delicate, gentle*, e. g. Soph. Tr. 523. Eur. Ph. 1486. and so anything *pretty or pleasant*, Valck. Call. p. 233. Adv. ἀβρῶς, Anacr. 16. Eur. has ἀβρόν or ἀβρὰ βαίνειν, as well as ἀβρῶς β.: ἀβρῶς γελᾶν, Jac. Anth. 2. 1. p. 376.—The word is chiefly poet., though never in old Ep., and is rare in Att. prose.

## GILES, Second Edition.

Ἀβλεπτέω, ἥσω, (α, βλέπω) *see imperfectly*; err.

Ἀβοητι, (α, βοῶ) *without noise*.

Ἀβουκόλητος, ον, (α, βουκόλῳ) *of no estimation, inconsiderate*.

Ἀβούλευτος, ον, *unadvised, rash*.—Ἀβουλεύτως, *indiscreetly*.—Ἀβουλέω, ἥσω, *to be unwilling*.—Ἀβουλής, εος, *unadvised*.—Ἀβούλητος, ον, *inconsiderate*.—Ἀβουλήτως, *rashly*.—Ἀβουλία, αι, f. *want of reflection*.—Ἀβουλοι, ον, *inconsiderate, irresolute*.—Ἀβούλως, *inconsiderately*; superl. ἀβουλότατα.

Ἀβρός, ὁ, ὄν, and ον, *luxurious, elegant, sumptuous, delicious*.—Ἀβροσύνη, *luxury*.

Ἀβρότης, ητος, f. (ἀβρός) *effeminacy, softness, pomp*.

*probably,*



DONNEGAN, Fourth Edition.	DUNBAR, Second Edition.
<p><i>probable, that after Hesych. approb. Buttmann. viz. Th. αἶσθ, Dor. for ἡβη, but ?</i></p> <p>Αἰδώς, gen. ὄος (contr. οὔς), voc. Ἄεol. αἰδοί, ἡ, shame, a shameful thing, Il. ρ, 336. π, 422. αἰδώς Ἀργείοι, ε, 787. θ, 228. for shame, Argives, or Greeks, a disgraceful action, Æsch. Ag. 922. <i>Well.</i>—modesty, Od. θ, 324. υ, 171, 172. Herod. 1, 8. f. Pind. 4, 260. Thuc. 1, 84. Eur. Hipp. 387. <i>see v. seq. where its characteristics are noted:</i> a sense of decorum, or delicacy, Hecub. 77. Bacch. 433. (440.); a sense of virtuous shame or honor, which withholds from the committing of dastardly, bad, or reprehensible actions, Il. α, 661. and 561. Xen. Mem. 3, 7, 5. Eur. Med. 445.—shame, arising from wretched circumstances, Helen. 416. or 425.—shame, at witnessing what is reprehensible, Eur. Suppl. 921. Compare Il. κ, 236. where a false shame, is the s.—reverence, respect, Od. γ, 24. Soph. Aj. 345. affectionate respect, Il. ω, 111. freq. respect, towards parents, Pind. Py. 4, 387, or elders, Od. γ, 24. for a person of merit, ξ, 505. decorum, in addressing an assembly, θ, 172—religious veneration, Pind. Ol. 7, 81.—αἰδῶ καὶ νέμεσιν, Il. ν, 122. here αἰδῶ refers to our own feelings at witnessing baseness or wickedness in others, νέμεσιν the indignation which similar conduct excites in others, <i>see</i> Νέμεσις.—In Il. β, 262. and χ, 75.—τὰ αἰδοῖα.</p>	<p>Αἰδώς, ὄος, οὔς, ἡ, shame, a feeling of shame; modesty; reverence. The Goddess of modesty, Soph. Col. 1268. In Il. 2, 262. we find αἰδῶ for τὰ αἰδοῖα; the reading should probably be αἰδοί for αἰδοῖα τὰ τ' αἰδοί' ἀμφικαλύπτει. Voc. αἰδοί. From α and εἶδω.</p>

If now our readers have perused the above extracts, we think they must be satisfied which of the Lexicons bears the decided superiority. But lest they should not have examined them with attention, we will briefly run through them. In αἶσθ<sup>105</sup> Donnegan, Dunbar, and Giles show both ignorance and carelessness, though from the general tenor of Dunbar's work we should rather attribute to it the latter only. Donnegan quotes Il. ν, 6, twice; the first time he properly explains it as the name of a nation, then as meaning *poor*, for which sense Liddell and Scott correctly quote Lucian: they ought to have added Dial. Mort., xv. 3. All the other senses except one are not, as Donnegan says, of mere doubtful authority, but acknowledged to be false. Of this, however, neither Dunbar nor Giles give a hint: Dunbar's article is here much worse than Donnegan's: his first explanation should not have stood first, for

SCOTT AND LIDDELL.	GILES, <i>Second Edition</i> .
<p>ΑΙΔΩ, <i>dois</i>, contr. <i>oûs</i>, ἡ, as a moral feeling, <i>sense of shame, bashfulness, modesty</i>, Il. 24, 44, etc.: <i>a sense of shame or honor, awe</i>, αἰδῶ θεῶν ἐν θυμῷ, cherish a <i>sense of shame within you</i>, Il. 15, 561:—<i>regard for others, respect, reverence</i>, Trag.; δακρύων πένθιμον αἰδῶ, tears of sorrow and pity, Æsch. Suppl. 577:—hence also <i>mercy, pardon</i>, Plat. Legg. 867. E. II. <i>that which causes shame or respect</i>, and so 1. <i>a shame, scandal</i>, αἰδῶς, Ἀργεῖοι, Il. 5, 787. 2. = τὰ αἰδοία, Il. 2, 262. 3. <i>dignity, majesty</i>, αἰδῶς καὶ χάρις, h. Hom. Cer. 214.</p>	<p>Αἰδῶς, <i>dois</i>, c. <i>oûs</i>, f. <i>shame, sense of honour, modesty; also a shameful thing</i>.</p>

for it is not found earlier than Lucian: his second is not the sense of the word, which may mean *insupportable*, but cannot mean 'leading an insupportable life.' All the rest is nonsense, excepting (in the second ἀβίος) *intolerable*, which with its authority ought to have been under the former. Donnegan's reference to Anal. 3, p. 290, is misplaced, for the word there is ἀβίωτος. In the next article ἀβίωτος, Donnegan's three first interpretations are useless, if not false; the sense of βίος ἀβίωτος is, *a life that cannot be called living, that cannot be endured*, which will answer for all the passages quoted by Donnegan except that from Plutarch, which he has translated twice in the space of four lines with a little variation, in neither however giving the exact meaning of Plutarch, which is, 'to be so ill as to be without hope of recovery.' In ἀβλαβής and ἀβλάβεια Donnegan has confused the active and passive



sive senses; he seems to translate the same passage of Thucyd. v. 47 (not 57) both actively and passively; one of them is right, the other wrong, but his readers may take their choice. Dunbar translates a similar passage in Thucyd. v. 18, *harmless*, which interpretation having both an active and a passive meaning in English, we are still uncertain how the professor understood it. Liddell and Scott translate it passively. The fact is there are three similar passages in Thucydides, viz. v. 18, and twice in v. 47, the last of which is the adverb, and we are decidedly of opinion that all three have the active sense of harmless, i. e. without doing harm to any one. Ἀβλεπτέω is an instance of the advantage which would arise from a strict observance of the rule, frequently mentioned before, of never giving a sense without its authority. Liddell and Scott do indeed give us the authority of Polybius, but they should have given us the passage, or at least examined the author, and they would have seen that it is used twice by Polybius, once in a fragment preserved (we believe) by Suidas, where it is not clear whether it is used absolutely or transitively, because we do not know what preceded; but in the other passage it is plainly transitive, ἀβλεπτεῖν τὸ πρέπον=to overlook; and until we have authority for the other meanings given by all four of the lexicographers, we would much rather have seen it with this sense alone. In ἀβοντί it will be seen that Liddell and Scott are the only correct translators of Pindar: the same may be said of the passage of Æschylus under ἀβουκόλητος. In ἀβουλέω and ἀβούλητος Donnegan has floundered about in his derivations from βούλομαι and βουλή, until he evidently did not think there was any difference of meaning between them. Dunbar has omitted entirely one sense in ἀβούλητος, which Liddell and Scott have given correctly—while the two latter have translated ἀβουλέω to decline, Dio C. If they had referred to the passage, lv. 9, they would have found οὔτε ἀβουλήσας τὰ δεδογμένα=not disapproving of. Donnegan's idea of ἀβουλος was not very precise, when he translated it *irresolute*, and its substantive ἀβουλία, *rashness*. Here again Liddell and Scott are superior to their rivals. Ἀβρός and αἰδώς will give our readers an idea of the want of arrangement in Donnegan, and the way in which Liddell and Scott have arranged their meanings. Donnegan's definition of the difference between αἰδώς and νέμεσις is quite laughable: there must surely be some misprint. We might go on, indeed we ourselves have gone on, comparing in the different Lexicons ἀγαθός, ἀγάλλω, ἄγαλμα, ἀγγελία, ἀγγέλλομαι (misunderstood by Donnegan in Soph. Aj. 1376, but faithfully rendered by Liddell and Scott), ἀγείρω, ἀγέλαστος, ἀγενής, and afterwards through the compounds of ἀνά, ἀντι and ἀπό, and we find ourselves fully borne out in all our opinions and assertions.

We

We had some thoughts of continuing our extracts from two or three other parts of each lexicon, but we should only be extending our article unnecessarily, and wearying our readers with a repetition of the same remarks. We will, therefore, only say that, if they are not fully satisfied with what we have extracted, and with our opinions on it, and if they will accompany us a little through the beginning of Epsilon, they will be convinced that the same faults and the same superiority of one lexicon over the others are equally evident throughout. If any one consulting Donnegan's Lexicon can understand the beginning of the second paragraph in E, commencing 'E is sometimes interchanged with ε;' or if he can unravel the confused account of the reflexive pronoun ἐ; we give him credit for doing that which we attempted in vain, until we referred to Passow, and Messrs. Liddell and Scott. The same may be said of many of the paragraphs on εα, dilated and confused from Passow. We were surprised indeed to be told by Donnegan that ἐάγην was found only in Il. ii., 559, as we thought we recollected it at the least four or five times: referring to Passow we found the mystery explained, that the passage in question is the *only one where the α is short*. 'Εάν in Donnegan is so abridged from Passow as to be rendered in some parts unintelligible, in others incorrect. We looked to Liddell and Scott, and all was at once plain and easy to be understood. Again Donnegan quotes ὃ ἐὰν αἰτῶμεν from Xen. Mem. 3, 10, 12. Referring to the passage we find not the words quoted, but ὃ ἐὰν ἀρμόττη—and we ought to be told, as Liddell and Scott have told us, that the expressions ὅς ἐάν and ὃ ἐάν are not found earlier than the New Testament and the later writers; and that the opinion of all the commentators on this and two other passages of Xenophon is, that it is a false reading for ἄν, 'quia nec Xen. nec alius Atticus ita utatur particula ἐάν.' But such a point of criticism as this is beyond the Doctor's *calibre*. Nor is he in translating the particles, ἐάν τις καί, ἐάν περ, ἐάν γάρ, &c., at all aware of their full force, which he loses or destroys. Of ἐανός, adjective and substantive, we can only say that in Liddell and Scott we have all that it needed to make the word as intelligible as probably it ever will be made. In Dunbar we have hardly enough; what we have is good; but Donnegan has given much that is not needed, and omitted much that would be useful.

We might go on with page after page of Dr. Donnegan's Lexicon, finding the same faults and repeating the same observations; but we will here take our leave of him, and we hope for ever, as it is the most unpleasant part of our duty to censure, and a most unthankful office to give advice, which, judging from the past, will be given in vain. But a word or two with the Edinburgh Professor  
before



before we part. We do not think he has done ἔργαιος so well as the Oxonians: his interpretation is 'within a territory; in or under ground; ἔργαια κτήματα, possessions within the Athenian territories, Xen. Symp. 4, 31; native, Æschyl. Pers. 886.' Messrs. Liddell and Scott say,—1st, 'in or of the land, native, Æschyl. Pers. 922;' 2nd, 'of property in land, consisting of land;' and they then give some very proper authorities for this use of the word, but in so doing, they make one careless mistake, by translating the above passage of Xenophon, 'landed property:' in this they are undoubtedly wrong, and Dunbar right. Messrs. Liddell and Scott have simplified ἐγγύς, as Passow had done before, by distinguishing it as an adverb of place and of time; whether they have not refined on it too much, and copied Passow too closely, by adding a third division 'of numbers, &c.,' and translating it 'nearly;' and a fourth 'coming near, i.e. like, akin to,' we have great doubts; as it is hardly correct to call ἐγγύς, or our adverb 'nearly,' an adverb of number; for, strictly speaking, it is an adverb of place, though it may occasionally be applied to numbers; and the fourth appears to us to be a figurative application of its first sense. But perhaps our readers may think that *we* are refining. In ἐγγώνιος the Professor has made a well-known and very clear passage in Thucydides rather obscure by attempting a too literal interpretation, and in ἐγέροισμος and ἐγεῖρι he has falsely translated a passage from Theocritus, and from the Antigone of Sophocles. We will only add that the radical meaning of ἐχθαδίζομαι is not 'to stop and tarry,' but 'to sit down;' and that ἐγείρω (like many other lengthy articles) might be wonderfully improved by the half being taken away, and the remainder arranged more simply, but 'higgledy-piggledy there they lie.'

In speaking of Messrs. Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon*, we have awarded it the praise which we think it deserves—we have shown (we hope) satisfactorily its superiority over its rivals; at the same time we have noticed some prominent defects, without however entering into particulars. We must therefore, in fairness, mention some mistranslations which we have observed; generally, we believe, the effects of haste and inattention. In Æschyl. Pers. 162, ἀδείμαντος ἐμαυτῆς, does not mean 'confident in myself,' but, as Linwood renders it, 'without fear for myself.' Perhaps γνώμη is correctly translated 'mistaken judgment, fancy,' in Soph. Aj. 51, though even there we suspect it is the epithet which gives the force to the substantive; but in Antig. 389, the signification is quite different. In ἐγγειόφυλλος, the force of the former part of the compound is omitted. Τὰ καίρια, in Thucyd. 4, 10, is not 'casualties, accidents;' the sense is 'favourable coincidences must combine,' &c. Λιμνάζω is translated as if its radical idea were 'to overflow;'

flow ;' whereas that is quite a collateral idea introduced into some passages by the context ; the ground idea is ' to become marshy, stagnant,' in which case it may overflow or not. In *Æschyl. Ag.* 898, *στύλος ποδῆρης* is absurdly rendered ' a tall straight pillar'—while both Peile and Linwood saw correctly (not forgetting the context) that it meant ' a pillar reaching from the ground to the roof ;' as the robe falling down to the feet is called *ποδῆρης* in Euripides and Xenophon—and in the latter a shield reaching to the feet, and so covering the whole body, has the same epithet. We will conclude by drawing the attention of the two editors to *ὑπὲρνεμος*, which is carelessly mismanaged. It is translated ' under the wind, i.e. on the windward side, to windward,' and two passages are quoted from *Soph. Antig.* 411, and *Xen. Œcon.* 18, 7 ; whereas in the former it means nothing more than ' under the wind, i.e. sheltered from it,' but by what means the poet does not tell us : so in *Theocr.* 22, 32, *ὑπ. ἀκτῆς* is neither a lee-shore nor a weather-shore, but simply a sheltered one ; and *αὔρα ὑπ.* in *Eurip. Cycl.* 45, is ' a gentle breeze, sheltered from the more violent winds.' But in the other passage from *Xen. Œcon.* the meaning is plainly ' on the leeward side.' A second sense, where it is used in the *Analecta* 3, 218, like *ὑπηνέμιος*, ' swift as the wind,' is entirely omitted. It would be easy to go on—but, we repeat, that we look for marked amendment in the second edition of this already very commendable book.

Though we have hardly mentioned Mr. Linwood's *Lexicon for Æschylus*, we have not forgotten it. The lexicographer of a particular author, when compared with the editor of a general lexicon, holds a quite secondary rank. His sphere of action is so limited that he does not require, and could not display a hundredth part of the knowledge and skill and experience necessary for the other. Still his office is a very honourable one, and his task, if well performed, particularly in such an author as *Æschylus*, stamps him for a scholar. And Mr. Linwood has performed his task most creditably ; so much so that we hope he will not stop there, but continue his readings through the other tragedians. It is in literature as in the arts ; the division of labour has raised the latter to their present state of astonishing superiority : and we are convinced that nothing will tend to the accomplishment of a complete general lexicon so much as the possessing particular lexicons of every considerable author or class of authors. Among these a lexicon for the tragedians is a very great desideratum ;\* and Mr. Linwood would be conferring a valuable present on future Lexicographers if he would undertake such a work ; by which we suspect

\* In 1829 we saw the announcement of a ' *Lexicon Græcum in Tragicos*,' by M. C. Falise, t. i. 4to. Of its or its author's merits we know nothing.



he would gain as much credit as by any edition of *Æschylus* which he may ever publish.

We have now gone through the different lexicons as we had proposed, and in doing this we have naturally been obliged to dwell on faults and defects; it may, perhaps, be thought too much, more than is fair or necessary. But it must be remembered that this is the very essence of a review on a dictionary. If the work be bad, the faults must be pointed out that it may be shunned and rejected; if it be good, the greatest kindness we can do is to notice its defects, that it may be amended and improved. Our duty, however, does not end here; we may fairly be called on to go a little further—to give our opinion as to how the faults may be corrected, how the defects may be supplied. This we shall willingly do, in the hope that we may be able to draw attention to some points in Greek and English lexicography which have been altogether overlooked.

We have already in this article, as well as in a former one, spoken at some length of the great fundamental principles on which Greek and German lexicography was founded by Passow, and on which Messrs. Liddell and Scott have made a very successful attempt to lay the foundation of Greek and English lexicography. We consider those rules and principles, now acknowledged almost universally, to be the only ones on which a lexicon can be based with any hope of success; and we believe they are so simple as to require no further elucidation. Nor will it be necessary to take any notice of such plain and indisputable cases as where there are an original and a derivative meaning, where there are a primary and a secondary sense; in such cases the course of procedure is plain. Our business at present is with some of those details, which if attended to will wonderfully simplify the explanation of words, and if neglected will mar all the advantages of the most perfect scheme, and spread vagueness and confusion where all ought to be exact and regular. When the lexicographer enters on the examination of a word, his first object is of course to consider how he may elucidate it in all its points or meanings distinctly and yet concisely. If now he attributes to it a smaller number of senses than it ought to have, confounding one meaning with another, his article will lose in distinctness; if he should give it more senses than it really has, he will offend against simplicity and conciseness.\* The former is a fault but seldom

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\* Messrs. Liddell and Scott have very wisely adopted from Passow a twofold mode of dividing the meanings of a word: they mark any great and essential difference of meaning by I., II., III., &c.; and any subdivision or modification of a meaning by 1, 2, 3, &c.: but they have not been careful or consistent in working out their plan, many words having the greater mark of division when they ought to have the smaller, and

seldom committed; the latter is one which strikes the observer in almost every page of every lexicon and dictionary that has ever been composed. It is the great defect in Johnson's Dictionary, recurring, we verily believe without exaggeration, on every page; and sure we are that a very considerable proportion of the different senses which he gives of his words might advantageously be resolved into the others. It is a fault constantly occurring in all the German lexicons we have ever seen, general or particular. In the very excellent and copious Lexicon Xenophonticum of Sturz we frequently see it carried to an astonishing pitch of absurdity. For instance:—*ἄγαμαι*, we know, means *to admire* in a somewhat stronger sense than *θαυμάζω*; yet Sturz, after having given a number of quotations in proof of that meaning, adds a second—*probare*, every quotation adduced in proof of which would come quite as well under the first sense; and he adds a third—*laudare*, equally unnecessary, as every quotation may be translated by *admirari*; but then, on the other hand, and as if to balance error by error, because in two instances (Agesil. 2, 7 and 8, 4) *ἐπαίνω* is followed closely by *ἄγαμαι*, they must forsooth mean the same, whereas there is the greater reason why the second word should not be a tautologous repetition of the same idea, but that idea somewhat varied, perhaps heightened. 'I praise him for this, and admire him for that.' We have occasionally observed the same fault in Messrs. Liddell and Scott, principally arising from their having followed Passow too closely. For instance, in the adjective *ἄελπτος* we can see little or no difference between their first and second meanings, '*beyond hope, to be despaired of*, Soph. Aj. 634,' and II. act. '*hopeless, desperate*,' Hom. h. Ap. 91. That the word has two distinct senses we acknowledge, viz. *hopeless*, and *unexpected*; but all the interpretations given by Liddell and Scott should have come under the former. Again, *το βασιλεύω* they attribute two separate meanings: I., absolutely, '*to be king, to rule*;' II., with a case, '*to rule over a people or in a place*.' Now these are, at the most, only slight modifications of the same meaning. An exactly similar fault occurs in the adjective *εὔνις*, where we have two distinct senses given us, which in fact are but one and the same, only varied as before by the one being followed by a case, the other being absolute, but both meaning the same, and translatable by the same word '*bereaved*;' as indeed *εὐνοέω* is properly managed almost immediately afterwards. Again, in *ναυκληρία*,\* we were surprised to see three separate

and *vice versa*. See a glaring instance of both in *ναυκληρέω* as compared with *ναύκληρος*.

\* In Donnegan's Lexicon this word is very incorrectly and carelessly done; incorrectly, because the first three references are mistranslated; and carelessly, because the last six belong not to *ναυκληρία* but to *ναύκληρος*.

meanings



meanings given, viz. 1, *the life and calling of a ναύκληρος, a seafaring life, trading by sea*, Lys. 105, 4. Plat. Legg. 643, E. 2, poet, *a voyage*, Soph. Fr. 151, Eur. Alc. 112, in gen. *an adventure, undertaking*, Eur. Med. 527; 3, also, *a ship*, Id. Hel. 1519. We should be disposed to alter the second and third meanings thus: 2, *a voyage*, Soph. Fr. 151. Eurip. Alc. 258. Med. 527. Hel. 1603. Fig. for *the vessel which goes the voyage*, Alc. 110. Hel. 1535; and we would refer to a passage in Macbeth, where exactly the same figure is found,

‘Though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up.’

Here navigation is figuratively used for ships, but no one would soberly say that it meant a ship. There is, indeed, a similar passage in Plutarch, where it seems to mean so, but we believe it to be rather a misplaced introduction of the same poetical figure in prose. The next word but one, ναυκλήριον, is still more faulty. It is explained, I. the ship of a ναύκληρος, Rhcs. 233. II. = ναύσταθμος. Now these two meanings are reducible to one and the same: ναυκλήριον is *the ship* of a ναύκληρος, consequently the plural will be *any number of ships, a fleet*; the μόλοι ναυκλήρια (quoted in the Oxford Lexicon as an authority for the first meaning, and in Schneider's for the second) will mean nothing more than ‘may he reach the (Grecian) ships;’ and though this is equivalent to reaching the (ναύσταθμον) station where the ships are, yet the meaning of *station* is not even implied in the word itself, or in the passage from Euripides. In this respect our advice is to give a word as few different senses as is consistent with distinctness, and where it is possible to give them rather as varieties of the same sense, or as metaphorical or figurative applications of it, than as distinct and separate meanings. To ascribe to words many different meanings is to give an idea that ancient Greek is a vague and diffuse and uncertain language. We would give the same advice with regard to explanatory words. We have observed few instances where more words are requisite to explain fully the meaning, but we could point out thousands in Schneider, Passow, Donnegan, Dunbar, Liddell and Scott, where the explanation would lose nothing, but gain in precision as well as conciseness by the lopping off of redundant words. Another fault which we have seen not unfrequently in all Lexicons is the ascribing to a word a certain meaning drawn from some passage, where the word has not that meaning in itself, but only as connected with and supported by something in the context. For instance, αἶχμη is *the point of a spear*, then *the spear itself*; also (say Liddell and Scott) *a dart, javelin, arrow*, Æschyl. Per. 239. Referring to the author-  
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rity quoted we find τοξουλκός αἰχμή, a bow-drawn shaft; but surely it does not follow from this that αἰχμή alone will mean an arrow. Again, in the same Lexicon, ἔγχος is said to be used for an arrow in Eurip. H. F. 1098, where we find περὶ τὰ ἔγχη, literally feathered spears, which is no proof that ἔγχος alone has the sense of an arrow. Again, 'ἔαρ ἐλαίης, oil, Nic. and so ἔαρ alone, Call. Fr. 201.' The fragment referred to is ἐκ λύχνου πίον ἔλειξεν ἔαρ, the fat juice from the lamp, but no authority for ἔαρ alone meaning oil. Under the same word we find 'hence of men, blood, Opp.' The passage is in Oppian H. 2, 618, φόνον θερμὸν ἔαρ, the warm juice of slaughter; rather a proof that ἔαρ alone does not mean blood. We have met with the word again in another fragment of Callimachus (247), μέλαν εἶαρ, the black liquid, i. e. blood; still, however, no proof that εἶαρ alone means blood. There is, indeed, a verse quoted by Suidas more to the point than either of the above; it is an imitation of Homer's αἵματι καὶ λύθρῳ, where the later poet says, λύθρῳ τε καὶ εἵαρι; if Messrs. Liddell and Scott had quoted any authority for the meaning of blood it should have been this last, which is the strongest, though to us not quite convincing. Now and then a case occurs where a word (generally an adjective) is used repeatedly by the same author, or by writers of a similar style, or who flourished in the same era of the language, and used apparently in various senses. This is sometimes the case in Homer, and the method then adopted by Buttmann in his Lexilogus is the most satisfactory. His idea is to make the author explain himself, or, if there are more than one, to make them explain themselves and each other: and this method is not only simple but much oftener practicable than we may at first sight imagine. For this purpose he collects and compares together all the passages in which a word occurs, and if there be any one common idea running through them all, he concludes that to be the ground idea or original meaning, and traces all the others from that and through each other. He has pursued this method of elucidation in a most masterly manner in ἀδινός, and reduced that which by means of the commentators had become a confused chaos of unconnected meanings, into a regular chain, of which each link is easily traceable. Frequently, however, this more lengthened method is not required; the senses may often be easily reducible into two, as in ἀβλαβής, ἀδάκρυτος, and many others, where the division into active and passive will be sufficient to comprise all meanings—and the former adjective may be well rendered by one word, harmless, which like the Greek has its two senses of not hurtful and not injured; while the latter adjective may stand as Messrs. Liddell and Scott have it, 'without tears, i. e. unlamenting, or unlamented.' There are adjectives,

however,



however, and they are a numerous class, which this mode of explanation will not suit, as ἀδάμαστος, *untamed\** or *untameable*; ἄβατος, *untrodden*, or *that ought not to be trodden*. Again, in ἀδάπανος another plan will be found the most simple, not to reduce its meanings into active and passive, but to refer it to persons and things; as, *not expensive*, i. e. of persons, *not given to expense*; of things, *not costing much*: ἀδίδακτος, *untaught*, i. e. of persons, *uninstructed*: of things, *not learnt*, *acquired without teaching*; ἀδύνατος, of persons, *unable*; of things, *impossible*. There are, however, many other words, which can come under no rule, but the simplification of which must depend on the tact and experience of the lexicographer; e. g. ἀδηλος, *not manifest*, i. e. neither to the understanding, *unknown*, *obscure*, nor to the sight, *not seen*, *obscure*; ἄδωρος, *without a gift*, i. e. either *not receiving a gift*, or 2nd *not giving one*: ἀβουλία, *absence of all deliberation*, as in Plato, Alcib. 1, 21, or 2nd. *want of skill in deliberation*, *want of judgment*: but ἄβουλος will be, 1st. as spoken of persons, *not deliberating at all* or *deliberating unwisely*; 2nd. as spoken of things, *ill-advised*: ἀγνοέω (and ἀγνοία) *not to know*, i. e. 1st. by the mind, *not to understand*; 2nd. by the sight, *not to know or recognize*. It will be seen that in all these cases our aim is to simplify the meanings; to give, if possible, some word or phrase, nearly synonymous with the original, and then to explain and divide it in its different bearings. We might have gone on with examples of a similar kind, and yet offering some variety, almost *ad infinitum*, but we have given we think enough, perhaps our readers may have thought more than enough, to exemplify our meaning, and draw attention to those minor details which are apt to be overlooked or slighted. Be it remembered that these trifles are constantly recurring—that a lexicon is almost made up of them; for all the instances above given are taken from about a dozen pages, and we have no doubt passed over many others.

It is now ten years since we brought before our readers the subject of Greek and English lexicography. Since that time something has been done; not so much as we had hoped, but still we have made a beginning. The Germans are plodding on in the same track. Let us try at least to keep up with them. We have scholars in this country equal to the task. And though the remuneration for a work of such *calibre* may be unequal to the arduous labours employed in it, we hope that the classical literature of the present day is not so degenerated as to despise the wreath, unless its leaves be of gold.

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\* How different from the unscholarlike maze which Dunbar has made of this simple word. He says, '*unconquered*, *indomitable*, *stout-hearted*;—*unsubdued*, *invincible*, &c.'

ART. II.—*Poems*. By Frances Anne Butler (late Fanny Kemble). London. 12mo. 1844. pp. 144.

THIS collection having been published simultaneously by two different London booksellers, it is no doubt reprinted from an American edition. Whether the original title-page had the ' (late Fanny Kemble)' on it, we cannot tell. After reading through the little book, that parenthesis seems like a mournful ejaculation.

More than once we have had occasion to express admiration of Mrs. Butler's various and vigorous ability; but we own that the present volume, though including no piece of considerable length or in any ambitious form, has raised our estimate of her as a poetess. She has never before written so simply or so strongly. Never before has she dealt so boldly with the realities of life, and yet never before in our judgment did she display an equal richness of imaginative power.

It is very rarely that a woman's poetry—real poetry—does not betray its source in her personal experiences and emotions. With whatever art she may endeavour to envelope it, the self peeps through wherever the inspiration reaches its height. But here there is no attempt at concealment. It is impossible not to feel that we have before us the fragments of an autobiography in verse. Of the few articles that do not fall under this category, almost all appear cold and elaborate beside her staple. She may introduce here and there what nymphs, fairies, even angels she pleases—we turn the page the moment we perceive that it does not belong wholly to 'Frances Butler—late Fanny Kemble.' Nor has the lady any reason to shrink from the sort of criticism which she has thus forced on her reader.

We quote first the following sonnet, very graceful on the whole—though the last line is tautologous—and additionally interesting because, it seems, we have here, on a subject of which most of our readers must be competent judges, the results of the self-observation of two persons of rare genius.

' SONNET.

'Suggested by Sir Thomas Lawrence observing that we never dream of ourselves younger than we are.

' Not in our dreams, not even in our dreams,  
May we return to that sweet land of youth,  
That home of hope, of innocence, and truth,  
Which as we farther roam but fairer seems.  
In that dim shadowy world, where the soul strays  
When she has laid her mortal charge to rest,  
We oft behold far future hours and days,  
But *ne'er live o'er the past*, the happiest.



How oft will Fancy's wild imaginings  
 Bear us in sleep to times and worlds unseen :  
 But ah ! *not e'en unfetter'd Fancy's wings*  
*Can lead us back to aught that we have been,*  
 Or waft us to that smiling, sunny shore,  
 Which e'en in slumber we may tread no more.'—p. 78.

We confess it astonished us to find this 'physiological fact so firmly attested. Assuredly, if literature 'may be in aught believed,' we are not alone in our dissent. Are we wrong then in believing that nothing is more common than to live over in dreams, the sights, the sounds, the feelings of even a very early period of our existence? Is it not true that many a grey-haired man, who perhaps has been watching the play of his children before he fell asleep, finds himself flung back, as soon as his eyes close, to the home of his own childhood? Is it not true that the parent whose death, when it occurred, was rather a mystery than a sorrow, is not dead to the dreaming sense—but that her smile beams as freshly as ever it did on the curled darling at her knee? Is there any man for whom the dead that he loved in life are not still alive in his dreams? Sir Thomas should have confined his statement to merest infancy—the Life of the Cradle. When the human being has once passed that age of utter feebleness, we believe no sensation, no thought whatever fails to imprint itself indelibly. We may have put the impression away into an obscure corner—so obscure that no voluntary effort of ours can bring it up: but there it is. A trivial accident shall be sufficient to touch the spring of the repository—and experience teaches that these hidden springs are more accessible to such influence during the general relaxation and wandering wildness of sleep than at any other season. A Danish poet beautifully compares the detached images of long-past existence thus resuscitated by 'unfettered Fancy,' to the 'brilliant mosaics of a buried city;'<sup>\*</sup>—but this is only half the story—it leaves out 'the written troubles of the brain.' It is probable that Mrs. Butler has the good fortune to be a sound sleeper. The dreams that she recollects are in that case those of the light morning slumber, when we are acted upon, every moment more and more, by the external circumstances of the actual place, and of course by associations of the actual time. If ever she should have feeble health, and be liable to start from the visions of midnight—'when deep sleep falleth upon men,'—she would, we suspect, desert the theory of our late

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<sup>\*</sup> See Andersen's 'Improvisatore, or Life in Italy,' an exquisite romance, very elegantly translated by Mrs. Howitt—by far the most valuable work she has as yet introduced to us from the literature of the Scandinavian nations.

amiable painter. But there is in this very volume more than one page to which we may appeal for much of what we have been saying. For example:—

‘TO THE PICTURE OF A LADY.

‘Lady, sweet lady, I behold thee yet,  
With thy pale brow, brown eyes, and solemn air,  
And billowy tresses of thy golden hair,  
Which once to see is never to forget!  
But for short space I gazed with soul intent  
Upon thee; and the limner’s art divine,  
Meantime, poured all thy spirit into mine.  
But once I gazed, then on my way I went:  
And thou art still before me. *Like a dream*  
*Of what our soul has loved, and lost for ever,*  
*Thy vision dwells with me, and though I never*  
*May be so blest as to behold thee more,*  
*That one short look has stamped thee in my heart:*  
*Of my intensest life a living part,*  
*Which time, and death, shall never triumph o’er.’—p. 18.*

To the romantic prime belong as of right the sweetest realities of these pages; and here, too, we have dreams beautifully dealt with.

‘Is it a sin, to wish that I may meet thee  
In that dim world whither our spirits stray,  
When sleep and darkness follow life and day?  
Is it a sin, that there my voice should greet thee  
With all that love that I must die concealing?  
Will my tear-laden eyes sin in revealing  
The agony that preys upon my soul?  
Is ’t not enough thro’ the long, loathsome day,  
To hold each look and word in stern control?  
May I not wish the staring sunlight gone,  
Day and its thousand torturing moments done,  
And prying sights and sounds of men away?  
Oh, still and silent Night! when all things sleep,  
Lock’d in thy swarthy breast my secret keep:  
Come, with thy vision’d hopes and blessings now!  
I dream the only happiness I know.’—p. 84.

‘SONNET.

‘I would I knew the lady of thy heart:  
She whom thou lov’st perchance, as I love thee.  
She unto whom thy thoughts and wishes flee;  
Those thoughts in which, alas! I bear no part.  
Oh, I have sat and sighed, thinking how fair,  
How passing beautiful, thy love must be;  
Of mind how high, of modesty how rare;  
And then I’ve wept—I’ve wept in agony.



Oh, that I might but once behold those eyes  
 That to thy enamour'd gaze alone seem fair ;  
 Once hear that voice, whose music still replies  
 To the fond vows thy passionate accents swear  
 Oh, that I might but know the truth and die,  
 Nor live in this long dream of misery !—p. 46.

‘ SONNET.

‘ Lady, whom my beloved loves so well :  
 When on his clasping arm thy head reclineth,  
 When on thy lips his ardent kisses dwell,  
 And the bright flood of burning light, that shineth  
 In his dark eyes, is poured into thine ;  
 When thou shalt lie enfolded to his heart,  
 In all the trusting helplessness of love ;  
 If in such joy sorrow can find a part,  
 Oh, give one sigh unto a doom like mine !  
 Which I would have thee pity, but not prove.  
 One cold, calm, careless, wintry look, that fell  
 Haply by chance on me, is all that he  
 E’er gave my love ; round that, my wild thoughts dwell  
 In one eternal pang of memory.’—p. 75.

‘ TO—.

‘ Oh ! turn those eyes away from me !  
 Though sweet yet fearful are their rays ;  
 And though they beam so tenderly,  
 I feel, I tremble ‘neath their gaze.  
 Oh, turn those eyes away ! for though  
 To meet their glance I may not dare,  
 I know their light is on my brow,  
 By the warm blood that mantles there.’—p. 32

‘ There’s not a fibre in my trembling frame  
 That does not vibrate when thy step draws near,  
 There’s not a pulse that throbs not when I hear  
 Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.  
 When thou art with me every sense seems dull,  
 And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee ;  
 My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,  
 And my bewildered spirit seems to swim  
 In eddying whirls of passion, dizzily.  
 When thou art gone, there creeps into my heart  
 A cold and bitter consciousness of pain :  
 The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,  
 And I sit dreaming o’er and o’er again  
 Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look, and tone ;  
 And suddenly I wake—and am alone.’—p. 93.

## 'AN INVITATION.

'Come where the white waves dance along the shore  
 Of some lone isle, lost in the unknown seas;  
 Whose golden sands by mortal foot before  
 Were never printed,—where the fragrant breeze,  
 That never swept o'er land or flood that man  
 Could call his own, th' unearthly breeze shall fan  
 Our mingled tresses with its odorous sighs;  
 Where the eternal heaven's blue sunny eyes  
 Did ne'er look down on human shapes of earth,  
 Or aught of mortal mould and death-doom'd birth;  
 Come there with me; and when we are alone  
 In that enchanted desert, where the tone  
 Of earthly voice, or language, yet did ne'er  
 With its strange music startle the still air,  
 When clasp'd in thy upholding arms I stand  
 Upon that bright world's coral-cradled strand,  
 When I can hide my face upon thy breast,  
 While thy heart answers mine together pressed,  
 'Then fold me closer, bend thy head above me,  
 Listen—and I will tell thee how I love thee.'—p. 102.

## 'SONNET.

'Whene'er I recollect the happy time  
 When you and I held converse dear together,  
 There come a thousand thoughts of sunny weather,  
 Of early blossoms, and the fresh year's prime;  
 Your memory lives for ever in my mind  
 With all the fragrant beauties of the spring,  
 With od'rous lime and silver hawthorn twiu'd,  
 And many a noonday woodland wandering.  
 There's not a thought of you, but brings along  
 Some sunny dream of river, field and sky;  
 'Tis wafted on the blackbird's sunset song,  
 Or some wild snatch of ancient melody.  
 And as I date it still, our love arose  
 'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.'—p. 72.

It is a long time since we have met with any love-verses equal these. We pity the oldest who does not feel young again as he does—who does not also feel 'the warm blood mantle.'  
 The following seem to us to have the *heroic* in them—Monse might have been proud of such a response to his famous lines:—

## 'ABSENCE.

'What shall I do with all the days and hours  
 That must be counted ere I see thy face?  
 How shall I charm the interval that low'rs  
 Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall



Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,  
 Weary with longing?—shall I flee away  
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
 Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
 Of casting from me God's great gift of time;  
 Shall I these mists of memory lock'd within,  
 Leave, and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive  
 To bring the hour that brings thee back more near—  
 How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
 Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold  
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
 In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,  
 While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try  
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;  
 For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
 Thro' these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
 A noble task-time, and will therein strive  
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
 More good than I have won, since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me  
 A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;  
 So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
 And thy dear thought an influence divine.'—pp. 99, 100.

Some at least of those we are about to extract cannot be supposed to come under the autobiographical category—and we must therefore *pro tanto* modify what we said on the superiority of that class of the lady's verses at the outset.

‘SONG.

‘Never, oh never more! shall I behold  
 Thy form so fair:  
 Or loosen from its braids the rippling gold  
 Of thy long hair.

Never, oh never more! shall I be blest  
 Be thy voice low;  
 Or kiss, while thou art sleeping on my breast,  
 Thy marble brow.

Never, oh never more! shall I inhale  
 Thy fragrant sighs,  
 Or gaze, with fainting soul, upon the veil  
 Of thy bright eyes.’—p. 103.

' TO A STAR.

'Thou little star, that in the purple clouds  
 Hang'st, like a dew-drop in a violet bed ;  
 First gem of evening, glittering on the shrouds"  
 'Mid whose dark folds the day lies pale and dead ;  
 As thro' my tears my soul looks up to thee,  
 Loathing the heavy chains that bind it here,  
 There comes a fearful thought that misery  
 Perhaps is found even in thy distant sphere.  
 Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,  
 The heritage of death, disease, decay ;  
 A wilderness, like that we wander in,  
 Where all things fairest, soonest pass away ?  
 And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,  
 Round which life's sweetest buds fall withered,  
 Where hope's bright wings in the dark earth lie furled,  
 And living hearts are mouldering with the dead ?  
 Perchance they do not die, that dwell in thee—  
 Perchance theirs is a darker doom than ours ;  
 Unchanging woe and endless misery,  
 And mourning that hath neither days nor hours.  
 Horrible dream !—Oh dark and dismal path,  
 Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave thee.  
 Earth has one boon for all her children—death :  
 Open thy arms, oh mother ! and receive me !  
 Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,  
 Give me my birth-right ! give—the grave, the grave !"—p. 58.

Consider this, again, in reference to the Lawrence doctrine of  
 dreams :—

' A PROMISE.

' In the dark, lonely night,  
 When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men ;  
 False love ! in thy despite,  
 I will be with thee then.  
 When in the world of dreams thy spirit strays,  
 Seeking, in vain, the peace it finds not here,  
 Thou shalt be led back to thine early days  
 Of life and love, and I will meet thee there.  
 I'll come to thee with the bright sunny brow  
 That was hope's throne before I met with thee ;  
 And then I'll show thee how 't is furrowed now,  
 By the untimely age of misery.  
 I'll speak to thee in the fond, joyous tone,  
 That wooed thee still with love's impassioned spell ;  
 And then I'll teach thee how I've learnt to moan,  
 Since last upon thine ear its accents fell.  
 I'll come to thee in all youth's brightest power,  
 As on the day thy faith to mine was plighted,

And



And then I'll tell thee weary hour by hour,  
 How that spring's early promise has been blighted.  
 I'll tell thee of the long, long, dreary years,  
 That have passed o'er me hopeless, objectless ;  
 My loathsome days, my nights of burning tears,  
 My wild despair, my utter loneliness,  
 My heart-sick dreams upon my feverish bed,  
 My fearful longing to be with the dead.—

In the dark lonely night,  
 When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er men ;  
 False love ! in thy despite,  
 We two shall meet again !"—p. 50.

‘ SONNET.

‘ But to be still ! oh, but to cease awhile  
 The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,  
 The sights, the sounds, the struggle, and the strife  
 Of hourly being ; the sharp biting file  
 Of action fretting on the tightened chain  
 Of rough existence ; all that is not pain,  
 But utter weariness ; oh ! to be free  
 But for a while from conscious entity !  
 To shut the banging doors and windows wide,  
 Of restless sense, and let the soul abide  
 Darkly and stilly, for a little space,  
 Gathering its strength up to pursue the race ;  
 Oh, heavens ! to rest a moment, but to rest  
 From this quick, gasping life, were to be blest !”—p. 118.

There are in this volume a great number of pieces expressing feelings of the profoundest melancholy, dejection of heart and spirit, weariness of life, almost despair. The best and most richly endowed of human beings have their share of sorrow—but we are never in a hurry to accept effusions of this sort for correct evidence of the prevailing mood of a poet's mind. On the contrary, they contradict themselves. However deep a wound may have been, it must be well skinned over before one begins to beat time upon it. Are we wrong in guessing that there is a self-rebuke in this sonnet ?

‘ Blaspheme not thou thy sacred life, nor turn  
 O'er joys that God hath for a season lent,  
 Perchance to try thy spirit, and its bent,  
 Effeminate soul and base—weakly to mourn.  
 There lies no desert in the land of life,  
 For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,  
 Laboured of thee in faith and hope, shall teem  
 With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings, rife.  
 Haply no more, music, and mirth, and love,  
 And glorious things of old and younger art,

Shall

Shall of thy days make one perpetual feast :  
 But when these bright companions all depart,  
 Lay thou thy head upon the ample breast  
 Of Hope, and thou shalt hear the angels sing above.'—p. 16.

The noblest verses in the book are—like these, the 'Absence,' and the 'Wish'—conceived and written in a brave high tone and style—a style that reminds us—we are sure Mrs. Butler will be pleased with the comparison—of the still smaller collection put forth a few years ago under the signature of V.—a spirit such as men call masculine.

'A WISH.

'Let me not die for ever! when I'm gone  
 To the cold earth; but let my memory  
 Live like the gorgeous western light that shone  
 Over the clouds where sank day's majesty.  
 Let me not be forgotten! though the grave  
 Has clasped its hideous arms around my brow;  
 Let me not be forgotten! though the wave  
 Of time's dark current rolls above me now;  
 Yet not in tears remembered be my name.  
 Weep over those ye loved; for me, for me,  
 Give me the wreath of glory, and let fame  
 Over my tomb spread immortality!'—p. 28.

We shall not print a conjecture—though we think we could give a shrewd one—as to who the lady is that Mrs. Butler addresses at p. 52; but we hope we may be forgiven for taking leave of our poetess on the present occasion in her own words:—

'TO MRS. —

'I never shall forget thee—'t is a word  
 Thou oft must hear, for surely there be none  
 On whom thy wondrous eyes have ever shone  
 But for a moment, or who e'er have heard  
 Thy voice's deep impassioned melody,  
 Can lose the memory of that look or tone.  
 But, not as these, do I say unto thee,  
 I never shall forget thee:—in thine eyes,  
 Whose light, like sunshine, makes the world rejoice,  
 A stream of sad and solemn splendour lies;  
 And there is sorrow in thy gentle voice.  
 Thou art not like the scenes in which I found thee,  
 Thou art not like the beings that surround thee;  
 To me, thou art a dream of hope and fear;  
 Yet why of fear?—oh sure! the Power that lent  
 Such gifts, to make thee fair, and excellent;  
 Still watches one whom it has deigned to bless  
 With such a dower of grace and loveliness;

Over



Over the dangerous waves 't will surely steer  
 The richly freighted bark, thro' storm and blast,  
 And guide it safely to the port at last.  
 Such is my prayer; 't is warm as ever fell  
 From off my lips: accept it, and farewell!  
 And though in this strange world where first I met thee,  
 We meet no more—I never shall forget thee.'—p. 52.

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- ART. III.—1. *The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy, from the time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century, represented in 81 Lithochromatic Plates*, by OWEN JONES. With an Introduction and Text, by HENRY GALLY KNIGHT, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A. 2 vols. royal folio. 1842-1844.
2. *Über die Sieben Kirchlichen und die Vierzehn neuen Regionen Roms*. Von C. J. BUNSEN (from the *Beschreibung der Stadt Rom*, &c. Leipsig. 6 vols. 1830-1844).
3. *Die Basiliken des Christlichen Roms nach ihren Zusammenhange dargestellt*. Von C. J. BUNSEN. München. 1843.
4. *Arabische und Alt-Italienischer Bauwerzierungen, gesammelt, gezeichnet und mit erläuternden Text begleitet*. Von F. M. HESSEMER. (With 120 coloured Prints.) Berlin. 1842.

YOUR Jonathan Oldbuck, your staunch antiquary of the genuine plodding Gough and Stukeley school, who values architecture historically, and merely historically, escapes innumerable distresses by which Sir Visto would be crazed. He considers every ancient building as an ancient chronicle: Ordericus Vitalis in Caen stone, Gervasius Dorobernensis in Purbeck marble. He reads his tome for the instruction thereby imparted; he delights in it all. The inelegance of the composition offends him not, neither does he despise the rudeness or coarseness of the illuminations. Continued by successive annalists, he is untroubled by the want of uniformity in style. Each successive generation has added its chapter, its page, its paragraph, its line: speaking words from the soul of those whose bodies are silent in the grave. Though the handwriting may change, and the shape of the letters vary, and the method of narration alter, still your Chronicle, like the community to which it belonged, forms one continuous whole. You, if you imbibe Oldbuck's spirit, read it on and on from year to year, from reign to reign, from century to century, through Anglo-Saxon and cloister-Latin, and cloister-Latin and Norman-French, and Norman-French and Chaucerian-English, as one authentic volume. You cannot bear that the smallest portion should be expunged, even for the purpose of being supplied by the most clever conjectural

conjectural emendation. Still less would you wish that some ingenious popular literateur, acting abbot or prior, were to suppress the original, and recompose the whole in affected archaisms, so as to make the story look as he fancies it might have done, if compiled in the twelfth century. 'L'abito non fa il monaco;' he will not gain Anselm's sanctity by arraying himself in Anselm's cowl.

'Is it not a great blemish, Mr. Oldbuck,' says Sir Visto, 'that the front of our noble Minster should exhibit the deformity of unequal towers; the northern, rude, clumsy Norman, whose stumpy bulk contrasts so disagreeably with the delicate proportions of its southern companion?'

'By no means, Sir Visto; the rude, clumsy, northern tower is a certificated work of the times of the Conquest. It is coeval with Archbishop Lanfranc. The tower constitutes one of the most authentic pages in our architectural history; if you tear the page out, the facts it tells you are lost.'

'Surely that perpendicular tracery, blocking up the circular arches of the solemn transept windows, should be removed, and the composition restored to its primitive simplicity?'

'You are quite mistaken. In its primitive state the transept was not simple: every capital and moulding being rich in gold and colour. By letting in more light, the blanched walls would only look more cold and crude, and at the same time you deprive the building of the instructive lessons this portion imparts; for I, Sir Visto, always view the material church as an emblem of the spiritual Church, and the perpendicular tracery is to my mind a memorial of the era of Chicheley and Stafford, and Gerson and the Council of Constance, when so many changes were fermenting in Christendom. Were I reading to the collegers here, I should make them attend to such architectural features, as a branch of technical memory.'

'Well, Monkbarns, but what should be done with that diminutive gable; the debased Gothic of the Elizabethan era? Would you not restore the cathedral to its former lofty proportions?'

'By no means, Sir Visto; don't meddle: the walls have been so weakened by the demolition of the refectory and cloister which once adjoined them, that they could not bear their pristine altitude. You would ruin the building by such injudicious and cruel kindness. The whole pitch of the roof has been lowered to suit our modern mode of carpentry, and the choir could not now carry the beams according to their antient elevation. The *King post* and the *Queen post*, so essential to all such high trussing, have been very materially shortened by the alterations begun in the time of William and Mary. If you attempted to raise the  
cross-



cross-crowned pinnacle to the standard of William of Wykeham, it would tumble down.'

'Well, but Mr. Oldbuck, surely *you* will not plead for those misshapen porches and doorways, with heavy arches and contorted pillars, introduced by the masons of the age of Laud?

'I do. Uncouth as they may be, they possess a decided ecclesiastical character: they are in keeping with the cathedral chaunt. They are more than mere ornaments; although both you and the utilitarian would strangely coalesce—so constantly do extremes meet—in casting them off. Our poor dear old church has been so hacked about, that Laud's additions have become incorporated in the original work. Cut them away, you will topple the whole edifice upon your head.'

Thus are the feelings of our antiquary displayed. There is no one vestige or memorial of past times, which he does not consider as appealing to the heart. The rays which, dimly discerned in the dark niche, beneath the battered canopy, surrounded the head of St. Erasmus' demolished statue, remind him of the error of the worship, but also of the indecent, nay sacrilegious violence with which it was removed. Refusing to replace the statue, he will not efface the traces of its existence. He seeks not to blot out the St. Christopher peering through the white-wash, the token of the simple faith of past ages, yet he abstains from restoring a portraiture which would be a mockery in our own.

The lead-work in the windows, describing the void outline of the figure which has been dashed out by the despoiler; the head in blank, and the hands in blank, and the long robe in blank, and the feet in blank, at the bottom of the blank by which that long robe is indicated, the ideal, as it were, of form, reproduce in his mind a far more true conception of the building in its glory, because they tell of the calamities it has sustained, than as if the absent stained glass had been replaced by the most glowing vitrifications of Williment or Wailes.

The sepulchral recess is closed by the elaborate trellise, quaintly knotted and contorted, rusty and broken, half hiding the tomb behind. Rusty and broken as the iron may be, Oldbuck advises that it should be let alone; he will not have the enclosure repaired, for with him, mending and marring are synonymous terms, nor will he clear it away for the purpose of giving a better view of the monument: he values the effect of mystery; and though he would not brighten up the curious workmanship of the old craftsmen of St. Eloi, he knows that if it were removed it would be sold in the 'naval-store' shop for two-pence the pound.

That reredoss, erected during the short reign of Mary, may be inelegant, and inconsistent with the decorated tracery and the  
graceful

graceful foliage of the battered screen; but, executed in *graffito*, the drawing and hatching produced by scratching off the upper coat, so as to show the black ground below, it is a valuable memorial of the short sunshine which gleamed upon 'the ancient worship,' as well as evidencing the spreading influence of ultra-montane taste. 'And if the reredoss be taken down,' says Oldbuck, 'I know that to the brokers it will wend its way, and our only specimen remaining of that species of art will be irrecoverably lost.'\*

The heavy memorial of the age of our first Stuart, the knight in his stiff armour, the lady in her stiffer ruff and fardingale, block up a portion of the chancel and obscure the ancient Sedilia; but the knight was a benefactor to the poor: he founded the decayed hospital; perhaps the sight of his effigy may yet do some good, as a reproach to his posterity; if you demolish the incumbance, as you call it, your Sedilia will still continue as unfilled as Banquo's chair.

Our antiquary will not relay the footworn pavements, where the sunken flag-stones mark the once frequent resort of the pilgrims along the aisle, nor, for the sake of trim neatness, mend and replace the altar-steps hollowed by the knees of the worshippers now gathered to their rest. 'Nay,' says Oldbuck, 'I reverence even the ponderous, robust, ample brown woodwork of the choir, with the hurlyburly festoons, coveys of merry plump cherubs, mitres which would give a headache to a wig block, croziers fit to fell a bull, and full-bottomed Corinthian capitals; for they do so put me in mind of the days of good Queen Anne, "Convocation," High Church and Dr. Sacheverell.' So Jonathan Oldbuck ponders and reasons, finding sermons in every stone, and deriving pleasure, and therefore profit, from every token of the successive generations who have worshipped within the consecrated walls.

Ill-judged was the allegory which placed the statues of painting, sculpture, and architecture as the mourners round the tomb of Michael Angelo. We do not pay due honour to Architecture

\* N.B.—The iron-work of the tombs of Queen Eleanor and Henry II. in the Abbey, having been torn down, was sold as old metal in the Almonry for two-pence a-pound. The altar-screen presented by Queen Mary to the cathedral of Canterbury, having been ejected as rubbish (when Lanfranc's tower was demolished), the back pannels, ornamented as above described, and in perfect preservation, were seen by us exposed for sale at a broker's in Saint Martin's-lane. A provincial paper announces that 'Government intend to completely restore the tombs of Edward the Black Prince and Henry IV. in Canterbury Cathedral,' that is to say, to *destroy* them, and substitute nice bran new ones in their stead—for let words be fairly understood, no tomb or building can be *restored*, unless by previous destruction—witness the 'Ladye Chapel' at St. Mary Overie, Norwich Castle, &c. &c. &c. The Tower of London is to be 'restored' to its 'primitive Norman aspect,' for which purpose the Board of Ordnance intend to demolish the only *genuine specimens* of old English timber buildings (the warders' houses) now remaining in London. *Repair, preserve, uphold* every building and every fragment—*demolish nothing*; but never listen to the siren voice of the restorer.



if we consider her as the sister, and therefore the equal, of the mere imitative arts: she is their queen. We want a term to designate the intellectual rank of architecture, so closely connected with the imagination that we can scarcely term it a science, so entirely practical and subservient to our needs, that we can scarcely reckon it as one of the æsthetic arts. And yet the arts must all be coerced into the architect's service. Architecture, as a branch of human wisdom, constitutes a genus of its own. Sculpture and painting are entirely founded upon the imitation of nature, whereas the basis of architecture is utility—utility in every sense, from the lowest to the highest, whilst it is wholly conventional in outward arrangements and forms. Architecture may borrow many a principle from nature; but she consults nature for *lessons*, and not for *models*; and let us here hearken to our friend Mr. Cockerell, and listen to his exposition of this principle, in a passage as remarkable for its acuteness as its truth.

'Sir C. Wren reflected that the hollow spire which he had seen or built in so many varieties was, after all, but an infirm structure; and he sought that model which should enable him to impart to it the utmost solidity and duration. Simple was the original from which he adopted his idea. He found that the delicate shell called turretedella, though extremely long, and liable to fracture from its base to its apex, by the action of the water amidst the rocks, was rendered impregnable by the central column, or newel, round which the spiral turned. Therefore, in his spire of St. Bride's, he establishes the columella in the centre, round which he forms a spiral staircase to the top, issuing on stages of arched apertures; thus giving us (if not the most beautiful) certainly the most remarkable and enduring spire hitherto erected.

'When Brunelleschi was charged with the erection of the dome of Sta. Maria, at Florence, of nearly equal diameter with that of the Pantheon, but at more than twice its height from the pavement, upon a base raised on piers, and by no means of the strength and cohesion of the original model, the Pantheon, it was apparent that in giving it the same solidity, the weight would be insupportable on such a foundation. How was this object to be accomplished? Brunelleschi reflected that the bones of animals, especially of birds, possessed solidity without weight, by the double crust and hollow within. But above all, he remarked that the dome which completes the architecture of the human form divine was constructed with a double plate, connected by the light and fibrous but firm walls of the hollow cancelli, so that strength and lightness were combined in the utmost degree. Brunelleschi followed this model in his dome of Sta. Maria; and the traveller now ascends to the lantern, between the two crusts or plates forming the inner and the outer domes.

'Michael Angelo adopted this contrivance in the dome of St. Peter's; and almost all the subsequent domes are upon the same idea.\*

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\* We quote from the report in the *Athenæum*. Why does not Mr. Cockerell give us an authentic edition of his lectures?

In ornament, architecture must equally appeal to nature, to the graceful leaf, the binding tendril, the spreading herb and flowret bright; but the architect employs them all as elements, and in combination. Even as the living body assimilates to itself the food which gives it growth, and the air imparting health and vigour, and above all bears in its countenance the expression of the vivifying mind, so does Architecture render all the material objects of which the building is composed, and all the knowledge requisite for their combination, and all their elegance and symmetry, subservient to her own dominion and empire. Hence the magnificent conception of Vitruvius—Every branch of human knowledge is needed to constitute the perfect architect: literature, design, geometry, optics, arithmetic, history, philosophy, music, medicine, jurisprudence, astronomy. There may be somewhat of Platonic mysticism in these Vitruvian opinions. Still we always find them cleaving more or less to the great masters of the art. They are founded upon immutable truths. Every structure becomes the living evidence of the knowledge, the manners, the opinions, and the feelings of mankind.

The great secret of studying history is to give it reality. History never profits, until it becomes a reminiscence of the events which have taken place and of the men who have lived, so as to enable you to dismiss from your mind the process by which that reminiscence has been acquired. Events, as if they had happened before you. Men, as if you knew them. Facts, not as if they had been presented to you in black and white, through the pages of a book, but as if your knowledge had resulted from actual observation; so that you may forget Clarendon in Naseby, and Livy in Cannæ. Now it is here that we find the potency of architecture—for the imagination requires something to work upon; and nothing is ever fixed in the memory unless some colouring is added by the imagination. In this, Architecture helps us greatly, more even than the scenes of nature: hills and mountains tell us nothing of man, nor are they intended to do so; and when we are not able to pourtray to ourselves the scene in which the actors lived and moved, a cloud fills up the void. We cannot sever the Senate from the Capitol, nor the orator from the Forum. The edifices which nations raise are inseparably associated with the deeds which the nations perform. We live in Rome; we dream of Carthage. Even where history is silent, ruins speak the clearest language. We consort with the sons of Misraim amidst the portals and columns of Thebes, though their race and language have for ever passed away.

But there is no feeling so intimately connected with architecture as religion, for there never has been any faith possessed  
by



by man, according to which the construction of the house of sacrifice or prayer could be indifferent. Amidst the most mistaken forms of faith, there ever has been a right tendency, however wrongly applied, to render the place of worship worthy of the Divinity. In the same degree, when there has been an absence of faith, so surely is that absence noted in the neglect of due exertions to render the temple appropriate to the object of worship, which the standard of religion requires. From the ritual arises the temple; and the temple becomes the commentary upon the ritual: the form and aspect of the structure appearing as evidence of the doctrines taught within its walls.

The historical value of architecture has been most fully appreciated by Mr. Gally Knight. Without in anywise neglecting the principles of construction, which constitute so essential a portion of the science of architecture, or neglecting the technical details belonging to the anatomy of the building, few writers have contributed so laboriously, so intelligently, and also so munificently to architectural *literature*. He has applied himself to the pursuit with all his heart and soul. Upon opening such magnificent volumes as those presented by him to the public, it is at once evident that no market-price put upon them can afford any return for the outlay they have required. Illustrations so accurate and so splendid, need the union of the head to direct and the hand to execute; and also the third great requisite, the means of defraying the cost. This Mr. Knight has done, most ungrudgingly, most liberally; liberally in the highest sense of the word, for we know that in many cases he has had a double object in view; his patronage has been bestowed not for the mere purpose of obtaining the drawings, but also to assist merit, and to afford solace as well as support to talent and industry which had failed to receive their reward.

The drawings produced under Mr. Knight's patronage are instructive and intelligible, because they have been directed by instruction and intelligence. Mere artistic skill is insufficient to produce a true architectural drawing; and in the same manner as we believe it to be impossible to make a faithful copy of an inscription, or facsimile of a manuscript, unless the copyist understands the language in which it is written, so is it impracticable for the draftsman to afford faithful representations of a building, unless he fully understands the peculiarities and characteristics of its style. The draftsman is ever tempted to sacrifice correctness to effect, and to improve the uncouth original to the standard of picturesque beauty. Even the undue heightening of a light, or overcharging of a shadow, would mar the truth which the architectural antiquary requires.

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The work noticed in our title, constitutes only a small portion of the collections Mr. Knight has made for the history of mediæval architecture. They have resulted from the exertions of many years of foreign travel as well as home research. Mr. Knight's first publication of this class was his '*Architectural Tour in Normandy*,' 1836. He undertook the investigations which form its subject, for the purpose of satisfying his mind concerning a specific problem—the one which has occasioned the most difficulty and perplexity to the architectural student. It is hardly needful to say that we mean the ever-contested question, of the origin of the Gothic style. Until the opening of the Continent, the balance of exchange with respect to literature between France and England exhibited a most unequal figure. We had imported their archæology, their history, and their æsthetics, to a large extent; whereas they in return had not taken much beyond our freethinking, our *jocquis*, and our *redingotes*. Upon the opening of the Continent, when the works of our English antiquaries became for the first time known to the French archæologists, our appreciation of Gothic architecture excited equally their surprise and their emulation. They saw with how much diligence we had investigated the progress of the style amongst ourselves: above all, that we claimed for England its primary origin.

This newly awakened spirit of inquiry brought our Norman brethren into direct collision with the doctrines of our English school, in respect of the date assigned for the complete establishment of the pointed style. We considered that, in England, the reign of John was the earliest era in which the Gothic style had attained any decided principle or consistency. With what surprise therefore did we learn that our fellow-inquirers could produce, as we were told, a magnificent specimen of complete Gothic in the existing cathedral of Coutances, begun by Bishop Robert in 1030, and finished by Geoffrey de Mowbray in 1056! Many other examples were adduced by the Caen Society, of churches built in the eleventh century in the pointed style. Had France done nothing more than assert her prior claim to the adoption of the pointed style, possibly the claim would have been conceded; but that authenticated instances of its full development in the eleventh century could be produced, excited great astonishment in all who had pursued the same investigations amongst us. Under these circumstances, Mr. Knight, who had so long and so sedulously employed his time and bestowed his patronage upon the antiquities of architecture, determined to undertake a personal investigation of the structures, which, whether the dates assigned to them should prove to be correct or not, constituted some of the most important passages in the history



of mediæval art. He resolved not to trust merely to his own judgment, but to assist himself likewise by professional knowledge; and he therefore engaged an able architect to be his companion, that he might have the assistance of a practised eye to examine the construction of the buildings, and of a practised hand to delineate their forms. Mr. Knight proceeded in his investigations with a conscientious and diligent endeavour to arrive at the truth: he called up his witnesses and examined them, comparing the documentary evidence furnished by chronicles and records, with the structures themselves. The result of his mission was, that the Norman antiquaries have given up all their dates and surrendered at discretion, entirely admitting both his facts and the arguments which he has deduced therefrom; and thus a definite era is established, as it should seem, in the chronology of Norman art.

When studying the antiquities of Coutances, Mr. Knight was reminded of Tancred de Hauteville and his sons, the warriors who had effected those conquests in Apulia and Sicily, constituting perhaps the only portion of mediæval history which has any real resemblance to the fictions of chivalry. Tancred and his children were natives of the diocese of Coutances, and, at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Geoffrey, the victors transmitted to Normandy a large proportion of their spoils, for the rebuilding of his cathedral. Mr. Knight, having in his first-mentioned volume taken a view of the architecture of the Normans in France, equally with reference to the Norman remains in England, now became desirous of completing a survey of their works, by investigating the structures they had raised in the third scene of their conquest and dominion—the island of Sicily.

He again pursued the course he had adopted on the former occasion: he travelled to Sicily accompanied by an architect, that the guarantee of a professional eye might not be wanting to confirm the testimony of an amateur. Hence resulted 'The Normans in Sicily, being a sequel to An Architectural Tour in Normandy' (1838), illustrated by a magnificent series of thirty plates, which exhibit the most satisfactory union of architectural knowledge and pictorial effect. Faithful, and yet picturesque; most accurate, and yet without that dry meagre fidelity, which, preserving the letter as it were of a structure, does nothing else, and wholly loses its spirit. Like a dull narrative, drawings of this class give you the facts without leaving any impression on the mind.

From their singularity, no architectural structures more needed to be made known by the pencil of the artist, than the Norman remains in Sicily—none more difficult to multiply through the press. Colour is an essential element in buildings, whose peculiar  
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character results from their mosaics and frescoes, the figures and inscriptions which cover their walls; and as the great expense of publishing in colours was necessarily an impediment to adopting this mode, except in a few of the plates, it is the more remarkable to observe how successful Mr. Knight's artist has been in those prints which are deprived of this accessory. The interior of the cathedral of Monreale may be instanced as an example of this successful treatment: by comparing it with the coloured engraving of the Capella Reale at Palermo, you can fully understand the effect which the original produces to the eye. Our doctrine, that architecture may be best treated as the corollary of history, is well exemplified in Sicily. The political relations of that country differed from all others of its age—a double Christian hierarchy; the *Greek Succession*, depressed, but yet subsisting; the Latin Succession flourishing, and yet compelled to acknowledge the existence of its rival; whilst the Mullah was still permitted to expound the Moslem law. The diplomas and charters of the sovereign exhibit the Arabic, concurrently employed with the two great dialects of the Christian world. Laws and institutions of Byzantium flourished under the descendants of the Norman adventurer, who assumed the garb of the Greek Basileus, whilst the manners and customs of Bagdad or Cordova gave splendour, as well as enervating luxury, to his palace and his throne. Of all these various races, and customs, and modes of thought, mingled, and yet not intermixed, the characteristics and tokens are found equally in the palace and in the church. Greek mosaic adorns the apse: 'billet moulding,' and 'dog-tooth moulding,' and 'chevron moulding' enrich the arch; Cufic inscriptions, in bold and noble characters, declare the praises of the Sultan-king.

Mr. Knight has, therefore, judiciously prefixed a succinct and able statement of the events which led to the establishment of the Normans in the south of Europe, together with a sketch of the reigns of the Norman rulers of Sicily and Calabria, until Manfred's death and the accession of the Arragonese dynasty. There is no other work in English, which, for popular use, contains so clear a summary of this interesting chapter of European history.

The 'Architectural Tour in Sicily,' to which the 'Normans in Sicily' forms the preface, cannot be satisfactorily appreciated unless in conjunction with its splendid illustrations; for those alone can give any adequate idea of the singularity of form which the edifices display. Here, as in Normandy, Mr. Knight's main object was to investigate the origin of the pointed style. From the facts which he collected, he ascertains that as soon as the



Normans achieved their conquest they employed, as Mr. Knight calls upon us to observe, a style hitherto wholly unknown in Europe. The conquest of Sicily was effected six years after the conquest of England—San Giovanni dei Leprosi was built in 1101, by Count Roger, in the time of Rufus. The other examples of the pointed style in Sicily, built by Count Roger's son, the first Norman king, were begun whilst Henry I. was still sitting on the throne of England. All these are in the pointed style of architecture, which gradually prevailed in all the sacred, civil, and domestic architecture of Sicily.

'The buildings, therefore, still existing in Sicily, prove first, that the Normans in Sicily employed the pointed style; secondly, that it was used in that island before it was used on the continent of Europe; and thirdly, that it was borrowed from the Saracens. But the Norman Sicilian style was not Saracenic alone. Saracenic in its arches, it was Roman in its pillars and capitals, Byzantine in its cupolas and mosaics, Norman and Greek in its enrichments—a combination only to be found in Sicily, and natural there, from the mixture of the different nations.'

The fact, that the Sicilian Normans employed the pointed style at a very early period, and the presumption that such style was borrowed by them from the Saracens, being established, the question then is raised as to its mode of transmission.

'The Saracens who conquered Sicily came from Kairoan, a large city about fifty miles to the south-east of Tunis, built by Akbah in 670. From the period of the conquest, a constant intercourse was kept up between Sicily and Kairoan for a century and a half. The king of Kairoan regularly appointed the emir of Palermo. In 972 Muaz-ladin Allah, then king of Kairoan, removed from thence to Egypt, and from that time till 1039 (when the Saracens of Sicily declared independence), it was with Egypt that the most frequent intercourse was kept up. It is also on record that the same king of Kairoan who sent the expedition to conquer Sicily, was occupied about the same time on a large scale at Kairoan, in the construction of palaces for his own residence and that of his chief officers.

'From all these circumstances, it appears next to certain that the pointed arch came to Sicily from Kairoan, and that it was first habitually employed by the Saracens of Africa, whether there introduced by a Saracenic or a Greek architect, to meet that love of variety for which the Arabs were remarkable—probably by a Greek. . . . but how did it find its way, at a later period, into northern France and Germany, the countries of the continent of Europe in which it first made its appearance? We might have expected to have found it first in Normandy, as intercourse was constantly kept up between what may be called the mother country and the Sicilian colony; but I have shown in a former volume, that the pointed arch did not appear in Normandy so soon as it appeared in other parts of northern France.'—*Id.* p. 346-354.

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Mr. Knight concludes by adopting the opinion so often advocated, that the pointed arch, borrowed from Asia by the Crusaders, was by them generally introduced into Europe. We shall have occasion in the course of this article to advert again slightly to the Gothic question. Here we shall only observe, that the Normanno-Saracenic buildings of Sicily constitute a distinct formation, which did not exercise any influence upon the rest of Italy.

The '*Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Italy*,' the publication more immediately before us, continues the series of the works bestowed upon us by Mr. Knight's liberality, excelling all its predecessors in external splendour and intrinsic utility. The plates are accompanied by ample descriptions; a masterly essay is prefixed, which should be reprinted in a more portable form. It constitutes a chapter in the history of architecture, strangely neglected by those to whom it naturally belongs. Liturgically and historically considered, the ecclesiastical antiquities of Rome have been laboriously examined. The monographs of the Basilicas form a valuable library. Ciampini, who has treated generally upon the subject, is a clear and sensible writer; but in his works, and those of his countrymen generally, there appears a constant conflict between principle and taste. Faith teaches the Italians to respect the temples of their forefathers; taste, or at least the stringent necessity of appearing to possess a taste, compels them to condemn the rude monuments of declining art. The consequence of this antagonism is, that the illustrations, without which architectural archæology constitutes but a blind pursuit, are, in their Italian publications, as scanty as poor. It should seem as if the horrid forms of mediæval barbarism scared pencil and burin out of their propriety. Tame and unfaithful outlines, meagre scratches, heavy blotches, distorted perspective, and a total absence even of ordinary truth, are the characteristics of the older Italian engravings, now so frequently the only memorials of structures and monuments, which ruthless time, and still more ruthless improvements, have swept away.

'Before the reign of Constantine,' says Mr. Knight, 'the followers of a prohibited creed assembled in the rooms of private houses and in obscure retreats; or, if occasionally permitted to construct buildings for the performance of their rites, they were not allowed either to make them of large dimensions or to consult their external appearance. Constantine, who first extended to Christianity the protection of the law, built his first church at Rome, and this was the first church that was constructed on a plan which was considered to be the best adapted to the purposes of Christian worship.—Rome, therefore, may be said to have been the birthplace of Ecclesiastical Architecture; and in Italy, and in Italy alone, we still find a succession of churches, commencing  
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from the earliest times, and uninterruptedly carried on through after ages.'

The series of examples selected by Mr. Knight, being eighty-one in number, drawn with the greatest spirit and fidelity, and carefully described, constitute an architectural tour, extending from the Tyrolese Alps to Calabria, and exhibit the continuous course of Christian art.

We shall avail ourselves amply of Mr. Knight's descriptions in the course of this article, making our readers acquainted, as far as is possible, with the valuable contents of his work, yet having to contend against the unavoidable disadvantage of not being able to present them with the excellent delineations which he affords. This imperfection we shall in some degree endeavour to supply, by plans of the principal edifices, which, though not reduced to an uniform scale, have been collected from the best sources. These are the bones of the buildings, and will show the conformation which the structures assume. We shall, however, depart from the arrangement which Mr. Knight has pursued. He has presented us with the buildings in chronological order—strictly so—departing from such order only in one example. This continuous development of architecture may have its advantages; but in Italy, more perhaps than in any other country, various styles and modes of architecture have been concurrent in point of date. Chronology, in such a case, parts friends—it becomes a Linnæan or artificial system, separating examples united by natural affinity.

Less splendid than Mr. Knight's publication, but equally important as affording materials for the historical study of architecture, are the productions bearing the name of his Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen. The labours of nearly thirty years have been bestowed upon the *Beschreibung der Stadt Rom*, now brought to a completion under the guidance and direction of this distinguished individual, who, perhaps, alone amongst our contemporaries is competent to the direction of a task, requiring the talent of the philologist, the philosopher, and the historian; but which neither philologist, philosopher, nor historian could execute, unless with the opportunity of continued residence amidst objects concentrating the interest of the ancient and modern world. M. Bunsen's work is in fact not so much a Description, a *Beschreibung* of Rome, as an Encyclopædia of Rome, comprehending every subject connected with the locality, whether historical or topographical, approaching as nearly as possible to what we have always considered would be the best mode of historical teaching—a field lecture, in which the visible objects are rendered illustrations of history. Niebuhr contributes  
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a most lively and characteristic sketch of the rise and fall of the city, and its restoration after the return of the papal court from Avignon. Most of the sections treating upon historical topography are by M. Bunsen, carrying down its various epochs from the ages of the kings to the most recent period, and thus including (as in the Essays quoted at the head of this article) the history of the rise and progress, and, we must also add, the decay, of Christian architecture and Christian art.

The treatises contributed by M. Bunsen exhibit the application of his personal knowledge and learning to topography. He investigates with minute precision the curious specialties by which the archæologist is equally perplexed and interested. At the same time he connects his details by speculations, which, because they belong to Rome, are therefore elements of the history of the world; for every portion of Rome tells of the history of Rome, which, in the words of her historian, is mediately or immediately the history of all mankind:—‘*Ita enim late ubique per orbem terrarum arma circumtulit, ut qui res, ejus legunt non unius populi sed generis humani facta discant.*’—The very pavement of the Forum, as you look down upon it, conquers the imagination by the associations it suggests.

All the churches, ancient and modern, are described with great minuteness. In every other topography of Rome, early Christian monuments constitute but an incident, upon which the antiquary, especially the Italian, dwells as little as possible: he tries to hurry out of the old time-worn temple of the Barbarian, unless he can find a shaft or a frieze which recalls the delights of the classical age. Not so Bunsen and his coadjutors. Combining patient labour and enthusiasm, they delight in the remains of pristine faith.

Upon the other subjects which the *Beschreibung* embraces, we regret exceedingly that we cannot enter. It is sufficient to observe that the collection contains the only *perfect catalogues* of the Museo Pio-Clementino and the Capitoline Museum. The great characteristic of the work is the condensed criticism, with which Bunsen treats the many contested points, about which archæologists have been so long divided. Amidst the mass of materials, he gives you so much of the fact as is necessary to maintain his argument, and nothing more. Thorough knowledge of the documentary sources, many never before adequately employed, combining both classical and mediæval learning, constant observation of the objects themselves, the zeal and information which has led Bunsen on, the clear good sense which has taught him when to stop, render investigations, which so often assume  
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a dry and repulsive aspect, equally a practical guide to the traveller and an invaluable accession to historical literature.

In the work which the Chevalier Bunsen has more particularly devoted to the Basilica, '*Die Basiliken des Christlichen Roms*,' &c., he has discussed many questions which would have been out of place in the topographical Description of Rome. He treats upon the Basilica in connexion with Christian architecture generally, as well as in relation to its practical application or revival. More than 1500 years have elapsed, says he, since the Basilicas of Rome, in their various changes, have been the admiration of the Christian world: Paulinus and Prudentius beheld the structures of Constantine and Theodosius, the lengthened colonnades of the ancient Vatican, and the ruined temple of the Ostian Gate, with as much enthusiasm as we now behold the structures of Bramante and Michael Angelo. The biographers of the popes, and the historians of the middle ages, consider and eulogize the erection, the restoration, or the adornment of a Basilica, as one of the greatest and most commendable acts of each pontificate; and in the few accounts which have been preserved of the innumerable pilgrims, whose devotion led them in the middle ages to the tomb of the Apostle, their admiration of these structures mingles itself with the expression of their devotion and piety.

His Excellency examines briefly, but ably, the relation between the style of the Basilicas and those of subsequent times, down to our own. He considers that the unity of idea which prevails in its form, gives these buildings an indescribable charm. These æsthetic examinations he grounds upon the historical development. Connecting the Basilicas of the Western empire with the buildings destined for the same purpose in the East, he then proceeds to the examination of the various periods of Christian architecture; and thus investigating the structures erected at Rome, from the age of Constantine to the twelfth century, he incorporates much information acquired since the publication of his first essays.

Information, possessing much novelty and interest, is found in Mr. Hessemer's book, which we also owe, though published abroad, to Mr. Knight's patronage and liberality. This artist was employed by Mr. Knight to make drawings of the Arabian antiquities of Egypt, for the purpose of comparing them with the remains of Sicily; and the work before us gives a portion of his labours. The still subsisting jealousy of the Mahometans imposes many difficulties, which Hessemer overcame by taking lodgings opposite the principal mosques, and cautiously entering

entering them in a Turkish dress. The arabesque of the Moslem in Egypt possesses a very different character from the architecture of their co-religionists in Spain, or in Hindostan. It has more solidity, more *meaning*, than either; the interlacings, which form a considerable portion of this style of adornment, have evidently derived much improvement from the contemplation of Grecian and Roman skill, and exhibit wonderful grace as well as dexterity in their mazy wanderings.\*

In the present article, we shall attempt to indicate the development of Ecclesiastical architecture in Western or Latin Christendom, from its normal type, the civil or judicial Basilica of the Romans, tracing the transitions which produced the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages, until the structure of the Forum expanded into the Gothic glory of Cologne and Milan.

We cannot here attempt to investigate the causes destined to produce that alteration in the human intellect, of which the outward token was exhibited in the so-called decline of the fine arts. Symptoms of this altered course of thought were evident before the promulgation of Christianity, and proceeded with increasing rapidity as the new faith became triumphant. The problem of the great change which thus came upon the human mind is very intricate. Art may have lost its ancient elegance, but this mutation was nevertheless the necessary means for the wonderful development afterwards assumed by architecture, in producing a style, which, though not rendering others unchristian, was certainly more than all others congenial to Christian faith. One element, however, cannot escape notice. The antipathy borne by the early Christians to the fine arts, debased by the pollutions of heathen idolatry, can neither be denied nor concealed; and the same causes which prevented the cultivation of the arts, ensured the degradation and subversion of their

\* Whilst this article was in the press, we have had the opportunity of inspecting the '*Corografia dell' Italia*,' by Attilio Zuccagni-Orlandini, Florence, 1835-1844, perhaps the most expensive work ever brought out at the cost of a private individual, since, as we are informed, the author has bestowed on it not less than 20,000*l*. It consists of a series of atlases, illustrating the geography and the scenery of the whole of Italy: the geographical portion is of singular value, containing, first, the physical geography, secondly, the political geography, thirdly, maps of all the cities and capo-luoghi throughout Italy. The illustrative portion contains numerous buildings of which no other engravings exist. The parts are arranged in the following order:—1. Monaco; 2. The Sardinian States; 3. Portions of Italy incorporated with the Swiss Confederation or the Austrian Empire; 4. The Veneto-Lombardo kingdom; 5 to 8. Parma, Este, Lucca, and Tuscany; 9. Pontifical States; 10. San Marino; 11. Naples and Sicily; 12. The Italian Islands; being the most complete storehouse of information which has ever appeared, and which no other work can supply. The author states, and most truly, that he undertook the work as an offering to his native country; and we look in vain for any parallel instance of the devotion of talent, labour, and fortune. We regret to be compelled to notice so important a production in this perfunctory manner.



proudest and most splendid monuments. Excluding for the present the consideration of other agencies, the first paragraph in the rise of Christian architecture must narrate the fall of the structures devoted to the superstition, which it was the end of the Gospel to obliterate and destroy.

The heathen temples were doomed to inevitable ruin. Laws had been promulgated by Theodosius for their preservation : conducive to the decoration of the city, they might be perhaps rendered useful for the purposes of civil society. Some may have been thus respited, though not rescued, until the decayed remains crumbled to the ground ; they were never respected or honoured by public opinion, and could rarely be adapted to the objects pointed out by the imperial law, without such alterations, as, in most cases, amounted to destruction. Others were accidentally preserved in desolate or secluded situations, in the forest or the marsh, or the mountain glen, or on the shore, whence the inhabitants have been extirpated or chased away. Such are the columns of Pæstum : the heavens are yet as bright as when the garlands hung down from the ruined architrave ; the sea as azure as when the waves were ploughed by the painted prows ; the crushed herbs beneath your feet still send up their rich perfume. To the senses, the works of art are still as noble, the works of nature as sweet and gay ; but the whole scene mourns under the curse inflicted upon scoffing, lascivious, corrupted, Hellas. Language, people, race—their very name has disappeared. The wasting pestilence still hovers, and will ever hover, marking the vengeance which has fallen on the deserted shore.

Few temples were ever adapted for the purposes of Christian worship : fewest of all in the capital of the Christian world. ‘Of the Christian hierarchy,’ says Gibbon, ‘the bishops of Rome were commonly the most prudent and the least fanatic ; nor can any positive charge be opposed to the meritorious act of saving and converting the majestic structure of the Pantheon.’ In casting the account of the merits and demerits of the Christian hierarchy, such a Pontiff as Gregory the Great would have been ill inclined to accept the encomium. In the *gergo* of Gibbon, ‘fanaticism’ is piety, and ‘prudence’ unbelief. The ‘meritorious act,’ thankful as we may be for the result, was a single item, by no means influencing the general balance of praise or dispraise : it was the solitary performance of Boniface IV. ; it was an act from which no consequences resulted. With the exception of the Pantheon, we fail to detect any real example in Rome, of a temple which can be said to owe its *preservation*, in the *proper sense* of the term, to the Christian clergy. They had then no thought of the kind—they took no pleasure in such antiquities. They sought no credit  
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for such care. Antiquaries, with eager zeal, have collected about ten examples, in which this preservation is asserted. Even in the cases which are least dubious, no further merit can be claimed for the hierarchy than the accidental preservation of a portico, a cella, or a wall, an encumbrance which it was troublesome to remove—a fragment which saved some expense, built up, concealed, marred, or deformed by the new erection to which it was unwillingly conjoined.

It could not be otherwise. In the early Christians, any participation in our modern worship of heathen art, would have been false and unnatural. All the opinions, all the habits, all the feelings, all the conscience of the early Christians strove against the preservation of the memorials of heathenism. Neither beauty nor convenience, if they had possessed the latter requisite, would, save in some few special cases, like that of the Pantheon, plead for the preservation of the relics of classical antiquity. They considered the idols as accursed. No object which had in anywise been connected with the worship of idols, or could be supposed to have been employed in their service, was to be used without exorcism. Thus, in the ritual of the church of Durham, there is a form of prayer for hallowing the vase found in the Roman encampment, which could not be employed for any Christian use until subjected to such purification. Nor was this belief confined to the rude Northumbrian peasant, or to a barbarous age. Let us place ourselves before the portal of St. Peter's, fresh from the workmen's hands. Four months have been employed in removing the huge obelisk of Sesostris from the ruins of Nero's Circus to the front of the Great Basilica. Eight hundred workmen, toiling at creaking winch and groaning capstan, heave up the mass; whilst the breathless crowd watch the slow rising of the gigantic beam. It stops; when the one cry—*'acqua alle funi,'* which subjects the individual who suggests the happy expedient to the pain of death, enables the maestro to complete his task: amidst the thunder of the cannon, the *'guglia'* stands firm and erect upon its basement. But is the work completed?—No: the trophy of the victory of Christianity over Heathenism cannot yet be received as such, until all connexion with its former slavery to the Fiend has been destroyed. In solemn procession, the Supreme Pontiff exorcises the magnificent work, so long dedicated to the foul superstition of Misraim, and devotes it to the honour of the Cross, performing the rites which were deemed to expel the evil spirit. Those who may not share in the belief which dictated these ceremonies, must, nevertheless, respect the sentiments contained in the simple majestic language, commemorating the consecration of the spoils of heathenism to the service of the Cross—*'Ecce Crux Domini—Christus*



Christus vincit—Christus regnat—Christus imperat—Christus ab omni malo plebem suam defendat.—Vicit Leo de tribu Juda.'

Thus did Pope Sixtus record his triumph. Yet there was a greater triumph felt by the zeal which taught the early Christians to glory in casting down the altars and the high places devoted to Sin—deeming—we will not presume to judge whether rightly or wrongly—that such a testimony to the truth was imperatively enjoined upon them. By their deeds they contemned the temporizing policy of the emperors. They sought the actual and visible victory of literally erecting the temple of the Lord upon the ruins of the habitation of the demon. The statues were broken, to be buried in the foundations: hence few sculptures have ever been found at Rome which did not, like the Venus of the Medici, show, by their defacement and fractures, the aversion of which they had been the objects. Amongst the great congregation of the faithful, the distaste, the horrors excited by paganism—its structures, monuments, glories, charms—were unconquerable and paramount. Idols might have been removed, and the building consecrated by the rites, which, according to the primitive belief, would drive away the demon—yet no lustration could entirely heal the leprosy of the walls. The language of the Virgin Martyr was echoed in every heart—

'Your gods, your temples, brothel-houses rather;  
Or wicked actions of the worst of men,  
Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!—  
Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,  
The baits and nets of hell. . . . .  
Your Venus whom you worship was a harlot—  
Flora, the foundress of the public stews,  
And has for that her sacrifice.  
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,  
Incestuous with his sister. Read but those  
That have canonized them. You will find them worse  
Than in chaste language I can speak them to you.'

Whatever had been touched by paganism, seemed—and can we say unjustly?—to be reeking with impurity.

Whilst conscientious feelings thus deterred and repelled the early Christians from adopting the heathen temples, for the purposes of Christian worship, the same feelings attracted them to holy ground. We shall see hereafter why the temples were wholly unfitted by their mere plans and arrangements for the celebration of the Christian ritual. But, above all, they were destitute of the associations by which devotion was nourished, faith enhanced. Jove's temple crowned the Capitol: the structures devoted to the false gods shone above the palaces of imperial Rome: but the

the victories of faith had been won by pain, anguish, suffering, death: the altar was not to be raised amidst the haunts of men; the communion of saints was sought amongst the lone memorials of the departed.

The circumstances which thus operated have been described by Mr. Knight, in a passage which may be considered classical in its kind:—

‘From the custom which had originated in the catacombs—from the habit which the primitive Christians had acquired of visiting the graves of the martyrs—it became a matter of necessity to associate the church with the tomb, and to provide a place of worship below ground as well as above. This, in several instances, was accomplished at Rome by placing the church immediately above a part of the catacombs, as at San Lorenzo and Santa Agnese; or, as at St. Peter’s, by placing the altar immediately above the spot to which the mortal remains of the Apostle had been removed.

‘The practice of associating the churches with the graves of martyrs was the cause of their being frequently placed in situations which had little reference to public convenience—namely, *without* the walls of the cities to which they belonged. For, as executions usually took place without the walls, and as the martyrs were often buried, or supposed to have been buried, where they were put to death, the wish of that age could not be accomplished without frequently placing the churches in remote and insulated situations. Thus it was that Constantine placed the Church of St. Peter adjacent to the Circus of Nero, though the city of Rome was, at that time, at some distance from the Vatican Hill. Theodosius, for similar reasons, placed the Church of St. Paul at an equal distance from the city, on the opposite side. At that time a liability, which afterwards exposed insulated churches and their frequenters to much peril, did not exist. At that time the interior of the empire was still inviolate, and those who built the churches never imagined that the day might come when their descendants could not go out of the walls without being liable to attacks, and when the churches themselves would be exposed to insult and injury. Little did Constantine imagine that men of a newer religion than his own would ever reach and deface the cathedral which he had planted within sight of the metropolis of the world.’

It has been doubted whether we possess any Christian edifice at Rome belonging to the age of Constantine. The late Mr. Hope places the earliest in the reign of Theodosius. This is a misconception, in consequence either of his supposing that the sacred structures of the Constantinian era which still exist were heathen temples, or of his forgetting that a baptistery was essentially a church, though not commonly called by that name. In Italy, every baptistery and every chapter-house has its altar: we believe, that, with respect to the latter buildings, such was equally the case in England.

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We are, however, very deficient in information as to the architecture of the Greek and Oriental churches. This deficiency, we trust, will be supplied by the increasing energy of our travellers. Asia Minor might, without doubt, supply far more facts than have hitherto been obtained. Ecclesiastical archæology ought to be investigated with the same cheerful diligence which Mr. Fellowes has exhibited with respect to Hellenic and Lycian antiquity. One very remarkable specimen we possess in our own dominions. It is the portal of the church at Corfu, erected by Jovinian, A.D. 364, known only by means of an imperfect drawing given by Dr. Walsh.

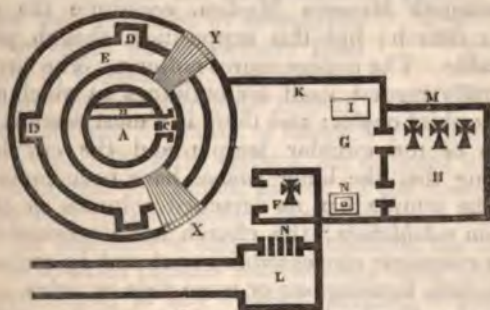
Reverting however to the influence of hallowed locality, the first and earliest Christian churches of which we can form any clear idea, either from actual plans or existing remains, are the *sepulchral churches* of the Constantine age: we commence our series by the most remarkable monument of the Christian world.

In the florid description of Eusebius we find an elaborate yet confused notice of the sacred buildings raised by Constantine at Jerusalem. The panegyrist exalts our notions of the munificence of the founder and the splendour of the structures; yet amidst his rhetorical phrases, we obtain only a vague conception of their ichnography. The Chevalier Bunsen has bestowed an ample commentary upon the difficult text, whose words, as we have observed, convey but an indefinite conception of the architectural arrangements. This information must be sought elsewhere, and we possess it. But it is not through the medium of the writers of Rome or Byzantium that we have been presented with the ground-plot, which, however rude, removes all uncertainty as to the type presented by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or the plan according to which it was formed.

Whence do we obtain this knowledge? Would it be guessed that we derive it from regions covered by almost impenetrable obscurity? Are we to seek our records of the monument raised by Constantine, amidst that opprobrium of our historical research, the Pictish race, or to obtain the solution of our doubts from the enigmatical Pictish realm? Amongst the shadows of past times, are there any more visionary and unsubstantial than Taran MacEntifidic and Brudei MacDeirly, who flit before us like beings of another world? Yet it is in the remotest, the most secluded of the Western Isles, amongst the Pictish race, and from the Pictish wilds, that the knowledge, denied elsewhere, is obtained. Iona shines in the midst of Cimmerian darkness. Here flourished Abbot Adamnan, so distinguished by his participation in the great Paschal controversy, A.D. 705; and he supplies the architectural antiquary with the knowledge

knowledge so much desired. We owe the information to a singular contingency. After a long pilgrimage and continued residence in the Holy Land, a Gaulish bishop named *Arculphus*, driven to the Hebrides, became the guest of the Culdee monastery. Here he related his perils, describing the holy places he had visited; and the '*Libellus de locis sanctis*' contains his narrative.

Rarely has any work been transmitted with more peculiarity and authenticity. Adamnan wrote upon his tablets, from the actual dictation of the stranger: the notes so taken became the book we now possess. The Holy Sepulchre, as might be anticipated, was the main object of Adamnan's curiosity; and, in addition to the verbal description, Arculphus drew a plan of the buildings upon the tablets with his own hand. This plan Adamnan copied in his manuscript, from which we give it, as published by the Benedictine Editor, the references being those of Adamnan.\*



The Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

He speaks of his drawing with extreme humility, calling it a vile figuration; but, as will be seen by comparing it with the plan

\* The following are the references:

A Tegurium rotundum.

B Sepulchrum Domini.

C Altaria dualia.

D Altaria.

E Ecclesia.

F Golgothana ecclesia.

G In loco altaris Abraham.

H In quo loco Crux Dominica, cum

binis latronum crucibus, sub terrâ reperta est.

I Mensa lignea.

K Plateola, in quâ die ac nocte lampades ardent.

L Sanctæ Mariæ ecclesia.

M Constantiniana basilica, hoc est martyrium.

N Exedra cum calice Domini.

The '*Tegurium rotundum*' is evidently the chapel, constituting the immediate covering of the Holy Sepulchre. Some of the terms are hard to explain. The comparison of Adamnan's plan with the text of Eusebius, assisted by excavations, would probably afford a useful result.

of San' Stefano rotondo, it affords valuable information. The church was wholly of stone, of 'wonderful rotundity,' supported by twelve columns; having, as it should seem, three aisles; it was entered by four doors; and the sepulchre itself was illuminated by twelve lamps, burning day and night in honour of the twelve Apostles. Since Adamnan speaks of three walls, we must suppose that the interior circle marks the columns, and the lines to which we add the letters X and Y were probably staircases, leading to an upper church or gallery. When Arculphus saw the Holy Sepulchre, it had been somewhat damaged by the Persians, and it was subsequently ruined by the Arabs; yet, as the existing church still retains the original shape, we do not doubt but that it was rebuilt upon the original foundations.

From its sanctity and celebrity, the Holy Sepulchre became the primitive type of all the other churches of a circular form. It has been considered by most antiquaries, that the circular temples of ancient Rome, such as that of Vesta and the somewhat hypothetical Minerva Medica, constitute the models for the circular church; but this supposition, though plausible, is quite untenable. The outline proves nothing. The circular shape would naturally suggest itself for buildings in which a sepulchre was to be the chief object; and there is a most essential difference in the type of the circular temple and the circular church, demonstrating that the latter *cannot* have been copied from the former. The temple has its detached columns *on the exterior, supporting an entablature*; the church has its detached columns arranged in *concentric circles within, connected by arches springing from the capitals*, forming one or more aisle or aisles.

Such was the church which Constantine raised over the tomb of his mother Helen, now called the Torre Pignaterra; but the ruin now exhibits nothing but rude brick walls, and we gain no knowledge beyond the fact of the adaptation of the form.

More perfect is the church of Sta. Costanza, the burial-place of Constantia, daughter of Constantine, of which Mr. Knight has given an excellent engraving, plate iii. Some have supposed it to be an ancient Temple of Bacchus.

'This opinion is principally founded on the mosaics with which the ceiling of the aisles is adorned, and which represent vine-leaves and grapes. But the vine is a Christian emblem, and is so frequently introduced in the decoration of Christian places of worship, that little weight can be attached to this circumstance. The architecture of this building is in conformity with the style of the time of Constantine, and not in conformity with that of a much earlier date.'

The plan, it will be observed, bears as much resemblance



to that of the Holy Sepulchre as could be needed or expected in an edifice of contracted dimensions. But it shows how that edifice had become a type; and, except in the duplication of the pillars, it approaches closely to what we must suppose the Round Church at Cambridge to have been, before the erection of the modern chancel.



Santa Costanza.

*San' Stefano rotondo* is the largest of the ancient round churches now existing, and the most perfect example of structures erected according to this type. The plan will show how very closely the model of the Holy Sepulchre was followed. It has been supposed that the portions of wall *aa* and *bb*, were added by Pope Nicholas V.; but from the comparison with Adamnan's plan, we cannot doubt that he merely repaired what had stood before. The earnest zeal exhibited by antiquaries to rescue any work of architecture from the reproach of Christianity, has induced them to contest for this church the honour, also claimed for Santa Costanza, of having been a heathen temple.



San' Stefano rotondo.

Few indeed, especially of the Italians, are disposed to abandon its primitive dedication to Faunus, instead of the protomartyr. In this opinion they persist, though every part and feature of the structure—the difference of size in the columns, the coarse workmanship, the ill-fitted capitals and deficient bases, and above all, its total dissimilarity to any classical building—all its characteristics fully prove its original destination. The period of its dedication (467—483), by Simplicius, is well attested. Still it remains a question whether he did more than reconstruct, or perhaps enlarge, an edifice previously existing on the same site.

We cannot pursue the history of round churches, especially as connected with the Knights Templars, from whom it is impossible to disjoin them. We can only remark here, that the Templars affected the round or octagon form in Italy just as in England, as is evidenced by the church of the *Santo Sepolcro* at Pisa, anciently belonging to the order.

Round churches seem, from the scanty remains and still more scanty descriptions, to have been common in Scandinavia. An obvious conjecture would be, that the type was borrowed from Byzantium, through the medium of Russia; but from the only example of which we possess a delineation, namely, the round church at Soroe, we are certain that they are exactly in the Romanesque style of Western Europe. Soroe is a circular

building, with a chancel; the arches which connect the columns are of the usual semicircular form. There is a similar church at Thorsager (the Field of Thor) in Jutland, and four in Bornholm. Greenland displays the foundations of similar round structures, erected by the extinct Scandinavian colony. A very remarkable building at Newport, in Rhode Island, is now supposed to be the remains of a church erected by the Scandinavian discoverers of Vinland, whose further progress in the new continent was so mysteriously withheld. The structure, as it now stands, consists of a circular colonnade; the pillars being connected by circular arches. Without entering into discussion, which could not be satisfactory unless accompanied by accurate drawings, as well as a survey of the style of masonry, which *alone* could decide the question, it appears to us, on the face of the engravings published by the Copenhagen Antiquarian Society ('Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord,' 1840—1843), to be entirely dissimilar to any structure which we can imagine to have been raised by the pilgrim fathers of New England.

Whatever exaggerated extension may have been given to the principle of symbolism, it is nevertheless quite clear that this species of allegory, suggested by Scripture, did prevail in the primitive Christian structures. Thus we have seen that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was supported by twelve pillars and lighted by twelve lamps. There were also twelve pillars in the adjoining Church of the Resurrection, upon which twelve lamps were placed, or suspended, in honour of the twelve apostles. From some analogy, not so easily perceptible, the octagon form was considered as peculiarly applicable to the baptistery:—

'Octochorum sanctos templum surrexit in usus:

Octogonus fons est munere dignus eo.

Hoc numero decuit sacri Baptismatis aulam

Surgere, quo populis vera salus rediit.'

And the octagon—the outer walls being often converted into a circle—constitutes the germ of those buildings so characteristic of the ecclesiastical architecture of Italy—we mean the detached baptisteries. Of these, the first and most remarkable example is the Baptistery of *San Giovanni Laterano*: (Knight, plate v.)—

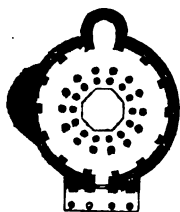
'That this baptistery cannot be justly entitled to the name of the Baptistery of *Constantine*, is sufficiently evident from the well-attested fact that Constantine, though he declared himself a Christian, postponed the rite which was believed to wash away the stain of every sin till he found his end approaching, and then was baptized, not at Rome, but at Constantinople.'

The building, as described and represented by Mr. Knight,  
has

has certainly sustained many changes, even since Rienzi bathed in the laver of porphyry: (a section, before it had sustained its last renovation, will be found in Ciampini :) yet some think that a higher degree of antiquity may be conceded.

Celebrated as the Lateran Baptistery is in tradition and history, the decorations bestowed upon it by the later pontiffs have diminished its value as an architectural specimen: one far more sincere, but not yet sufficiently appreciated, and of which a correct representation is wanting, still exists at Nocera. Here also the perverted criticism of the Neapolitan antiquaries renders them obstinate in asserting that the Church was originally a heathen temple, in spite of the inscription, which so clearly declares the builder's name and nation. This inscription is engraved in a perpendicular line, upon a small column surmounted by a rude Romanesque capital, exhibiting a strange mixture of Greek and Roman letters, employed by the barbarian artists. Fragments of ancient frescoes are built up over the door and in the apex. The octagon baptistery in the centre is surrounded by a concentric range of columns. The double vaulting is

brick. The whole arrangement of the building is perfect; and, with some slight additions, we view it now exactly as it stood when *Magnoaldus* the *Presbyter* completed the edifice. Considering the condition of this most remarkable structure, its dangers of ruin from age, and still more from injudicious repairs, it would be highly desirable that the details should be accurately pre-



served, not by slurring over the irregularities and reducing the building to classical form, as is done in the cork model in the *Studi* at Naples, but by reproducing all the original features of rudeness and inartificiality.

We now approach the Gothic age. In Italy, the custom of considering the cathedral, for many purposes, as the sole parish-church, continued unaltered; and with the one parish, the one baptistery. Whilst, therefore, the main type of the baptistery was retained with religious fidelity, still the accident of locality, or the influence of individual genius, or caprice, occasioned several marked varieties. Parma thus possesses a splendid baptistery of a very singular character. Mr. Knight's engraving (vol. ii., Plate xxiii.) gives an accurate representation of the exterior of this edifice; the interior, from its peculiar complexity, as well as

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from the height and proportions of the building, would almost defy the artist's skill. It was completed, except as to the vaulting, between 1196 and 1216, from the designs of Antelmi. The exterior is an octagon, but within it offers sixteen sides, formed by working in the thickness of the wall. The details of the architecture are very remarkable; for whilst the general forms are Romanesque, you observe, as it were, a species of inroad of Gothic taste, which preponderates in the upper tier of arches by which the exterior is surrounded. The portals below are Romanesque, of a fine character; whilst in the intermediate stories there are Gothic pillars, connected by architraves, upon what may be called the classical principle, though wholly without the classical form.

The detached baptistery continued peculiar to Italy, and perhaps hardly any example can be found beyond the Alps, except in our own island. Elgin furnishes the solitary instance where the octagon baptistery, in the most graceful Gothic style, groups with the cathedral, whose deformed and neglected ruins relate the calamities which the Church of Scotland has sustained.

Whatever beauty the circular form may possess, it is, taken singly and simply, most unfit for the Christian liturgy: and whatever interpolations are made detract from the simplicity and unity from whence its charm arises, without rendering it appropriate for the service of the altar. Hence it never became a favourite in the West. Though the circular is unsuited in itself for a Christian church, yet if employed as a *part* of the plan, and connected with other members, it is susceptible of the highest excellence. Great difficulties, however, attend its application: the Byzantine architects may claim the merit of first attempting to work the problem, never entirely solved until Wren's transcendent talent raised our metropolitan cathedral:—

205 An entirely new form for churches was, at an early period, introduced at Constantinople. The oblong was shortened into a square, with a view to the noble addition of the dome, which the Byzantine architects had now learnt how to support. This plan, especially after the creation of St Sophia, became a favourite in the East, and was adhered to, in those parts, with the greater tenacity, in consequence of the schism which subsequently took place between the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople. There was to be a difference in every thing. The Greeks insisted upon the square form of their own inventions; whilst all the nations who continued to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope continued to employ the long form, which was persevered in at Rome.

206 The Greek plan was, in course of time, introduced into Italy by the Greeks themselves, in such parts of that country as remained in the hands of the Greek Emperor, and in the North by the Venetians.—  
*Intr.*, p. iii.

Mr.

Mr. Knight's observations with regard to the antagonism of the Eastern and the Western churches, are entirely correct. Except when favoured by peculiar political relations, it is remarkable how little influence was exerted in Italy by Byzantine art. Ravenna and Venice are almost the only localities where we may trace any decided imitation of the type of Constantinople. Indeed there was little to be gained. Deduct mere barbaric splendour—barbaric, perhaps, in the truest meaning of the word—and there is a spirit,—genius,—energy, in the rudest churches of Latin Christendom, wanting in the most sumptuous edifices of the Greeks. The very buildings reflect the characters of their respective communities. Nor is it less important to remark, how entirely unimportant are the noblest works of art in eliciting a corresponding talent amongst those who are accustomed to behold them. To judge of the lessons which the productions of Phidias and Praxiteles imparted to the Byzantine artists, look at the 'tre ladri,' the groupe inserted in the angle of the Church of St. Mark!—Had it not been for later interpolations, San Vitale, at Ravenna (plate ix.), would have been the most perfect Italian specimen of the Byzantine type.

'This church was erected in 547, by Julianus, the treasurer, at the command and with the assistance of the Emperor Justinian.

'The plan at once reveals its Eastern origin, and its affinity to that of St. Sophia, which had been erected at Constantinople a few years before. Instead of a Latin Basilica, it is an octagon supporting a dome; not, however, unprovided with the addition of the indispensable absis. This plan must have come direct from Byzantium, and was the first appearance of the Byzantine style in Italy.

'The chief architectural novelty and leading feature in this building is the dome. No vaulting of any kind had ever been hitherto employed in the roofs of churches; much less that most skilful and admired of all vaulting, the cupola, or dome; a mode of covering buildings perfectly well understood by the Romans, but discontinued as art declined, and, for the first time, reproduced by the Greek architects of Constantinople, in the instance of St. Sophia. If it is difficult to support the downward pressure and outward thrust of ordinary vaulting, how much more is required when the pressure has to be resisted at every point, and the circle above has, as is frequently the case, to be connected with a square below! This was accomplished, in the construction of St. Sophia, by means of what are technically called *pendentives*; brackets, on a large scale, projecting from the walls at the angles, and carried up to the base of the dome. At San Vitale, which is not a square, but an octagon, a series of small arches is employed, instead of pendentives, but acting upon the same principle. By this expedient the dome is united to the body of the edifice. The thrust has then to be resisted by the thickness of the walls; and the downward pressure to be supported by arches and piers. In most cases the pendentives are exposed

exposed to view; but at San Vitale the mechanical contrivances are concealed by a ceiling. It was always an object to diminish the weight of the dome; and, with this view, materials of the lightest kind were employed in its construction. Sometimes a sort of pumice-stone was used. At San Vitale the dome is composed of a spiral line of earthen vessels, inserted into each other; and where the lateral thrust ceases, and the vertical pressure begins, larger jars are introduced in an upright position.'

A long interval elapses before Byzantine architecture reappears in Italy; for once only, but with expiring splendour:—

'The plan of St. Mark's, like that of Santa Sophia, is a Greek cross, with the addition of spacious porticos. The centre of the building is covered with a dome, and over the centre of each of the arms of the cross, rises a smaller cupola. All the remaining parts of the building are covered with vaults, in constructing which the Greeks had become expert, and which are much to be preferred to the wooden roofs of the old Basilicas.

'Colonnades and round arches separate the nave from the aisles in each of the four compartments, and support galleries above. The capitals of the pillars imitate the Corinthian, and are free from the imagery which at that time abounded in other churches of Italy. It is computed that in the decoration of this building, without and within, above five hundred pillars are employed. The pillars are all of marble, and were chiefly brought from Greece and other parts of the Levant. Whilst St. Mark's was building, every vessel that cleared out of Venice for the East was obliged to bring back pillars and marbles, for the work in which the republic took so general an interest.

'The defect of the interior of St. Mark's is that it is not sufficiently light. The windows are few in proportion to the size of the building. Rich, therefore, as the interior is, it is gloomy to a fault, in spite of the brilliant rays of a southern sun.'

We may add, that often as Saint Mark has been represented, it has never been portrayed in print with such spirit and accuracy—particularly the most difficult interior—as by Mr. Knight's artists. (Plates xxx. and xxxi.)

We must now investigate more closely the causes which rendered the plans of the heathen temple, and the sepulchral church, inconvenient or inappropriate for the general purposes of Liturgical worship, thus leading to the adoption of another type, more adapted to the Roman Ritual. With respect to the circular form, however it may have been fitted for the peculiar purpose of enclosing a sepulchre or celebrating the one rite of baptism, it was in nowise calculated to receive a Christian congregation, during the celebration of the entire Liturgy. Hence we may observe, that in some of the earlier writers, the circular church is merely termed an oratory.

In the House of the Lord, under the New Covenant as under the Old, the faithful came together not as a tumultuous crowd,  
but



but as an organised assembly. For this we have very early authority. Whether proceeding or not from the pen of Saint Clement, the doctrinal treatises entitled the 'Apostolic Constitutions' breathe a spirit which could scarcely have existed later than the second century. If, as has been supposed, some passages indicate a tendency to favour the peculiarities of the Ebionites, that circumstance alone would be a voucher for their high antiquity. Even if the Constitutions be rejected, we gather from the universal testimony of councils, fathers, and ritualists, that the different orders of Christians were distributed, when convened for Divine service, according to their several degrees of proficiency. The penitent was to stand apart from the members permitted to participate in the Holy Communion. The catechumen was not to hear the doctrine imparted only to the confirmed. According to the general feeling of the East, brought no doubt from Jerusalem—for Jewish traditions form the basis of the Roman ritual and liturgy—the men were to be separated from the women, secluded from the general gaze, or at least kept apart from the general concourse. Again, amongst the females, wife, and virgin, and widow, each had her peculiar place assigned. In the church was to be held the synod, in which bishops and presbyters might assemble, as the elders had done in the synagogue. To adopt a phrase of the canonists, the bishop was more than bishop whilst acting in conjunction with the priesthood; the priests less than priests, when attempting to exercise any jurisdiction or deliberation, unless under the presidency of the successors of the apostles. The Holy Scriptures were to be read from the lofty pulpit of the readers—choir and congregation alternating from opposite sides in psalmody. A sanctuary was required, into which no stranger could intrude. Readers and chaunters were to be stationed conveniently, to enable the congregation to hear the Lessons and Homilies, Epistle and Gospel, and to join in the common prayer; lastly, it was needful that the one altar should be protected from the thronging of the multitude, and yet that the whole body of the congregation should behold the Priesthood celebrating the holy mysteries.

For all these purposes, and in accordance to such a system, could the professors of Christianity find any congenial edifices raised by the heathen but unpolluted, and wherein the acknowledgment of faith could be made boldly, and before the light of day?

Such did exist.—Amongst the structures by which Rome was adorned, the secular Basilica vied with the sacred temple in magnificence and glory. The name of the Basilica (says Bunsen, whose dissertation we now abridge) was derived from the portico situated in the Athenian Ceramicus immediately beneath the

the Pnyx. It was here that the Archon, arrayed in the robes of royalty, discharged the duties of judge in all matters connected with the sanctuary. Pausanias describes the imagery by which the Athenian Basilica was adorned. But the structure which he saw, and of which all traces have disappeared, only replaced the ancient adjunct to the palace of the Athenian kings, for the kings had been the supreme judges of the people. The Stoa, with the Homeric throne, afforded the germ for the Basilica. Such a seat of justice was open—the character of Hellenic jurisprudence was publicity. The similar attribution of the administration of justice to the residence of the king obtained at Rome, in the earlier ages; and originally the royal palace stood as the *regia*, on the ancient Forum under the Palatine Hill, quite in the situation of the Athenian Basilica. But the character of the Roman king was sacerdotal as well as regal. Therefore after the suppression of the kingly dignity, the ancient palace was consecrated for religious purposes, whilst the Basilica was severed from its ancient associations, and erected on those sites where the jurisdiction of the popular tribunals could best be exercised.

Greatly modified by the Romans—whatever the Romans borrowed they borrowed as conquerors—the Basilica appeared, at an early period of the Republic, in the Forum. The form of the building was an oblong, terminated by the tribunal. In the midst of the semicircular apsis arose an elevated platform, upon which the seat of the prætor was placed. This is the portion to which in Scripture (St. John, xix. 13) the name of Gabbatha, or Lithostroton (Pavement), was assigned. On either side, but lower down, were the seats of the centumviri, the officers, the scribes, and all others who participated in the honours of the tribunal or the duties of judgment; guarded from the intrusion of the inferior orders by the *cancelli*, or grated enclosures. Still lower down, was the portion allotted to the notaries and advocates. Three-fourths of the oblong composed a vast hall, whilst a transverse aisle, or transept, if we may so call it, separated this hall from the apsis—the peculiar region of dignity and awe. In all the Basilicas, the great hall was divided by columns into a portion similar to the centre aisle of a church, flanked by side aisles; and these columns usually supported a gallery above. The central nave generally received light from windows in the upper wall. Sometimes the whole building was covered by a roof, sometimes only portions. This seems to have been the case particularly in those Basilicas in which a section of the nave, being left open to the sky, constituted an atrium within the aisles.

Such was the general type; but without any material departure from the normal form, there was, nevertheless, a considerable degree

degree of variety in the arrangements, resulting from the greater or lesser convenience of site, or magnificence of building. With respect to the particular evidence, it has been collected by M. Bunsen, with singular labour as well as acuteness, not only in the works which we have already noticed, but also in his Essays, inserted in the Transactions of the Roman Archæological Society; and we shall now present our readers with some scanty gleanings from his ample harvest.\* Information, so important that it may be considered as the basis of Bunsen's inquiries, has been derived by him from the remarkable plan of ancient Rome now preserved in the Capitoline Museum. It seems originally to have been employed as a pavement, but was subsequently used as the facing of the interior of the wall of a building (called an ancient temple) under the church of San' Cosmo and San' Damiano, whence the fragments were removed by Cardinal Farnese to his palace, for their better preservation. But this object was not attained: they were cast about and neglected; and, had it not been for the praiseworthy care of Bellori, who engraved them, they would have been wholly forgotten. In 1742 they were removed to their present situation, but many portions have been lost. Bunsen considers that they describe Rome as it existed between Severus and Caracalla, but not excluding some later additions. This monument possesses singular authenticity as well as instruction, yet the *getting up*, if we may use such an expression, is very inartificial. A remarkable proof is hereby given of the limitation of human science; notwithstanding the sound geometrical knowledge possessed by the ancients, and their skill in delineation, they scarcely had the power of forming a scientific map, or plan, or chart.

Subsisting ruins supply the further information which has been required. Bunsen assumes that the Basilicas of the Campanian cities form, as it were, a connecting link between the Hellenic and the Roman plans. They want the semi-circular apse, found in all the Roman examples; but its place is supplied by some equivalent. The first and simpler is found at *Pompeii*; a rectangular building, the columns supporting the side aisles. At the extremity is the tribunal, raised about seven feet above the ground, beneath which are cells or prisons corresponding exactly in position with the crypts at the altar end of our ancient cathedrals. A porch forms the entrance from the

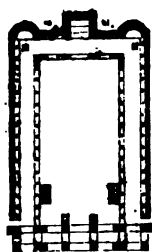


Pompeii.

\* Bunsen is our main guide in the general description of the Basilicas, though we have occasionally ventured to differ from him in some subordinate points of opinion; and we have rather condensed his matter than translated it.

forum.



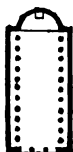


Herculaneum.

forum. Pompeii continues open to the day. The Basilica of *Herculaneum* is again in darkness. Like Pompeii, it consists of a nave and side aisles, fronted by a porch or portico. The chancel, if we may use the expression, is rectangular, with two small semicircular chapels on either side.

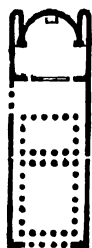
But we must now ascend from these depths, and enter the region which furnishes the subject of one of Bunsen's most remarkable Essays:

'*Die Herstellung des Römischen Forums und der Prachtforen Julius Cæsars und der Kaiser.*' A range of arches existing near the Via del Ghettaello, and the Via della Salita di Marforio, have been engraved by Piranesi as a portion of Cæsar's Forum. These fragments, with the assistance of the ancient plan, are ascertained by Bunsen to be the *Basilica Argentaria*. Surrounded by the shops of the silversmiths, whose resort it was, it exhibits the nave and side aisles, with that semicircular apse so familiar to us in all the ecclesiastical buildings of subsequent ages.



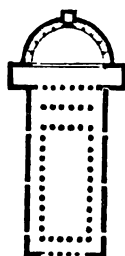
Argentaria.

The *Basilica Fulvia* was erected by the censor M. Fulvius, the conqueror of Ætolia, A.U.C. 573. There are many questions about its reconstruction by Paulus, which Bunsen has discussed at great length. The building is entirely destroyed, but its arrangement can be made out with sufficient distinctness from a fragment remaining on the marble plan. It should seem that it had side aisles, whilst it was terminated with an apse and two side recesses, being in this respect a combination of the plans of the *Argentaria* and *Herculaneum*.



Fulvia.

The *Basilica Æmilia*, also called Basilica Pauli, which stood by the side of the Basilica Fulvia, has, as we have just noticed, been the subject of much discussion. This also is known only from the ancient plan, and from the descriptions preserved in Livy and in the Epistles of Cicero. It was the glory of the Forum. Bunsen calculates that the apse which terminated it had the same diameter as the Pantheon. It was supported by columns of Phrygian marble. It is conjectured, and we think with much appearance of truth, that the Basilica of San Paolo fuori delle mura was constructed from its spoils.



Æmilia.

The

The remains of the *Basilica Ulpia*, A.U.C. 865, 866, remained, until recently, covered by the soil at the base of the Trajan column. These relics of the most magnificent of the structures which decorated the Forum of Trajan, have been partially brought to light by excavations: its elevation is preserved upon medals, which afford some notion of the external form. The plan differs very materially from all those which we have hitherto described. At each termination was seen a magnificent apse, and before each apse was a corresponding transept, with three ranges of columns, forming double cross-aisles. Two rows of columns in the main body of the building formed the nave and side aisles, the nave rising about thirty (Roman) feet above the other portions of the edifice. Within, this central nave exhibited two, if not three tiers of orders, the uppermost being composed of Caryatides sustaining the rich roof, crossed by beams of gilded bronze, which crowned the edifice. It was this building which, above all others, excited the admiration of Constantine. And although the ancient capital was now mourning in widowhood before the presence of the Emperor, who had transferred her dignity to a younger rival, yet Constantine enjoyed one of the three aspirations of Saint Augustine—Cicero pleading—Paul preaching—Rome in her glory.



Ulpia.

Had the Basilica, such as we have described it, been planned for the express reception of a Christian congregation, it scarcely could have received a more convenient or appropriate form—none more happily combining magnificence with utility—none more consonant to the ideas which then prevailed. The general shape of the church, as prescribed by the Apostolical Constitutions, was to be an oblong, like unto a ship, that is, to the vessel of the ark. Look at the preceding plans: does not the outline of the ground plot of the Basilica entirely meet the suggestion? and the terms *nave*, *nef*, or *vaisseau*, applied to the main portion of the edifice, show how enduringly the idea prevailed in subsequent ages. The elevated apse, in which the prætor administered justice, surrounded by the centumviri and other judges, offered a dignified tribunal for the bishop and his clergy; the dark chambers below suggested the subterraneous chapel, in which might be deposited the remains of saint or martyr. The enclosures, the *cancelli* for the notaries and advocates, might receive the singers of the choir. The lengthened aisles would furnish space for the congregation of the faithful: the galleries seclude the women; and the porch, fronting some of the Basilicas, or the uncovered portion, which,

which, if separated from the rest by a wall, would constitute a court, was prepared for those who had been separated from the rest of the congregation by their sins, or were not yet allowed to participate in the sacraments. Hence we find, from one of those incidental notices which often are more instructive than the set narrative of history, that the Basilicæ had been given up, bodily, for the purpose of Christian worship. A Poet, but also a Rhetor, addressing an Emperor, tells him that these structures, heretofore wont to be filled with men of business, were now thronged with votaries praying for his safety: '*Basilica olim negotiis plena, nunc votis pro tua salute susceptis.*' This occupation of the Roman Basilicæ was, nevertheless, only transitory. They did not become the abiding-places of faith. Why was this privilege denied them? In situation they were most convenient, placed in the centre of business and population. Their plan and form so convenient as to invite the purposes of worship. Unpolluted by the idol or sacrifice, they were free from the recollections rendering the Heathen temple odious. With the smallest proportionate expense or labour, the Basilicæ of the Forum might have been rendered the most stately and dignified of sanctuaries. Yet they fell! Only one example can be found of a secular Basilica *actually* converted into a Christian Church—and that example, memorable as it is, does not exist in Rome. As if for the purpose of constantly demonstrating to mankind the visible triumph of the Spiritual kingdom, every stage in the early development of the Empire of Christianity seemed destined to efface the honours of heathen sovereignty. The Christian Basilica, though entirely modelled upon the heathen Basilica, and constructed with the spoils of the Basilica, was *therefore* fated to be its ruin and destruction.

A single cause suffices—a cause of which we now can scarcely appreciate the potency. Veneration for the graves of the martyrs, as an almost irresistible motive, attracted the Christian Basilica away equally from the precinct of the secular Basilica, as from the site of the heathen temple. By determining the locality assigned to the Christian edifice, this feeling necessarily determined the neglect, ruin, and destruction of the proud monuments of senators and Cæsars. The demolition of earlier structures, for the purpose of furnishing materials, had already been long practised. Thus the interior of the Coliseum displays the friezes and fragments, mixed up in confusion, amidst the masonry of the beautiful yet appalling circuit of its walls. These, perhaps, may have resulted from the removal of other buildings previously existing on the site; but under Constantine similar demolitions proceeded, as it should seem, equally from the desire of sparing expense, and the increasing inability to execute works of art. The



The splendid Forum of Trajan, which had excited Constantine's admiration, fell at his command, and furnished by its spoils the decorations of the arch of the first Christian emperor. Abandoned for more hallowed ground, the civil Basilicas were destroyed, and the columns which supported them transported to the new sites, where they arose in lengthened perspective and barbaric splendour. By their very aspect, such of the Christian churches as retain their original features, show the haste and unskilfulness with which they are reared: one capital cut through and deprived of the lower range of the acanthus, to fit it into the required space; another projecting over the shaft; a third shrinking within; a fourth, the leaves blocked, and prepared for the touch—never to be given—of the chisel that was to have imparted Corinthian elegance;—the columns themselves of unequal circumference or unequal height, deprived of their due proportions, or rudely stilted to attain the necessary elevation. The richest materials are mixed with others of inferior quality: pavonazzo and verd antique, the products of the quarries of Syene or of Paros, and the homely travertine, are intermingled without choice or discrimination.

The pillars, or '*bearing-shafts*,' were often connected, according to the classical system, by the *architrave*; but the plan of employing the *arch* for this purpose had already been suggested, and, on the whole, became more prevalent. Upon these were raised the lofty walls constituting the superstructure of the building. But the columns in the Roman Christian Basilica were never connected into *piers*: they were only *bearing-shafts*; the thin brick-walls, the only weight the columns were able to support, never being of sufficient solidity to resist the pressure and transverse thrust of a vault. Let this characteristic be carefully marked. It therefore became impossible to give, as in the Teutonic Romanesque of Germany, or the Gothic, its derivative, the addition of a vault of brick or stone; and thus the adoption of the ancient fragments for the columns determined the material of the roof. Recourse was always had to timber. So much for the main construction of the building. The minuter development of the parts resulted from their adaptation to the purposes for which the building was raised.

The reminiscences of Hierosolyma, as well as the discipline of the Church, suggested the addition, in front of the Basilica, of a cloistered area, a Court of the Gentiles, the *Atrium*, where those who were excluded from the full participation in the ordinances of the Church, might yet in some degree share in its ministrations. This atrium was also used as a cemetery, yet only for persons distinguished by rank or holiness. In the centre was a fountain, or '*Cantharus*.' Following the ancient traditions of Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, it was enjoined that, as a symbol of inward purity, the worshipper was to wash his hands previously to entering the sanctuary.

Plain almost to rudeness—a low and unpretending portico constituted the chief, or rather only adornment bestowed upon the front of the Basilica. Above this portico were usually three long, round-headed, undivided windows, symmetrically arranged, and these surmounted by a round window in the pediment. A few sculptured decorations might grace the portal, but they rarely extended beyond the symbolical Lions who guarded it on either side. Beyond this, and within the walls of the structure, the *Narthex*, or *Pronaos*, furnished further means of separation, and yet of union, between the catechumen and the penitent. The derivation of the term *narthex* is uncertain; perhaps it was more permanently adopted in the Greek Church than in the west. But the same purpose was answered by the porch, or portico.

Towards the upper end of the nave was placed the choir, surrounded by its *Cancelli*, or enclosures. In the early Oriental churches, these cancelli may have been of wood; in the West, all the examples and fragments which remain are of richly worked marble, very generally adorned with the species of mosaic, partly of glass and partly of precious marbles, known by the term of 'opus Alexandrinum.' On either side of the choir arose the *Ambones*, the pulpits from whence sub-deacon and deacon respectively read Epistle and Gospel. From the Gospel pulpit, the loftier and more richly adorned, were promulgated the Episcopal injunctions and censures. From this pulpit also the 'bidding-prayers' were read, and the sermons preached by priests or deacons; but the bishop preached sitting in his *faldistorium* before the altar. A small pillar before the Gospel pulpit supported the paschal taper. Within the *cancelli* of the choir were stationed the singers, by whom the service was chaunted, who, in the earlier ages of the Church, were all clergy having minor orders; priests or deacons did not perform this portion of the divine service, for to them were the higher mysteries reserved. We apply the term *chancel* to the portion of the church enclosed by the *cancelli*. The Germans give the name of *Kanzell* to the pulpit standing on the *cancelli*, and all the languages of Europe the title of Chancellor, or *Cancellarius*, to the successor of the officer who stood within the *cancelli*. In this example we are able to trace each derivation to its source, the channels are yet visible through which the ideas have flowed. But how useless must be our conjectures when the channels are filled up! Hence the imperfection of all histories of language.

This position of the choir long continued to linger in Italy, after it had become entirely obsolete in other parts of Christendom.

endom. Martin V. removed the choir and the ambones from the Lateran Church; at Naples the old choir still continued in use till 1551.

At the further extremity of the nave was the sanctuary, divided, in the larger Basilicæ, by the 'Triumphal Arch'—'an imitation,' says Mr. Knight, 'of the triumphal arches of ancient Rome; but, in its new situation, intended to proclaim the triumph of the Cross.'

The high altar, the only Communion Table—for the primitive Church was a stranger to the multiplicity of the modern Romish ritual—stood within the sanctuary, more or less advanced towards the choir. Causes which it is not necessary here to enumerate, might occasion some slight changes in its position, but it was always free and isolated, surmounted by its tabernacle, or baldachino, and detached from the wall.

Lastly, the Sanctuary was terminated by the *Apsis*, sometimes called the *Exedra*, or *Bema*. Here sat the archbishop or bishop—his chair, or throne, in the centre—the seats of his suffragans and presbyters around. This division of the building was considered, so to speak, as its crown. Protected, like the choir, by cancelli, no layman could enter its precincts; rich curtains shrouded its recesses from the sight of the congregation, until the completion of the Eucharistic consecration.\*

Whilst the exterior of the Basilica was naked and simple, almost to poverty, the interior exhibited the utmost splendour which could then be effected by all the resources of art. The roof was invariably composed of wood. In the churches built by Constantine, and some other of the earlier churches, it is said that the beams and rafters were concealed by a flat ceiling of gilt pannels. We doubt much, however, whether this assertion, grounded upon the very obscure text of Eusebius, be correct. We should rather suppose that the enrichments consisted of gilding, or colouring, applied to the beams themselves, as is the case at San' Miniato, one of the most curious and interesting objects which Firenze la bella affords. At all events, there is no one early, or even mediæval, specimen of a flat ceiling at Rome; the pannelings all having been added at comparatively modern periods. On the whole, the concealment of the beams has not been an improvement. Those who recollect the north transept of Winchester

\* For details let the reader consult Bingham. Many years ago (vol. xxvii., p. 320), we pointed out the utility of the old-fashioned parson of Hayant, as a guide to Christian archæology. No book, either here or abroad, has yet appeared, which can supersede his *Origines*, which should be found in every clergyman's library. The general form of the Basilica has been adopted with great skill in building Hungerford Market. The shops, which have recently been built up in it, now unluckily spoil the perspective, comfort having been preferred to picturesque beauty. But the whole is strikingly Roman, and will afford useful hints to the ecclesiastical architect.



Cathedral before the masquerading and destruction effected by the 'refined taste' of poor Dr. Nott, will agree with us in deeply lamenting the loss of the tranquil and stern simplicity of the ancient open roof—the dark beams, solid in their strength, and the apex of the concave losing itself in darkness.

The mosaics form the most characteristic decoration of the Basilica. As a style of art, as well as a manufacture, *musive* work may be said to have arisen wholly in the era of Christianity. The material of which the mediæval mosaics are formed, being chiefly glass, distinguishes them completely from the tessellated pavements of the Romans. Perhaps the nearest approach to the manufacture, is the rude inlaid work of the columns and fountains in some of the Pompeii gardens: at all events, their application is entirely peculiar to Christianity. The apex of the apse was usually reserved for this species of decoration, which still constitutes the peculiar charm of the ancient Italian churches. The solemn gigantic figures, and the mysterious imagery of these mosaics, dimly seen in the darkness of the sanctuary, produce an effect denied to more elaborate specimens of art. In one most important respect they are infinitely preferable to paintings, because, both from their position and their character, they never became the objects of adoration. Usually speaking, the main figure is the Saviour in the act of judging the world. There is a legend bespeaking the sentiments then prevailing concerning heathen art, that the hand of the artist withered, who for such a representation tried to copy the head of Jupiter. On either side St. Peter and St. Paul: other saints are added, usually with reference to the peculiar locality. Portraits of popes or emperors connect the sacred imagery with the annals of the age. Although not governed by any definite system, yet there is a uniform course in the adaptation of the ornaments. Above the triumphal arch of the sanctuary, are usually subjects taken from the Apocalypse. In this mysterious volume the tendency to symbolism, so prevalent in the early Church, found at once its subject and its nourishment;—the rainbow, the book with seven seals, the lamb, or, more rarely, the bust of our Lord in a circle, the seven candlesticks, the four angels commanding the four winds, and the four-and-twenty elders in the act of casting their crowns before the throne. Ample space was offered by the side walls of the nave for the histories of Scripture, the selections being made, with few exceptions, from the Old Testament. The series of mosaics, beginning in the fifth century, ceases about the thirteenth. Throughout the whole of this period, there is an entire unity of feeling as well as of manufacture. Of painting there are but few vestiges: the little  
which

which can be discovered, shows, as might be expected, a treatment analogous to that of the mosaics.

Sculpture was banished from the structures of the ancient Catholic Church ;—none displayed a greater modesty than those of Rome. The first Christian monuments upon which sculpture was employed are the ancient sarcophagi. In the catacombs, the emblems of the dove, the fish, the anchor, the seven-branched candlestick of the temple, the palm-branch, the crown, rudely outlined upon the stone, indicate the resting-place of the veiled virgin, the priest, the confessor, or the martyr. When the sword of the persecutor was sheathed, and the mourners might follow the relative to the cemetery without fear, the decent pride of sorrow was displayed upon the memorials, which frequently betray by their skill a hand trained in some school in which heathen traditions of art still prevailed. Christianity, however, controlled the pagan skill. The subjects, like those of the mosaics, were such as in themselves could never give a pretence for the sin of idolatry ; a selection of types from the Old Testament, and of parables and miracles from the Gospel—Cain and Abel, Noah and the ark, the crossing of the Red Sea, Jonah and the whale, the marriage-feast of Cana, the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and such like, constituted the only allowed ornament. Even these sepulchral monuments were never seen within the walls of the building, which, according to the emphatic words of the fathers and councils, was not to be defiled by death and corruption. It should seem as if the Western Church still entertained some lingering reluctance to incur the peril of transgressing the commandment *non facies tibi sculptile*, a commandment which may be violated, but cannot be explained away. With the one exception of the statue of St. Peter, and some decorations upon shrines, we do not believe that a single example can be adduced of a graven image within the walls of the earlier churches. Even the crucifix was only introduced by very slow degrees ; it seems, generally speaking, that a feeling of reverence induced the early Christians to shrink, as it were, from representing the awful scenes of the Passion of our Lord.

No one of the existing Christian Basilicas offers *all* the features of our description : age has destroyed many ; more have perished in consequence of rashly conducted repairs. Frequently built of ill-compacted materials, the construction of the Basilica, the tall thin walls of the nave rising above continual ranges of columns, neither settled by their own weight nor supported by buttresses, was ill calculated for strength or stability ; and the munificence of the Popes, not contented with sustaining the edifices, has been actively employed in obliterating the memorials of the

ancient Liturgies, and in disguising the ancient Christian architecture, by ornaments adapted to the taste of their own times.

Fortunately, a partial exemption from these innovations may be found in the remarkable church of *San' Clemente*, the first which the architectural pilgrim should visit at Rome. Mr. Knight begins his series with this edifice, truly observing, that it is the only specimen complete in all its parts, retaining not merely the exterior adjuncts, but also the interior fittings of the choir. Occupying the site of the paternal mansion of St. Clement, it is the *third* which has stood upon the hallowed ground. Saint Clement built the first; the *second*, of which the era is very uncertain, has disappeared, with the exception of some subterraneous vaults exhibiting slight traces of architecture, but not sufficient to ascertain its period. The present building, the *third*, was erected during the pontificate of Pascal II., 1099-1118, when all the original arrangements were still strictly retained. Various alterations, though to no great extent, were made by subsequent popes; but about the beginning of the 18th century, the whole structure being in a state of the greatest dilapidation, it was thoroughly repaired by the direction of Clement XI. Several of the minor portions, such as the capitals of the pillars, have been renewed; but no alteration whatever was made in the ground-plot, and the pavement, the apse, and above all the choir, continue quite unchanged. The adjoining monastery is now empty, the spread of the malaria having rendered it uninhabitable. A priest celebrates a solitary mass, but the venerable structure is desolate and uncared for; valued only by strangers, neglected by the Papal government, it is abandoned to decay. We add a reduction of the plan, and shall now proceed to refer to the several particulars which it displays.

San' Clemente.

The



\* A, Vestibule, or outer porch, resting upon four granite pillars with antique capitals.

B, the



The secluded situation of *San' Paolo fuori delle mura*, had preserved it until our own times with fewer alterations than any other of the Roman Basilicas. The Æmilian Basilica of the Forum evidently suggested the plan of the Basilica of the Ostian gate, and probably supplied the materials. Some partial renovations had not materially altered its appearance, nor had the taste or the munificence of subsequent popes impaired its venerable sanctity by any ill-judged, though well-meant,



adornments or improvements. The magnificent atrium (A) had, however, disappeared. Damaged by an earthquake in 1348, it was allowed to continue in ruins, though fifteen columns continued standing till the middle of the seventeenth century. Of the original choir no portion remained. Under the French usurpation this Basilica was threatened with destruction;—Fouché, then prefect of Rome, having proposed to demolish it for the purpose of employing the columns to adorn a Palais de Justice. The restoration of the Papal government prevented this act of Vandalism; but the destiny of the Basilica was not to be averted. The last of the compartments in which the portraits of each successive pope had been placed, was filled by that of Pius VII., and in 1822 the building was ruined by fire.

Mr. Knight's excellent view (plate iv.) preserves a memorial of it, and his description will now be read with painful interest.

'The annexed engraving represents *the Basilica of the Ostian gate*, the most magnificent of all the Basilicas. It was commenced by

B, the Atrium. C, the men's aisle (south), the altar, as at St. Peter's, being west, 25 palms in breadth. D, the women's aisle (north), 19 palms in breadth. This disposition, according to the quarters of the heavens, was assigned to the two sexes from a very early period, and is recognised by the ritualists as conveying a symbolical meaning. We believe that in some of our parish churches the same arrangement may be traced. E, the Choir enclosed by its *cancelli*. a, Ambo, pulpit, or reading-desk for the Gospel. b, Ambo, or reading-desk for the Epistle, both ascended by flights of steps. F, the Senatorium. G, the Matronæum: both these divisions have recesses for altars, added more recently, which in this plan are omitted. H, the Sanctuary, divided from the nave by its *cancelli*, the *high altar* under its tabernacle in the centre. I, the Presbytery terminated by the apse, the *bishop's throne* being at the further extremity of the semicircle. It is of marble, and stands upon four steps (i.e. including the last platform). Coeval mosaics cover the vault above, as well as the arch. A vine, the emblem of the Church, expands over the background.

Theodosius, and finished by his sons Arcadius and Honorius. It was 419 feet in length, and 217 feet wide. There were two spacious aisles on each side of the nave. The nave itself was 80 feet wide from pillar to pillar.

'The noble colonnade on each side the nave was composed of pillars taken from earlier buildings: pillars of the finest and rarest marbles—Greek, Phrygian, African—but matching each other only in height, and having, some of them, Corinthian capitals of their own, whilst in others the capitals were replaced by capitals of the time. In an earlier building this colonnade would have supported an unbroken entablature, producing the long horizontal line which was the governing principle of classical architecture. But in St. Paul's, and all subsequent buildings, the entablature was replaced by a series of round arches.

'The two columns of Pentelic marbles which supported the triumphal arch were each of them, base and capital included, 45 feet high.

'It will be observed that the walls which the pillars of the nave support, carried up as they are to an unusual height, have the effect of crushing the colonnade beneath.

'The windows were large and numerous. It was reserved for after ages to call in the aid of a mysterious darkness.'

A portion of the outer wall of the nave, including the front, is yet standing; dilapidated as the latter may be, a proper feeling would dictate that it should be preserved as a relic of the venerable foundation of Theodosius. The new work is in a style exciting pity and regret. It is equally destitute of religious sentiment and architectural skill. Gay and showy, the sanctuary (containing apse and transept) is now completed. The walls are veneered with precious marbles, the columns of the ancient edifice having been sawn into slabs for that purpose. Design and ornament might suit a ball-room or a casino; but so little effort has been made to produce an ecclesiastical effect, that the windows are of the most vulgar and ordinary domestic form, fashion, and glass, such as you would find in a restaurant or a café. Funds come in slowly. It is a whimsical illustration of the spirit of our liberal age, that whilst the Most Faithful, Most Catholic, Most Christian, and Most Apostolic Sovereigns, all hold themselves excused from subscribing a baiocco, four magnificent blocks of Oriental alabaster, destined for the columns of the high altar, are the gift of Mehemet Ali.

The modern Basilica of St. Peter's has so entirely effaced the ancient structure from our memory, that few, even of those best conversant with architecture, are aware of the very full materials existing for the restoration, on paper at least, of the most venerable structure of the Christian world. The Chevalier Bunsen's revival of its recollections constitutes one of the most successful portions of the '*Beschreibung*.' When the demolition began, under  
Julius

Julius II., the Pope proceeded as violently as if he were beating down and destroying the fortress of a hated enemy: but the piety and diligence of preceding ages had been largely employed in describing the hallowed edifice. The biographies of the ancient popes contain accounts of their gifts and improvements; many of the inscriptions had been copied and collected; and, in the twelfth century, Petrus Mallius described the Basilica in a work, which, for his age, shows extraordinary topographical talent. Sixtus V., who loved the monuments of Christianity as earnestly as Julius did those of heathenism, took great care to preserve accounts of all the objects which the progress of the now necessary demolition brought to light. Of these, the most important were the collections of Tiberio Alfarano, who, with incredible labour, described the remarkable objects of the ancient Basilica, comparing the existing remains with the previous records. All the holy places, buildings, and chapels noticed in the papal chronicles, or noticed by Petrus Mallius, or of which any remains existed, are given upon the plan so made by Alfarano. These, and very many other collections of the same nature, though they have been used by various writers, still remain unpublished, *en masse*, in the archives of the Vatican. Bunsen, who so fully earns the praise of zeal which he bestowed upon his predecessors, has employed all the sources accessible to him in the plans he has given of the church at two different periods, A.D. 800 and 1506; and the essays which he has devoted to the history of the Vatican regions, and the two first eras of the Basilica, abound with interesting anecdotes of history and art. Omitting the adjoining buildings, as well as the interior monuments and altars, our reduced copy of Bunsen's plan and section (1506) will, by comparison with Mr. Knight's views of San Paolo and Sant' Apolinare, convey an accurate idea of the general aspect of the structure; and awaken at the same time the greatest regret for its loss.

The interior, almost entirely composed of classical spoils, is sufficiently shown by the section, and needs no particular description as to its construction and aspect. The columns were peculiarly magnificent—Granite, Parian, and African marble. Gregory of Tours (A.D. 580) calls them '*valde admirabiles*.' The balustrade, forming a gallery over the architrave of the nave, was probably intended for the purpose of hanging the splendid tapestries with which the Basilica was decorated on high festivals. The façade had been covered with mosaics, and partially Gothicised by the insertion of tracery in the windows.



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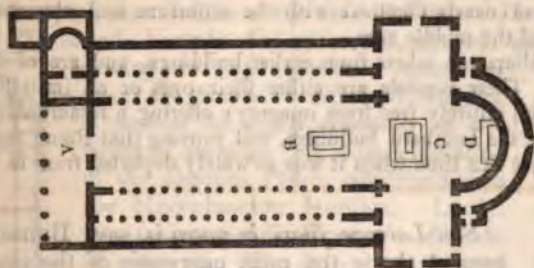
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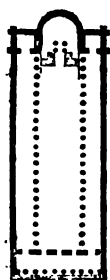
primitive aspect. It will be seen, from the plan, that the general arrangement was very similar to that of old St. Peter's. The Basilica received its modern aspect from the munificence of Innocent X. Successive repairs had greatly altered the building, without increasing its stability. The walls were giving way, and the ornaments concealed without remedying the decay. Had Innocent yielded to the general taste of his age, he would, like the heathen-minded Julius and Leo, have utterly demolished the structure. But, in his estimation, the old walls were hallowed as being the original church in which the supreme Pontiff takes possession of his see—the mother-church ('mater et caput ecclesiarum') of the Christian world. Unluckily, the architect whom he employed had no sympathy with these feelings. Though the original Basilica exists as the nucleus of the present church, still its character is in great measure marred and obliterated. Borromini has miserably confused the perspective, by blocking up the bearing shafts of the pillars, and converting them into piers. Ciampini had a dim recollection of the magnificent aisles, with their splendid columns of Egyptian marble. The front, which still stood in his time, was according to the simple scheme which we have before noticed; an humble portico and the five plain arched windows above. It has been replaced by the well-known façade from the designs of Alessandro Gallilei, a composition which, though somewhat theatrical, is not by any means destitute of grandeur.



S. Giovanni Laterano.\*

*Santa Maria Maggiore*, replacing one of the earliest Christian Basilicas (352, 356), has sustained great changes. Our plan shows it as divested of all the modern additions and interpo-

\* A, Portico. B, Choir. The amboes stood between the columns on either side. C, The high altar, containing the remarkable relic, the *wooden communion-table*, upon which, according to the traditions of the Roman Church, it is supposed that Saint Peter and all his successors consecrated the Holy Eucharist, and which was presented to this church by Pope Sylvester. It still exists, but no one excepting the Pope is permitted to celebrate mass upon it; one of the liturgical peculiarities of this church consists in the practice (probably in commemoration of the primitive usage) of employing a moveable altar in the Choir, which is used by the canons, or officiating ministers. D, the apse, with the bishop's throne, in which the supreme pontiff is installed.  
lations.



lations. It is the *Basilica Ulpia*, with one apex and single side-aisles. The perspective of the interior is unaltered. Very many of the features of the original building are unfortunately lost; still the modern decorations are so solemn, so appropriate, so ecclesiastic, as to render Santa Maria Maggiore the finest of the churches in Rome—St. Peter's not excepted. The mosaics, principally representing subjects from Genesis, Exodus, and Joshua probably of the fifth century, are the oldest, as well as the most remarkable, now existing.

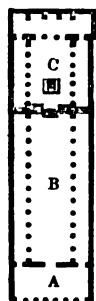
To Mr. Knight's description of *Santa Agnese in Via Nomentana*, accompanied as usual by an excellent plate (pl. ii., xviii.), we add our plan. It belongs to the extensive class suggested by the Basilica Fulvia and the Basilica of Herculaneum—side-chapels on each side of the apse: here they are square; but we shall find other examples in the Fulvian form:—



'This is one of the churches which were built immediately above a martyr's grave—immediately above a part of the catacombs in which the body of St. Agnes was found: adjoining to the church is a descent of forty-five steps, which conducted the faithful to the grave of the saint. A church was built in this situation in very early times.

'This church is built on the usual plan of the Basilica, but with galleries over each of the aisles, and side-windows above the galleries—an arrangement nearly identical with the triforium and clerestory of the churches of the middle ages.

'The pillars are taken from earlier buildings, and are of the rarest marbles. Their capitals are either their own or an imitation of the antique, and entirely free from imagery: offering a remarkable contrast to those of the Lombard buildings, and proving that Rome retained the ancient style at a time when it was so widely departed from in the north of Italy.'



*San Lorenzo fuori le mura* is, says Bunsen, in its present shape the most enigmatic of the churches of Rome. This Basilica is erected upon the cemetery in which the bodies of the saints and of other martyrs, who fell in the Decian persecution, were interred; and now consists of a portico A, a nave B, both ascribed to Honorius III., and a second division, comprehending the upper nave, choir, and presbytery C, ascended by steps, as shown in the plan, which, including portions of a church founded by Constantine, was certainly erected by Pope Pelagius (580). Abstaining from discussions, which could only be rendered intelligible by means of drawings as well as sections,

we



we shall content ourselves with pointing out the great similarity San Lorenzo bears in plan to the Basilica of Pompeii, which, according to the fashion of provincial towns, was itself most probably copied from some Basilica at Rome. Considering also the unity of the groundplot of the church now before us, we are inclined to conjecture that both Honorius and Pelagius raised it, as it now appears, upon the original foundations. The subjects connected with this Basilica furnish to Bunsen matter for a very curious chapter. The ambones are the most splendid in Rome.

*Santa Maria in Trastevere*, of which Mr. Knight has given an excellent plate (ii., viii.), was erected in 1139. The plan gives the *Basilica Argentaria*, with a porch or portico copied from the type of Herculaneum or Pompeii. Although of so late a period, it is remarkable for the very strict adherence to the classical style in the capitals and cornice; and, indeed, was probably built up in great part from ancient fragments. In this construction a device was adopted to employ the architrave, and yet to conjoin it with solidity; by turning brick arches, springing from stone wedges above the capital of each pillar. Whoever enters the building must be struck by the extraordinary preponderance of right Roman feeling in this Trasteverene church, except in the very rich tabernacle or baldacchino which surmounts the altar. This is Gothic, and, like others of the same description, is according to the notion of our canopied altar-tombs of the time of Edward II.



Vincula.



Araceli.

*San Pietro ad Vincula*, though much altered, and now receiving its most powerful attraction from the hands of Michael Angelo, is worthy of much attention on account of its plan. It is an adaptation of the *Basilica Pauli*, combined with the Herculaneum Basilica. Lastly, let us visit *Santa Maria in Araceli*, of uncertain date, but about the end of the 12th century. And this concluding specimen, if we omit later alterations and additions, exhibits the pure and simple earliest form of the Basilica.

During the whole of this long period, there is a remarkable uniformity of style as well as of conception. It is only in one feature that we discover any marked departure from the primitive age, the Campanile or Bell tower. The earliest Campanile at Rome was that erected by Pope Leo IV., adjoining to St. Peter's, in the ninth century. At Rome the Campanile was almost invariably

riably erected at the front of the church: on the right hand side, if the altar was turned towards the east; and on the left, if turned towards the west: for the rule of *Orientation*, though prescribed by the Apostolical Constitutions, never obtained in Italy—where the churches are turned indiscriminately towards every quarter of the heavens. All these Roman Bell towers are square, upon one determinate type. Borrowed, as the Roman Campanile was, from beyond the Alps, it never thoroughly became an assimilated integral portion of the Basilica.

In all other respects the Roman structures exhibit a strong nationality of feeling. When you look at them, you would say—These surely must have been raised by a race, who, though degenerating, have yet proudly repelled, as far as their strength would admit, the intrusion of the stranger. Their art, such as it is, has been handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. It is their own: a patrimonial inheritance.

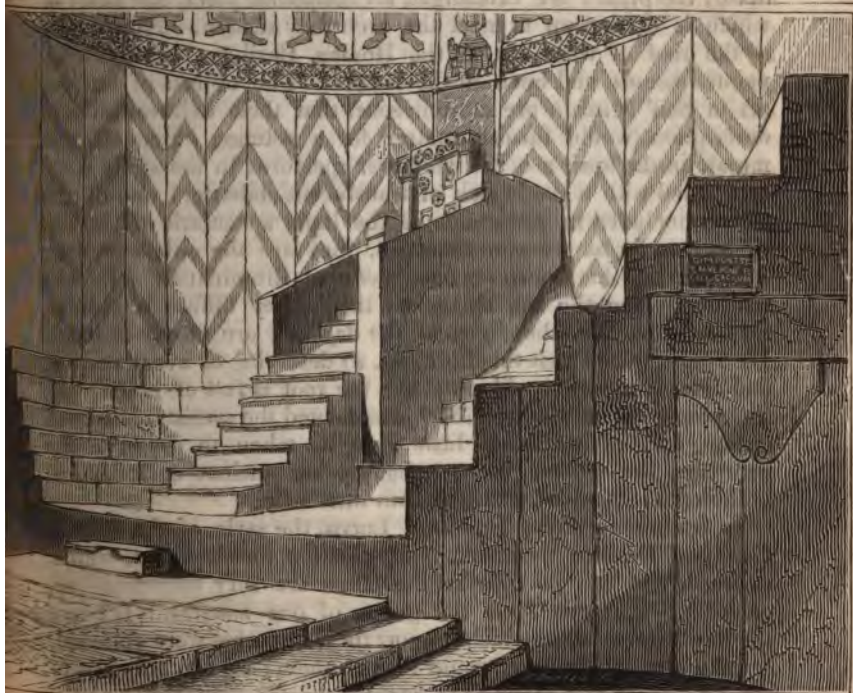
Of the Romanesque style, one portal, and the apse of San Giovanni e Paolo (see Mr. Knight's plate xxii.), are perhaps the only examples at Rome. The Gothic was equally rejected for any buildings of importance. In the decoration of distinct and subordinate parts, tabernacles, shrines and tombs, many of which were by foreign workmen, the Gothic was admitted, and attained a considerable degree of elegance. Some exteriors, as Ara Coeli, received a Gothic coating, occasioned, in this last instance, by a peculiar influence; but Rome, amidst all the ancient cities of Latin Europe, is the *only one* in which a real Gothic church cannot be found.

Whilst Rome repelled the Gothic, so did the regions beyond the Alps repel the style of the Roman Basilica, which, in its strictest sense, does not extend out of Italy, and there not abundantly. Out of Rome and its vicinity, the principal *field* of the *Basilica formation* is found in the Exarchate of Ravenna and the adjoining patriarchate of Venice. Ravenna furnishes the magnificent church of Sant' Apollinare ad Classe; figured and well described by Mr. Knight. (Plate xi.) It is almost the only one that can in any degree supply the model we have lost by the destruction of San' Paolo fuori delle mura.

' This is a noble Basilica, on the usual Latin plan. The pillars which divide the nave from the aisles are taken from earlier buildings, and are of the finest Greek marble; but their bases and capitals are of the time. The arches are surrounded with enriched mouldings of tolerable workmanship. They support an entablature, which is decorated with mosaics. The chancel is approached by steps, to give height to the crypt beneath. The roof, as usual, is of wood. Windows are introduced in the apse. The walls of the apse are entirely covered with mosaics.

saics. In the upper part, San Apollinare appears, with six sheep on either side, emblematic of the Twelve Apostles.'

The shores of the Adriatic offer another most remarkable example, not figured by Mr. Knight—namely, the *Duomo of Torcello* in the lagune of Venice, which, though not erected till 1088, carries you back to the earliest ages of Christianity. The marble cancelli of the choir remain almost unaltered: the windows are closed by valves or shutters composed of huge slabs of stone. Glass has been inserted in the apertures; but this is a late addition. We do not believe that any other example exists of this most ancient construction; but the most instructive portion of the *Duomo* is the apse or hemicycle; as you stand in this decaying solitary sanctuary, you understand the force of the ancient principle of Church government—*The bishop more than bishop, when surrounded by his presbyters; the presbyters less than presbyters, when the bishop is away.* The bishop's chair remains in many other churches, but this is the only example remaining in which the seats for the clergy as well as the throne have continued undestroyed. They are arranged exactly upon the plan of a Roman theatre, as will be seen by the annexed sketch.



Torcello.

In



In Tuscany, Florence possesses a very curious specimen of the Basilica style in the church of the *Apostoli*, traditionally attributed to Charlemagne, and which is said to have furnished Brunelleschi with the model of his churches. (See *Q. Rev.*, vol. lxvi. p. 327.) It has, to use the words of Mr. Knight, a strong classical character. The capitals are imitated from the composite Corinthian. The acanthus-leaves are not crisped, but are distinctly formed, and the materials leave no doubt but that the whole of the workmanship is mediæval.

Another example is the venerable church of *San' Miniato* at Florence. The interior is remarkable for its pure and perfect Roman style. Triplets of fine arches rise from Corinthianized capitals. The engraving of this building is one of the gems of Mr. Knight's work, the church never having been published before. In the construction there is an important architectural peculiarity, which has been ably developed, both as to causes and consequences, by Mr. Willis. Large arches are thrown over the nave, connected with smaller arches which are thrown over the aisles, assisting to support the roof, binding the whole fabric together, and giving it additional strength. When these arches occur, the pillars are exchanged for *compound piers*, one shaft of which is carried up to meet the arch they sustain. Above this is the roof of wood, as in the Roman Basilicas, crossed with painted beams, and open to the rafters. The objects of ancient art in San' Miniato are so numerous, that their delineation and description would furnish matter for a volume. Beneath the mosaic in the apsis are the windows, apertures in the stone wall, each filled with a single slab of translucent alabaster: one of the classes included in the genus of the *lapis specularis* of the ancients; as far as we can ascertain, they are the only surviving examples of this most ancient mode of illumination. In the morning, when the sun shines on them, they diffuse a cloudy, roseate beam; at other times of the day they are nearly obscure. We regret to add that this building, so deserving of every respect and care, is miserably dilapidated: the roof is full of holes; the fine painted glass which in 1839 ornamented the sacristy, has been stolen; and except some little care be taken to preserve the paintings, the whole, like so many other ancient ecclesiastical buildings in Tuscany, will sink into utter ruin.

In the territories of Pisa and Lucca, the style of the Roman Christian Basilica assumed a very peculiar development, which, so far as we can judge—for the dates are very uncertain—received its character from the genius of one *maestro*. Whence the forests of columns which support these churches were obtained, is unknown. Pisa never could furnish them; we can only accept the conjecture that many were brought by sea. In the capitals,  
which

which are either antique or accurately copied from the antique form, the Corinthian predominates; and amongst the Corinthian, a large proportion consists of those in which the leaves are smooth, or blocked. We suspect that these, and others of the like nature, were found in this state in the marble-works of the quarries of Carrara, where some unfinished architectural fragments yet remain scattered on the ground. Mr. Knight's view of Pisa (plate xxxvii.) conveys a full idea of the peculiarities of the style. In the plan, whilst the general form of the Basilica is



Pisa.

preserved, the transepts, as will be seen, are fully lengthened into the form of what is called the Latin cross; one of the few examples in Italy in which the shape is distinctly defined. A third *formation* of Basilicas exists in Apulia. Robert Guiscard's Basilica at Salerno must have been most magnificent; but the spacious atrium and the ambones, the latter unquestionably the finest and most perfect specimens any-

where existing, alone testify its ancient character; every other part has been rebuilt, stuccoed, whitewashed, defaced, or destroyed.

In the preceding portion of this article, we have described *six* existing types of the *Augustan Basilica*: a *seventh* remains, destined to exercise, even more than the Roman fabrics, a permanent influence upon Christian architecture. In the Augustan Basilica, the horizontal principle (to adopt the term sanctioned by Whewell and Willis) predominated. Such a Basilica is a building consisting of *single columns or bearing-shafts*, supporting either a continuous entablature, or a continuous range of arches, covered by an open roof connected by transverse beams. The *Basilica of the Lower Empire* consists of *compound piers*, to which columns are annexed, but more for ornament than for use, and supporting the vaults and arches by which the edifice is roofed. This type completed what the others began. The Basilica of the Lower Empire is the remote though lineal progenitor of the Gothic style, and through the Gothic, of all the ecclesiastical architecture, properly so called (for we exclude such monstrosities as the Madeleine at Paris) of modern times. Palladio, Michael Angelo, Wren, the greatest of all, whenever they build churches, are Goths in heart. They could not do without Gothic. St. Paul's is a Gothic cathedral in disguise. Vaulting, as observed by Mr. Willis, whose observations we shall now freely adopt, was brought to great perfection by the Romans at the period when, according to the usual conventional phrase, the arts have been said to decline. Compensation is a universal law, both in the intellectual and

and the physical creation. When taste and elegance, the fine sense of beauty, and the talent for æsthetic decoration waned away, the science of architecture acquired a new dignity and a new power. The art of vaulting, now fully developed, was employed in the vast and complicated structures of the baths, the villas, the piscinas, the amphitheatres, whose ruins linger in Rome, or decorate the magic landscapes of the Bay of Naples, where some of the most remarkable specimens are found. Many difficulties were offered in these structures, when the architect was required to connect and combine the vaulting with the supporting walls; but the hindrance became a stimulant.

The endeavours made by the architects to master these difficulties, brought the art of vaulting to great perfection. Omitting less important examples, or buildings of which we do not possess sufficient details, we are fully enabled to understand the general scheme. Three of the great ruins of Rome will afford us the requisite knowledge of the scheme of construction. The great halls of the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian supply what is wanting to restore the ruins long considered by antiquaries as the *Temple of Peace*,—ruins now clearly ascertained by Bunsen to be the remains of the *Basilica* erected by *Maxentius*, either in the vicinity or upon the site of the magnificent temple raised by *Vespasian*. If the vaultings of the *Thermæ* be added to the ruins of the Forum, we shall obtain an accurate idea of the *Maxentian Basilica*. The vast fragment of the building now standing is known to every one; other portions have been made out by excavations, and, by uniting these remains with the analogous halls of the *thermæ*, fitting into the one the details furnished by the other, we shall completely understand the form which the *Maxentian Basilica* assumed. The nave, for so we will term it, consisted of three huge compartments of Roman vaulting, really resting upon piers, but apparently owing their support to eight magnificent columns, of which several remained till they were removed under the pontificate of Paul V. for the adornment of the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*. On either side, the lofty arches opened into as many vaulted apartments, which, resting on one side on the piers of the nave, and on the other on the piers inserted in the wall, formed the side aisles. Windows (in the nature of clerestory windows) were pierced in these lateral walls of the aisles, whilst the inferior height of these collateral portions allowed, or rather required, the insertion of other windows in the walls supporting the arched roof of the nave. The nave terminates in the usual semicircular apse, but we also find in this *Maxentian Basilica* another apse, proceeding from the middle division of the side aisle. Bunsen supposes this lateral hemicycle to have been  
a subsequent



a subsequent addition: and in his plan he meets it, as it were, on the opposite side, by an entrance. Speaking, however, with entire respect for the opinions of so competent a judge, we see no reason for supposing that this second apse was other than an original portion of the building; and if we are to conjecture, we would rather suppose that, as required by symmetry, and as in some degree evidenced by what we shall term derivative buildings, there was an opposite apse, giving to the whole structure somewhat the form of a cross.



Maxentian Basilica.

This Maxentian Basilica is the only specimen now subsisting at Rome of the vaulted Basilica of the Lower Empire. But the principle of construction which it elucidates, had become incorporated with architectural science.

Whatever may have been the original use of the structure so well known as the *Palais des Thermes*, the halls and chambers presented to the inhabitants of Lutetia the model afforded by the capital. Quitting the Seine we advance towards the Rhine. The same style prevailed in other portions of Belgic Gaul. One venerable city yet subsists (we shall soon arrive at it), in which we may behold the walls and arches of the baths, imitating, though humbly, the mansions of luxury provided by Caracalla; and here we trace, united with more recent constructions, the outline of a Basilica, combining with the *double apse* of the Ulpian Basilica the piers and vaulting of Maxentius. Whether the result of the imagination of another people, or the exertion of an inventive faculty, other buildings in the same locality, though erected under the Roman domination, display forms equally unknown to Rome;—double gateways—portals, rising in successive stages of decoration—projecting towers, whose semicircle offers ranges of arches which may have been suggested by those of the Coliseum, but which, in this example, assume a totally different character, from the smallness of their scale.

In describing the Basilica of Maxentius, we have, as it were, involuntarily described a Romanesque cathedral. The familiar terms of mediæval architecture convey the most intelligible notions of a construction which the technical nomenclature of the classical age cannot define. Alipius, who enjoyed the patronage of Julian, might have enabled us to describe in architectural phrase the interior arrangement of the Maxentian Basilica: Vitruvius gives us no help at all.

Whilst

Whilst the origin of the *Romanesque* is unquestionably to be sought in the imitation—the degradation, if you choose—of classical architecture, the character this style assumed beyond the Alps, shows a great independence of the Christian Basilica of Rome. The Christian architecture of Rome and the Teutonic Romanesque are in the nature of cognate languages derived from the same mother tongue, whose characteristics testify their common origin, but establish their distinctive differences. The roots may be the same, but in each there is a diversity in the inflections, a variety in the construction, a nationality in the phrase.

To pursue, then, the simile of language—for it is an apt one—the architecture of the Christian Basilica at Rome may be assimilated to the earliest dialects of the *Romana rustica*, which consists of a species of broken Latin. Some words still pure, others partly deprived of their terminations; inflections confused, moods and tenses confounded; and yet the whole still Latin in sound. On the contrary, the Teutonic Romanesque architecture, in its varieties, is like the daughters of the Latin language, the *Romance* of the *Langue d'oc*, south of the Loire, and the *Romance* of the *Langue d'oïl*. The basis is Latin, but vocabulary and grammar have been smoothed into systematic consistency. The speech lost its Latin sound, and has acquired that peculiar tone, which distinguishes the communities of mediæval Europe, from the period when the great fourth monarchy still subsisted in the Cæsars of the declining empire. As a general characteristic, it may be said that you hardly ever find any Teutonic Romanesque composed *bodily* of materials which anciently belonged to Roman buildings; whilst the Roman Basilica was almost always built up of ancient materials. The ranges of columns, the *bearing-shafts* constituting the *skeleton* of the Roman Basilica, give to the building its peculiar character, and *necessitate* the construction of roof and aisles. Much they certainly have in common. In the Teutonic Romanesque there are many studious imitations of the antique, adopted from the Roman Basilica. The Corinthian capital was often imitated with boldness and originality. Other details are copied servilely. But the main distinction consists in the vaulting. The Roman Basilica, invariably supported upon *single bearing-shafts*, always has a *wooden roof*. The system of the Teutonic cathedral requires *compound piers, supporting vaulting*. The Roman Christian Basilica is a sterile transplantation of the Augustan Basilica;—the Teutonic Romanesque is a fruitful germinating tree, resulting from the graft of that same Augustan Basilica upon the Basilica of the Lower Empire. Let us now endeavour to discover the region in which the first stem of the forest, which afterwards spread

spread over the largest portion of western Christendom, was planted and raised. If we cannot name the founder of the school, we will, nevertheless, seek to discover the *one* city, containing the *one* edifice, which—in the same way as the *one* Santa Sophia became the model of all Turkish mosques—was destined to be the normal type of Romanesque cathedrals.

In the recollection of the traveller, the scenery of the Rhine and Moselle will always be connected with the venerable ecclesiastical buildings decorating the banks of these rivers, and spreading on either side in the regions once possessed by the prince-bishops of the empire. Abounding with manifest imitations of Roman architecture, and therefore very analogous to those which he may have seen in England or in France, many peculiarities nevertheless show that they belong to a distinct genus. Tall square bell-towers, consisting of many stories, divided from each other by corbel tables, falling down into semi-circular festoons, and these festoons running down at the angles into flat or slightly projecting pilasters, which pannel the walls, afford the first lines which are inserted in the sketch-book. The draftsman will then have to add the round arched windows, usually in couplets, supported by a short central pillar, nearly like what is found in some of the towers now considered to be Anglo-Saxon. Notwithstanding this one similarity, the slenderness of the German Glocken-Thürm, and its many stages, ending in a pyramidal roof, give it a character entirely different from our own structures. The sanctuary, presbytery, or choir, always ends in a portion of a circle, or a polygon. The exterior of the apse is ornamented by an open gallery; a range of arches, standing upon small columns or shafts, sometimes formed into groups, occurring at symmetrical intervals, or by pannellings imitating the gallery. The larger churches exhibit a remarkable peculiarity—a double choir, found in no other part of Christendom; an apse at the east end, an apse at the west end; and not unfrequently the transepts take the same form. Nor are those features confined to the immediate vicinity of the rivers; they extend through the whole of the ancient imperial dioceses—*Cologne, Treves, Worms, Mayence, Spire, Constance*; and if we pass into the imperial territory now annexed to France, we shall find a specimen, and a very remarkable one, as far as *Besançon*.

As the traveller then pursues his journey towards Italy, crossing the Alps by the ancient passes of the Mont Cenis or St. Gothard, the same form still appears, excepting that the double choir is no longer apparent. Trent has her cathedral in this style. It extends over the whole of Lombardy, which includes the modern Piedmont, Parma, Piacenza, and Modena. In Tuscany this



*Moselle-Rhenane* style contends with the Roman Basilica. With some slight though distinctive alterations, which will first have become apparent in the St. Gothard's pass, the Glocken-Thürm annexes itself, though as an extraneous adjunct, to the Papal Basilicas. Tuscany displays the style in question, though more rarely. Lastly, it meets with and abandons us at Rome. Unwilling as the ancient capital was to adopt ultramontane taste, the usage of the bell compelled her priesthood to employ the Teutonic structure; and in one example at least, San' Giovanni e Paolo (of which Mr. Knight has given a plate and description, No. xxii.), the sacred structure originally raised by the Roman patrician Pammachius, husband of Paulina, St. Jerome's sister, was replaced by a building of which the design was brought from the colonies of Germany or Belgic Gaul.

Now this general similarity of style was not the result of accident, taste, or fancy. The buildings are, in the strictest sense, *historical illustrations* of the countries to which they belong. They are portions, so to speak, of its *historical costume*. Architecture is the *dress* of man in the aggregate, of human society. If the region in which this Teutonic Romanesque style prevailed, be traced out upon the map, it will be seen to agree very nearly with that portion of the empire of Charlemagne which was assigned to Lothar, his grandson. There are some districts out of his dominions, and some enclaves which did not belong to it. Upon what principle that apparently arbitrary and capricious apportionment of the great inheritance was made, in the treaty of Verdun (843), has been the subject of much discussion. Sismondi seems to imply that the first erection of Lotharingia resulted from the royal co-heirs' ignorance respecting the extent of their dominions. This has been often asserted in similar cases; but kings in those days knew their resources as well as they do now—how much money they received in taxes from a province—how much provision it would furnish, sheep and kine, oxen and swine—and how many soldiers it could raise. The principle which connected the provinces and regions composing Lotharingia arose from the preponderance of Roman elements either in the races or institutions of the people comprehended in the demarcation. Hence they clung together:—Italy,—the Provincia Romana of Gaul, where, in addition to the Roman jurisprudence, so many of the cities retained their municipal institutions in unbroken succession from the Roman age—Rhætia, still speaking one of the purest dialects of the Romana rustica—Belgica Prima, where the citizens still boasted that Metz was Metz ages before Lorraine was in existence—the country of the Ripuarian Franks, who at so early a period mingled the institutions of Rome with

their Teutonic law—Cologne, boasting of her descent from Rome, and whose senate, an independent republic under the archbishop, retained the ranks and orders recognised by the imperial code; but, above all, Treves.—This Roman feeling gave them a unity under the dominion of Charlemagne. It suggested their union under Lothar; nor was it effaced when their federalism dissolved.

We have already seen that no one of the Christian Basilicæ at Rome resulted from any adaptation of the civil structures of heathenism to religious purposes. The columns fell, to rise in new localities. Rome furnishes no example of a Basilica preserved by its application to Christian worship. No confirmation is given in the ancient capital to the orator's assertions, exulting, in the presence of Gratian, at the crowds which filled the ancient halls of justice, then, as he boasts, resounding with hymn and praise; yet we can point out *one* city in which his assertions are not a rhetorical phrase, but a truth. Do we seek for the verification of the words of the poet-rhetor—*Basilica, olim negotiis plena, nunc votis pro tua salute susceptis*? Here we find that which at Rome we search for in vain. Here alone can we behold the *one* example of a Basilica consecrated as a Christian church, in which you enter, and see the Corinthian capitals just displaying their graceful foliage, mutilated and yet distinct, through the rude wall which encircles them—whilst the shaft of another, displaced and broken, lies in gigantic bulk before the portal of the edifice. This, indeed, is the very city in which the poet-rhetor was speaking—for he is Ausonius—and the city is Treves. The ancient capital of the Roman empire beyond the Alps furnished the model for the structures, which, far more than those of Rome herself, assisted in the development of Christian architecture.

It is indeed a strange fate of Treves, that this secluded city, on the banks of the Moselle, should have been so singularly influential in the destiny of Christianity. Hence proceeded the tribes who, after their long and devious migrations, reached their seat in Asia, where, as Galatians, they were addressed by the Apostle: preserving, even as late as the time of St. Jerome, their institutions, their laws, their language. In such a connexion of race—such a continuance of language—such an adherence to national institutions, thus uniting the Galli of Asia with their ancient kinsmen—do we not discover some of the causes which facilitated the very early and very rapid diffusion of Christianity in Gaul? Treves appears as a link between the churches of Polycarp and of Irenæus. Other circumstances exalted her importance in the annals of the Church. At Treves Jerome



studied and commented upon the Holy Scripture;—at Treves Ambrose was born, amongst the greatest, both by his life and in his teaching, of the Fathers of the West; and this character, which events bestowed upon Augusta Trevirorum, must have greatly enhanced her influence in all matters connected with the Church, and rendered her example more prominent, her testimony more weighty, her precedent more commanding.

Three several reconstructions have greatly obscured the vestiges of the Roman Basilica, which the Empress Helen converted into the present *Dom of Treves*. That its original scheme was identical with the Basilica of Maxentius at Rome, a vaulted hall supported by piers, is still apparent even to the uninstructed eye. In the days of Hincmar (about 882) it yet retained the mosaics and other ornaments bestowed by her piety. But about 1010, one of the columns having given way, it was partly rebuilt by Archbishop Poppo. Our plan shows the outline of the building, divested of the additions of the thirteenth and four-



teenth centuries.† The Roman work is less clearly apparent in the present nave, A; but Roman bricks abound in the western apse and its side walls, B B: and if it were possible, without injury, to excavate the foundations of the cathedral, the Roman substructure would reappear, showing that, like the Ulpian Basilica, it possessed a hemicycle, or tribune, at either end.‡ This hemicycle, having been retained when the Basilica was consecrated to Christianity, gave the peculiarity of form, the double choir, by which the churches, of which the Dom of Treves is the prototype, are

† \*\*\*\* piers, showing Roman work, and in three of which the Corinthian capitals of the ancient columns are seen. a, a doorway, near which is lying a fragment of a Roman column.

‡ It is now ascertained that the Roman building incorporated in the Episcopal palace at Treves is also a Basilica retaining apse and vaulting.

distinguished



distinguished from all others in Christendom. Upon the nature of the vaulting, we have already remarked. On the exterior, the architectural arrangement, including the magnificent apsidal gallery, was suggested by the pillars and arches of the circular towers which ornament rather than defend the *Porta Nigra*, the Roman gateway of Treves. By the slightest overlaying of the pencil, the more perfect of these towers (as seen in the view of Mr. Dawson Turner's interesting 'Antiquities of Treves') will acquire, from basement to summit, the general aspect of the Teuton Romanesque apse, as seen in the extreme northern example at Cologne, and the farthest southern, annexed to the Church of Pammachius at Rome. If any further lessons were required for the construction, they were furnished by the vaulting of the thermæ, the copies of the baths of Caracalla and Domitian, whose ruins still give to the landscape of Treves, amidst the warm tints of its vine-covered hills, that semblance of Italy which constitutes its charm.

Whilst the Roman features of the Teutonic Romanesque were derived from classical architecture, the feature now most characteristic of the Christian Church was of Tramontane origin. Like the Oriental Church of the present day, the primitive Roman Church abstained from the employment of the bell, as the means of calling the faithful to their devotions. In the same manner as Iona has preserved for us the draft of the earliest Christian Church, so does that mysterious island also first tell us of the sound which has now become inseparable from our idea of the house of prayer. The life of St. Columba (*ob.* 598) seems the earliest testimony which can be quoted, as showing the adoption of this usage; and the narrative of the miracles of St. Maximin shows that it was afterwards extended to Gaul. No certain date can be assigned to the bell-towers of Germany, but they follow the line of territory most distinguished by the labours of missionaries from the British Islands—Boniface at Mayence, St. Gall and his companions in the Alpine valleys. It is in these regions that the bell sounds sweetest amidst the mountains, where the tones, re-echoed and mellowed, acquire harmony elsewhere unknown. As far as we can judge, it was within the influence of these circumstances that the structure of the church became permanently united to the bell-tower.

Our limits do not allow us to trace the expansion, throughout Gaul and Germany, of the Treviran type. But, amongst the group of double-apsidal churches, four may be here noticed. *Bamberg* exhibits the double apse in the circular form. In *Rothenberg* the eastern choir takes the shape of an octagon. *Maintz* is more complicated, and partakes of St. Peter's or St. John Lateran :

Lateran: whilst in *Laach* we have the additional feature of the atrium, the *only example* now existing out of Italy. The atrium, A, is at the west end; the apse, B, which it incloses, contains the founder's tomb. The transept C, and the triple apses, D, E, and F, result from a combination of Treves with St. Peter's or St. John Lateran, and San' Pietro ad Vincula at Rome.



Bamberg.



Rothenberg.



Mayence.



Laach.

The double apse, however, was not generally adopted. We believe it may be connected with certain Liturgical peculiarities—we are not aware that it can be found out of the Ecclesiastical Provinces before noticed. In other places we revert to plans more analogous to the usual type of the Basilica, churches with a single apse, though varied by local circumstances. Cologne, as is well known, abounds with examples. In the *Aposteln Kirche*, an apse with circular-terminated transepts, shows the flexibility which the variation may be made to assume; but the towers and the apsidal gallery are almost universal.



Aposteln.



Chapel in the Tower of London.

We doubt whether the cruciform shape was really more, in its origin, than the expansion of the upper transept of the civil Basilica. The influence of the Basilica type in England cannot be here discussed. The *Roman* and the *Treviran* models equally seem to have had their share. Norwich participates in both. Julius Cæsar's Chapel in the Tower of London would have been a Basilica, if Gundulph, the ecclesiastical architect, had not been compelled to compress the sanctuary within the walls of the Donjon. Compound shafts were inadmissible in so small a building: hence the massy bearing-piers.

The *Teutonic-Romanesque* was brought into Italy by the unity of government, consequent upon the annexation

annexation



nexation of the kingdom of Italy to the Germanic portion of the empire. These relations preceded the creation of Lotharingia, and subsisted after its fall. Can any building in the proper style of the Teutonic-Romanesque, as distinguished from the Romanesque of the Basilica, be found in Italy anterior to the reign of Louis le Débonnaire? We cannot *really* trace any of its features before that period. What, will it be replied, have we not the *palace* of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, at Ravenna? But this remarkable building is bestowed upon Theodoric by the same traditionary bounty which has given to King John—no one can tell why or wherefore—so many palaces and castles in every part of England. *Il Rè Berengario* in Lombardy equally claims such honours, though rivalled by *Theodolinda*: whilst every ancient castle in Switzerland honours *Bertha of Burgundy* as its foundress. A comparison of Theodoric's apocryphal palace with his authentic sepulchre is sufficient to decide the question: the tomb, in strict accordance with his taste, exhibits classical grandeur and feeling; the palace is Teutonic in every line.

Possibly the Teutonic-Romanesque was brought into Italy by *Louis le Débonnaire*, for before his reign, as we have observed, no instance can be found in which it is exemplified. The church of St. Castor at Coblenz furnishes one of its most characteristic types of this style, and must be full in the memory of every tourist. The structure was raised at the expense of Louis, and, as it is said, under his immediate superintendence. When he visited his Italian dominions, Pavia was his favourite place of residence; and at Pavia we find a group of churches, faithful copies of the *Doms* of the Moselle and Rhine. Three of these—*San Michele*, *San Pietro in cielo d'oro*, and *San Teodoro*, all figured by Mr. Knight (plates xv. and xvi.)—still subsist: until the revolution, there were many more. The small remains of the ancient cathedral show that it was in the same style. Pavia was miserably desolated by the sacrilegious spoliations of Joseph and of the French, and still suffers from the apathy of its present inhabitants. *San Pietro in cielo d'oro*, the burial-place of Boethius, was sacked and gutted by the French; but the shell of the building, of which a considerable portion is still standing, might have been, and perhaps might be, preserved. Yet, only last year, the authorities demolished a considerable portion of the north aisle, in order to save the expense of the repairs by which it might have been preserved. The interior was richly covered with frescoes, which, like the rest of the structure,



San Michele.

are



are abandoned to decay. The plan of San Michele, though bearing some affinity to the Roman Basilicas, is far more decidedly cruciform.

All these churches exhibit the distinguishing features of the Teutonic-Romanesque; and it is impossible not to see in them the copies of Treves, deduced through Coblenz. Even in those few specimens, we find the slight variations which give peculiarity to the different churches on the Rhine, without destroying the general uniformity. Yet, we must confess that we are not unwilling to postpone the date of the introduction of the Treviran style. The intimate connexion between Italy and the *Rheingau* still continued; and there is considerable force in the arguments by which this Italian species of the Teutonic-Romanesque genus has been assigned to a much later age.

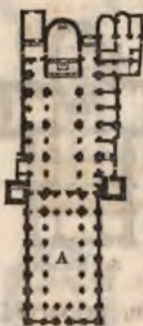
Only one example more can be noticed, Sant' Ambrogio at Milan (Knight, plate xxiv.):—

‘This building is one of the most interesting monuments of the middle ages. Constructed on the usual plan of the Latin Basilicas, it is of noble dimensions, and, though of a ponderous character, is free from the monstrous imagery with which the churches of the eighth century were usually disfigured.

‘In this church, as at Sta. Agnese at Rome, there are galleries, and windows above the galleries. San Ambrogio was thoroughly repaired by Archbishop Oberto, and his successor, Philip, in the latter part of the twelfth century, on which occasion the original style of the building appears to have been preserved; but this was not the case when the church was again repaired in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. At the time of the second reparation the pointed arches were introduced.’

But the most remarkable feature of Sant' Ambrogio is the magnificent atrium A, full as large as the nave of the church. Here we feel the influence of Rome; and the general plan of the building shows the respect which was constantly commanded by the Apostolic Basilica, and yet modified by Teutonic feeling.

We now abandon the Romanesque for its great development. Bunsen adopts a theory similar to that suggested by a reviewer of Mr. Knight's ‘*Sicilian Antiquities*’ in a contemporary journal (*Ed. Rev.*, vol. lxix. p. 95). Gothic architecture was not the result of an accidental development of art, of obscure masons and labourers of the trowel and mallet advancing and halting in their attempts, until the work started into perfection; but the creation of the genius of some *one* great master, employing the forms and availing himself of the ideas existing in or sug-



Sant' Ambrogio.

gested by the edifices of his age, but who combined them with that power which constitutes originality. He cast the Gothic style at one jet, with all its peculiarities.

In what school was *he* trained? Evidence, we believe, exists, enabling us to conjecture the individuals under whose influence the talent of the *Protogoth* was fostered; but if we can guess at the teachers, we are denied the name of the disciple. Like so many other benefactors of mankind—for *he* was a benefactor who provided for future generations the hallowed glory of the sanctuary—he will probably always remain concealed.

In the continental Gothic, the *main idea* of the Basilica was consistently maintained. Compound shafts became clustered columns: ascending with increasing boldness, the vaulting rose amidst the pointed arches—but the main type continued unchanged. Each region, however, had some peculiarities. *Berne* and *Lausanne* may be compared with *Ara-cœli* or *St. John Lateran* for their plans. Both have the apse, but *Lausanne* the transept, copied from the *Augustan Basilica*. Although *Rome* did not adopt the *Teutonic* or *Gothic* style, still she constantly influenced her daughters. But the changes in *Liturgical* usages naturally affected the buildings in which the rites were to be celebrated. The multiplication of altars necessitated a multiplication of chapels: hence the magnificent plan of *Cologne*, which exhibits a crown of chapels surrounding the apse of the *Roman Basilica*. The plan is very remarkable, for *Pisa* was evidently in the architect's mind. In *England*, our *Gothic* architects rejected the apse almost unanimously; at least we cannot recollect more than one unequivocal example to the contrary—*Westminster Abbey*. In other cases, allowing for interpolations, and for the prolongation by the building affectedly (and often erroneously) called the *Ladye Chapel*, the east end of our *Gothic* churches terminates in a straight line, so that the national form of our choir and presbytery was rectangular. In *Italy*, the apsidal form prevails in all the *Gothic* churches: we doubt if more than *one* example can be found of a rectangular termination; and we shall soon see the importance of marking this contrast.

Mr. Knight has made the very important discovery, that *Gothic* architecture





architecture was introduced into Italy from England. The English traveller who enters the church of *Sant' Andrea* at Vercelli, will at once be surprised at beholding an edifice repeating the most familiar features of the style, to which the name of *early English* has been applied. The plan of *Sant' Andrea* is entirely English: pronounced and decided cruciform transepts; a straight-lined rectangular choir; lancet windows, supported by tall detached pillars; simple-foliaged capitals; the plain groined roof. There is somewhat of a foreign accent, if we may use the expression, apparent, if you closely examine the details; yet, in spite of this foreign accent, you might almost suppose yourself at Salisbury. (See *Knight*, vol. ii. pl. xviii.)

If the traveller inquires who was the founder of this magnificent structure, he will hear a name which often occurs in the pages of Matthew Paris. It is that of the Legate, Cardinal Wala, or Guala, who appears as an influential statesman in English affairs during the eventful period of the last years of John and the accession of Henry III., when it seemed as if the crown of England might be transferred to a foreign dynasty.

Guala Bicchieri, born of a distinguished family, was raised to the purple by Innocent III., and dispatched by him as legate to France in 1208. In 1215 the cardinal was again sent to France, when Innocent used his influence to dissuade Philip the Fair from attempting the conquest of England. For this purpose Guala crossed over with Louis, the better to oppose him. In England Guala strenuously supported John with all his influence, cursing the French prince and Stephen Langton with bell, book, and candle.

On the death of King John, Guala took an active part in the great council of Gloucester, and mainly assisted in establishing the claims of Henry III. The gratitude of the new monarch bestowed upon Guala much preferment, and amongst other benefices the priory of *St. Andrew* at Chester. The object of his mission being successfully accomplished by the cessation of hostilities, Guala returned to his native city, where, founding a Collegiate Church, he dedicated the new structure to *St. Andrew*, doubtless with reference to his English benefice. Guala employed as his architect a French ecclesiastic, Thomas, who afterwards became the first abbot of the convent; but the style is so truly English, that it is impossible to doubt that the working drawings were brought from England. Upon this point the form of the choir is conclusive.

Guala, mixed as he must have been with various classes of society in England, had evidently acquired strong English feelings. He makes many bequests in his will in *sterlings*, of which he possessed



sessed so good store. Relics of English saints were bestowed by him upon his foundation; and a most curious and important collection of Anglo-Saxon poetry, now in the Cathedral library of Vercelli—and of which the chief piece, the metrical legend of *St. Andrew*, is about to be published by Mr. Kemble—results, without doubt, from the collection which Guala had formed.



Vercelli.

Upon the history of Gothic architecture in Italy we have touched slightly in a former article (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxi. p. 332). Perhaps we may resume the subject upon some subsequent opportunity. At present we can only indulge ourselves in the reminiscences which Mr. Knight affords. He gives a splendid group of Gothic churches:—*Chiaravalle* near Milan, hitherto inedited (vol. ii., plate iv.); *Assisi* (plates xix. and xx.); *Sant' Antonio of Padua* (plate xxi.); *Sienna* (plate xxiv.); the splendid front of *Orvieto* (plate xxv.); our favourite *Duomo of Florence* (plate xxvii.), *San Lorenzo* at Genoa (plate xxxii.); the beautiful shrine—for such it is—of *Santa Maria della Spina* at Pisa (plate xxxiii.); and lastly, the *Duomo of Milan* (plates xxxvii. and xxxviii.);—a well chosen selection, and exhibiting, within a manageable compass, most of the peculiarities of the Italian Gothic style.

‘From the influence of classical associations,’ says Mr. Knight, ‘the Gothic style in Italy became and remained widely different from that of the North.’ True: but it acquired a beauty of its own. Many peculiarities were evidently occasioned by the skilful adaptation of the models furnished by England and France, and, above all, by Germany, to the products of Italian quarries and the brightness of Italian skies. Thus, the profusion of rich marbles encouraged the architects to adopt the external inlayings of various colours, which produce the same effect in the mass as the light and shade of deeply-cut mouldings. The windows became narrower, the roof more depressed—the elevation which cast off the heavy snows of the North being needless in a more genial clime. The imitation of Roman remains had, as Mr. Knight observes, much effect; but this was principally through the secondary medium of the models from which they had been copied in the earlier ages of Christianity.

Another cause was the influence of local prepossessions. Individuality, home-love, the pride of nationality on so small a scale as to be a domestic and household sentiment—all those feelings which we now term narrow-minded prejudices—these were the real life-springs of Italy, whence her mental vigour arose. In the

same

same manner as each region possessed its own dialect, to which the people adhered with pride, as the token of their personality and ideality, so did each city, or *patria*, produce its own school of art. Yet there was a still deeper source of diversity. There were schools within schools, severed from each other in the doctrine of art, by different, if not antagonist, principles. Mr. Willis observes—'Contrary to the practice of our own age, which is to imitate every style of architecture that can be found in all the countries of the earth, it appears that, in any given period and place, our forefathers admitted but of one style, which was used to the complete exclusion of every other during its prevalence. After enduring for about a century, this style gradually gives way and another makes its appearance, which in turn assumes the same exclusive privilege.'—We never quote Mr. Willis but with the greatest respect; but this observation, admissible with some qualifications in England, but hardly correct with respect to France or Scotland, is quite inapplicable to Germany and Italy, where you constantly observe several concurrent schools. In Lombardy, the architects adhered to the Romanesque style with a species of religious sentiment. Of this feeling, Vercelli affords a singular exemplification. After the death of Guala, the architects of Vercelli fell back upon the Romanesque; they completed the façade in this style, and added Teutonic towers and an atrium (marked A on the plan), copied from Sant' Ambrogio. So at Pavia. The Romanesque forces its way amidst the Gothic and *renaissance* of the Certosa, giving singular variety, without in the least detracting from the charm of that building, in which the beauty of holiness is so eminently displayed. It is still more remarkable to find, in Santa Maria presso San' Celso, at Milan, built by Bramante, an atrium which, though classical Italian in its details, is completely Romanesque in arrangement.

The Duomo at Milan is a transplantation from Germany. Raised by the freemasons of the lodges of Strasburg, this grand conception bears the same relation to the prototype of Cologne or Strasburg, as the double rose bears to the single rose. It is the same plant, but rendered more beautiful by transplantation to a richer soil, and beneath a brighter ray. The effect of the transplantation has been to expand the flower and to increase its luxuriance, but the original generic character remains unchanged. It will be seen that the plan bears the strongest resemblance to Cologne, except in the apse, from which the coronal of chapels has disappeared. The Ambrosian rite, not altered in that respect till the days of San' Carlo



Milan.



Carlo Borromeo, admitted but of one altar ; hence, in devising the plan, the simplicity of the apse of the ancient Basilica was restored, though in a polygonal form.

The appearance of the Duomo of Milan, the most splendid specimen of the 'Gotico-Tedesco' in Italy, was concurrent with that great revival of the classical style of which Brunelleschi was the instrument. We have stated on a former occasion (vol. lxi., p. 340), that the problem which Brunelleschi had to solve, was to retain the character which the rites and traditions of the Spiritual Church required in the material Church, and yet to unite the strict ecclesiastical character with all the graces and ornaments which could be borrowed from Roman art. This revival, however, was beyond the purview of Mr. Knight's work, and he confines himself to one example, possessing, however, such singular beauty, even in its incomplete state, as fully to justify the distinction he has assigned to it. It is the church of *San Francesco at Rimini* (vol. ii. plate xli.), one of the earliest and most satisfactory examples of the restoration of the classical style. It was erected by Sigismund, the most distinguished of the Malatestas, who had ruled over Rimini for a long series of years.

In his declining age Sigismund formed the plan of erecting a church, which should be the mausoleum not only of his own family, but of those who had been his companions—the poets, the philosophers, and the artists who had enjoyed his patronage—that those who had been his companions during life might be united to him in their sepulture. For this purpose Sigismund commenced the church; and the architect whom he employed adopted the Gothic style. When the building, however, was far advanced, it should seem that some of the artists, or literati, patronised by Sigismund, recommended the adoption of the classical style, then arising in Florence under the great master Brunelleschi. With this intent Sigismund sent for Leon Battista Alberti, the Raphael of Italian architecture, who, when he surveyed the building, found that he had a task of no ordinary difficulty to accomplish. He recommended that the interior of the building should continue unaltered, but that the exterior should be completed in what may be termed a classical style. This he accomplished with extraordinary power, exhibiting, perhaps, a more complete appreciation of classical antiquity than even Brunelleschi himself.

'From the construction of San' Francesco di Rimini,' says Mr. Knight, 'we may date the revival of the classical style. Here, then, this work comes to a natural end, its scope being limited to the interval between ancient Rome and modern Italy. The treasures of both had been already given to the world, but in Italy—enriched more than any other



other country, as with the choicest gifts of nature, so with the most numerous and splendid productions of art—there appeared to be a third harvest, well worth the reaping, to be found in the field of early Christianity and in that of the middle ages: monuments of the past which, if not the fittest objects of imitation, nevertheless deserve to be recorded, and could not fail to be viewed with interest. It was on the spot that the idea of this attempt was first conceived. It was on the spot that the undertaking was commenced. The prosecution of it has extended itself over several years; but should it be thought that the task has been satisfactorily executed, that a gap in the history of architecture has been filled up, the labours of the author will have been abundantly rewarded.’

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There are few branches of inquiry, whether material or intellectual—and architecture connects itself with either—which can be soundly investigated except according to the course which Michael Angelo employed. He began his sketches by drawing the skeleton, considering the position and bearing of every bone—the skeleton he then covered with the layer of muscles, in which the force of the body resides;—lastly, by tint and colour, he delineated the frame in full vitality. We have, therefore, on the present occasion displayed, as far as we could, the *skeletons* of ecclesiastical architecture. We have dealt with the dry bones. Form and colour may perhaps be discussed hereafter. The further development of Christian architecture—which proceeded until it produced some of the greatest exertions of the talents lent to mankind—was most intimately connected with the progress of opinion and the institutions of society. These influences always have been, and always will be, controlled by circumstances which human intelligence can neither foresee nor direct: the infinite complexity of affairs being as much beyond the direction of man’s policy, as the production of genius is beyond his power. All human talent is the free gift of God, entrusted by His particular Providence. No teaching, no schooling, no patronage, no academy, no university, can produce the inspiration. No human instruction could have organized the ‘seeing eye’ of Raphael—it was an individual and particular gift; no human instruction could have organized the ‘hearing ear’ of Pergolesi—it was an individual and particular gift. All the individuals who change and rule the fortunes or opinions of the world—the heroes of mankind, according to an expression which we employ and condemn—are particular departures from the general law by which Divine Providence regulates the human mind; for, unless suspended by His behest,

behest, the law of the moral as well as of the physical world is average uniformity. Such an intellect as that of Newton, was as much a deviation from the ordinary course of nature, as the birth would now be of an infant who should grow to the size of a giant, or whose existence should be prolonged to antediluvian longevity. According to the accustomed order of things, the fields cultivated by human intellect are fertilized by the rills flowing in the channels worn by usage and habit, until a new stream of invention and instruction results from the appointed teachers. Man's hand may be permitted to rive the rock; but the fountain which gushes forth proceeds from the waters above the heavens.

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ART. IV.—*Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine II., and the Hague; and of his special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic.* Edited by his Grandson, the Third Earl. Vols. III. and IV. London. 1844.

TOWARDS the conclusion of our recent notice of the two first volumes of this series, we said—*we suppose that a further publication is intended, which perhaps has been postponed from considerations of delicacy towards persons still living.* We find, however, that we were mistaken in supposing that there was any delicacy in the case—the postponement seems to have been but another instance of the practice which has of late grown up of bringing out in *livraisons* works which might as well, for aught we see, have been brought out at once. We may hereafter have occasion to make some observations on the effect of this system, but we notice it on this occasion only because it led us into expectations which have been disappointed, and has obliged us to divide into two articles a subject which we should rather, on account of some principles which it involves, have discussed in one.

If these latter volumes of Lord Malmesbury's diaries and correspondence were to be published in our day, they must naturally have excited considerable surprise in the public mind, and have raised—in addition to the suggestion which we made as to the respect due to private feelings—the more important question as to the *right* of a public minister or his representative to publish, at his private pleasure and for his private objects, documents or information obtained in his public character and in the execution of

of his official duties. This abstract question might have been raised in the case of even the two first volumes, where there are many things which ought not, we think, to have been published as part of the official or even private correspondence of a British minister; but as they related to days comparatively remote, and to interests for the most part obsolete, and as we presumed (erroneously it seems) that a discreet pause was made for the purpose of precluding any complaints either public or private, of too near an approach to our own times, we forbore raising a question which might seem invidious, and which the good sense and delicacy of the noble Editor himself appeared to avoid; but, as the appetite of the public for these revelations, and the profit-prompted liberality of the possessors of such documents, seem rapidly increasing, we feel it our duty to offer some observations on a subject of, as it seems to us, some novelty and considerable importance.

We must begin by stating that these volumes contain matters so various as to be at first sight hardly reducible to any common rule as to the right or propriety of their publication. We have, 1. The ordinary official despatches and communications between the minister and his own court, and that to which he was accredited. 2. The more secret and confidential correspondence, which under the form and style of private letters are essentially official, and affect in the highest degree the public interests. 3. Memoranda, minutes of conferences, or conversations, and intelligence, collected in the ministerial character, and for the purposes of the mission. 4. Extracts of Diaries which Lord Malmesbury seems to have kept with great assiduity all through his life, and of which, during the periods of his public employment, all the most essential portions relate to his ministerial duties, and are as it were a kind of log-book of his official and in some degree of his personal proceedings:—the fourth volume is almost wholly composed of extracts from the Diary from 1801 to 1808, when Lord Malmesbury was residing in London in the centre of an extensive political acquaintance, and keeping very copious notes of the political news and occurrences of the day.

Of these classes there can be little doubt, we think, that the three first may be considered as belonging to the same category, and as subject to whatever custom or rule of law may exist as to the antagonist rights of the Crown, and one of its official agents, over the documents connected with the agency. The question on the Diaries is rather more complicated, from the difficulty of distinguishing how far papers of such a mixed character can be classed as public or private. But the difficulty is more superficial than real: on the one hand, no one can pretend that Lord Malmesbury's



Malmesbury's representative had not a *legal* right over his *private* diaries; those, for instance, kept when he was out of office; but on the other it may, we think, be doubted whether such a right extends to a journal like, for instance, that kept during his mission to Brunswick, which is really a history of the mission—containing scarcely one word or fact that had not a direct relation to it, and which but for the mission could have had no existence.

Now, putting aside for the moment all question of discretion and delicacy, and regarding only the *strictness of law*, we hold that it is clearly established that a public minister can have, with regard to his official papers, no private and independent right of publication.

Judge Story, in his '*Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence*,' has collected all the cases which constitute the law on this subject, and classed and condensed them in his usual masterly style. He states, on all the authorities, that '*private letters, even as literary compositions, belong to the writer and not to the receiver, who at most has a special property in them which does not give him a right to publish them*' (§ 944); and again, that '*by sending a letter the writer gives to the person to whom it is addressed a property in it for the purposes of reading, and, in some cases, of keeping it; but the gift is so restrained that, beyond the purposes for which the letter is sent, the property remains in the sender*' (§ 945). These decisions were made on the principle involved in this and all such like cases, namely, the *copyright* in and the pecuniary value of such papers. But the argument goes still further, and protects letters, not merely as *property*, but as the sacred depositories of *private confidence*. '*It would, indeed,*' says Dr. Story, '*be a sad reproach to English and American jurisprudence if Courts of Equity could not interpose in cases where the very nature of the letter imports—as matters of business, or friendship, or advice, or family or private confidence—the implied or necessary intention and duty of privacy and secrecy*' (§ 947); and thence the cases lead to a still closer analogy to our point. '*Courts of Equity will restrain a party from making a disclosure of secrets communicated to him in the course of a confidential employment*' (§ 952). And he further shows that these rules apply not merely to letters received, but equally so to letters *written* by a person—in short, '*they have been applied in all cases where the publication would be a violation of trust or confidence, founded in contract, or implied from circumstances*' (§ 949). And, if this doctrine be true in private cases, it is infinitely stronger in that of a sworn servant of the State, who is not merely what the law would call an agent, but is invested with a still more confidential character, and a much higher, and much deeper

responsibility. This is common sense, common honesty, common equity, and common law.

A case occurred a few years ago, in which we had occasion to consider this question incidentally, and our opinion then was in perfect accordance with these principles. This was in our review of '*A Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London, by Richard Rush, Esq.,*' Envoy from the United States. Mr. Rush in this work chose to publish, without any authority from his government, and on his private responsibility, many of his diplomatic communications with our ministers, and gave some reasons—very bad ones as we thought and showed—for this deviation from the ordinary course of diplomacy. For our present purpose we need only quote our general *résumé* of the question. The first part of our argument had applied to the mere act of publishing what had never been intended for publication, and then we proceeded to say with regard to the publication *by Mr. Rush*—

'But Mr. Rush is in a still graver error as to the general principle. He seems to think that, if such documents may be published, he has a right to publish them. No such thing. The *State* has such a right, but not the servant of the State, without the express permission of the head of the Government. In all a minister's negotiations, whether verbal or documentary, he can acquire no personal right—no right to publish or otherwise employ the papers he may have collected, or the information he may have obtained, for any purpose of his own. The whole belongs to the State, and he has no more right to make any use of them than a lawyer would have to turn something which he has found amongst his client's title-deeds to his own advantage.'—(Q. R., xlix. p. 325.)

To this general doctrine we have never heard any objection; we believe it to be indisputable, and we will therefore venture to repeat our matured judgment—one not, as we have shown, formed on or for the present occasion,—that the noble Editor had no right whatsoever to *publish* the diplomatic papers of his grandfather. We have no doubt that such a publication might have been stopped by an injunction; and as the case now stands, we suspect that the law of copyright would not protect a publication where there was no right to publish.

But this applies only to the absolute *right*—which is, we admit, susceptible of various modifications in practice. In the first place the consent of the Government for the time being, as representative of the *sovereign* or the *state*, would hardly be denied on a fit occasion, and would remove all difficulty. Of the two earliest publications by private persons of diplomatic papers that we possess—'The *Cabala*' and Diggs's '*Complete Ambassador*'—it is observable that both, and particularly the latter, referred to trans-  
actions

actions quite obsolete, and were published during the licence of the Commonwealth, but that when the 'Cabala' was re-published after the Restoration with some additional matter, it was with the express sanction of the Secretary of State. The *second* volume of Sir William Temple's works, published by Swift, which contained his diplomatic letters, was especially dedicated to King William—which the *first* volume was not—and had no doubt his Majesty's countenance and sanction. But we have now before us a case of recent and decisive authority—Sir Robert Adair's publication, May, 1844, of 'An Historical Memoir of his Mission to Vienna.' This memoir is based on, and is accompanied by, a selection from the dispatches written and received by him during that period. Sir Robert Adair, taking the true legal and statesman-like view of the case, obtained from Lord Palmerston, then the Secretary of State, '*an official permission—not withdrawn by Lord Aberdeen—to publish such parts of his dispatches as might not be prejudicial to the public service;*' and he also, he tells us, obtained '*Prince Metternich's consent;*' and he announces on his title-page that these dispatches are '*published by permission of the proper authorities.*' All this is right and proper, and establishes, we think, the true principles of the case.

But though we suppose that in strictness no state-papers can be printed without the consent of the Crown, yet in practice any formality of sanction has been reasonably considered as unnecessary in cases which, by *long lapse of time and entire change of circumstances*, can no longer affect either private feelings or public interests, and have passed into the fair and undisputed domain of history. It might be difficult to fix the precise boundary of this domain, in which every year makes a degree of change; but it is creditable to the discretion of the eminent men who have served in public stations for the last century—of the hereditary possessors of their official papers—and of the literary men who have had access to those papers—that till within very late years little or nothing has been published to which any serious objection could be made. When Lord Kenyon and Dr. Phillpotts published, in 1827, the letters between the King and Lord Chief Justice Kenyon on the subject of the Coronation Oath, Lord Chancellor Eldon—with all his political and religious predilections for the views that publication was intended to serve—could not help expressing 'considerable doubts' as to the propriety of that publication (Twiss's 'Life,' vol. i. p. 360)—not from any disapprobation of the sentiments, nor doubting that they did honour to both parties, but evidently because it seemed to make public a privileged communication too near our times to be



altogether considered, as in all other respects they certainly are, historical documents. Lord Eldon's own biographer, who states this doubt, has gone much farther, for he has printed not only private letters of recent date, but a number of the most secret and confidential notes from King George III. to his Chancellor on the most delicate subjects. In our review of Mr. Twiss's work (Q. R. vol. lxxiv. p. 71) we said that, taking for granted that Mr. Twiss had obtained permission from the parties or their representatives for the publication of these private communications, there were still some for which it was too early even to ask such permission—a sufficient intimation of the judgment which we now more broadly state—that without such permission, those documents were, according to all admitted principles, no more the property of the Chancellor's grandson, in respect to *publication*, than Lord Malmesbury's dispatches were of *his* grandson. It seems clear that the present Earl has not thought of obtaining any such permission or sanction, and for this as well as other reasons we cannot but think that his publication infringes on those *ill-defined*, but *well understood*, rules of discretion and delicacy, by the nice observance of which the publication by private hands of official documents can alone be justified.

We are satisfied that the noble Editor had not the least intention of infringing these rules, and will be surprised at finding that he can, by any ill-natured critic, be supposed to have done so. We assure him we are not towards him ill-natured critics;—we are satisfied that he was as far as we ourselves should be from publishing anything which he could have imagined to be injurious to the public service or reasonably displeasing to individuals. But in our judgment he has happened to do both; and it is lest the involuntary error of a justly respected nobleman should in these all-publishing days create a dangerous precedent, that we have thus ventured to express our opinion that, *strictly* speaking, the official and confidential—that is the greater and more important—divisions of these papers were not *his* to *publish*, and that the customary and conventional rights which a sufficient lapse of time confers on the possessor of such documents have not yet accrued to him.

We are sorry to be obliged to pronounce this judgment, which is much against our own private interest and predilections. We have been very much amused by these two latter volumes, and chiefly, we fear, with those parts the publication of which we have thus presumed to criticise. We wish we could, consistently with our duty to the public, encourage this mode of anticipating history: it has great charms. How much more delightful *to us* must be the sketches of George III. and George IV.—Queen Charlotte  
and

and Queen Caroline—Pitt and Fox—Canning and Windham—(to say nothing of the minor portraits)—all fresh, as it were, from the hand of a painter, *their* contemporary, and in some degree *ours*—than they will be in another generation, when they might be exhibited without offence, and received with indifference! Nor can it be denied that historic truth may gain something by what we have hitherto considered as premature publication. If there be misunderstanding or misrepresentation of facts or of motives, there may probably be those living who will feel an interest in correcting the error and in doing justice to themselves or their party; and when the mention is favourable, there will be many to relish the praise of a well-remembered parent or friend, with a keenness of pleasure that cannot be felt by a more distant progeny. It may be also said that no such publication is ever made without *some* reserve and delicacy—that even when nothing is added to praise something is often subtracted from censure, and that traits likely to be offensive to individuals may be easily, and generally are tenderly softened or omitted: and this, we dare say, may be said of the Malmesbury publication. But then this process is likely to destroy the truth and unity of the work: after being strained through such a cullender an author may be no more like himself than a *purée* to a potatoe. Unless we have the *whole* evidence we cannot be satisfied of his veracity, nor appreciate his distribution of praise or blame. It is like asking us to give implicit credit to a witness without allowing us the test of a personal examination.

Upon the whole, however, of these considerations, we fall back to our original position that such publications are of very doubtful propriety, and that in the present instance it has been somewhat premature as regards individuals, and somewhat incautious as affects national interests; and we solicit the attention of the public and the government to the inconveniences which may arise if this practice of dealing with official documents as private property should become—as from the taste of the times, and the activity of the literary trade, we think, probable—an ordinary speculation with the sons and grandsons of public servants. Take three or four instances. The Armed Neutrality twice died away; but is another revival impossible, and would the maritime interests of this country be much strengthened by an appeal to Lord Malmesbury's Russian correspondence? Is the union of France and Spain against England so entirely out of the question that some British negotiator may not be told on the authority of Lord Malmesbury, or *Lord St. Vincent* (!), that Gibraltar is worthless, or at best but a counter on the great card-table

card-table of Europe? Will it tend much to exalt our character for honesty and good faith to have it said that a British minister of the highest rank prided himself on having *bribed* the menial servant of a friendly sovereign to betray the humble duty of opening or closing the door of his master's closet? Or will European confidence in our national pride and integrity be in any degree confirmed by the fact that pending the Lisle negotiations we received, not only without indignation, but with complacency, projects of pecuniary corruption, which, if it disgraced our adversaries to propose, it did us no great honour to listen to? In four large volumes, pretty nearly divided between twaddle and gossip, such passages as we have referred to may be overlooked by ordinary readers; but we submit it to graver judgments, and even to public opinion, whether—be they truly represented, or, as we rather hope, discoloured and exaggerated—these arcana are fit to be divulged in the style and for the motives with which they are now presented to the world.

Turning, however, from these speculations, which, though they come too late in this case, may be applicable to others, we proceed to our examination of the contents of these volumes, premising, once for all, that our space will allow us to give a very inadequate summary of so great a variety of transactions, and that we shall chiefly endeavour to bring before our readers topics on which Lord Malmesbury either throws a new light, or gives, in doubtful points, a preponderating evidence.

We left Lord Malmesbury at the close of the last volume separated in politics from Mr. Fox, and united with the Duke of Portland and his section of the Whigs in the support of Mr. Pitt and the prosecution of the war with France. An early opportunity was taken, we will not say of rewarding his conversion, but of employing his known abilities and still greater reputation, in the public service. For any diplomatic duty he had certainly at that moment, in public opinion, no competitor; and the policy he was called upon to forward was in full accordance with his own previous opinions.

Towards the close of 1793 the King of Prussia—under a strange combination of political embarrassment, private intrigue, and fanatical delusion—exhibited a strong disposition to break off his defensive alliance with England, and to withdraw from the contest against France—in which he had been, originally, the most zealous and prominent actor. Such a design, and especially the motives that prompted it, were so contrary to good faith, and so full of peril not only to Prussia herself but to all Europe, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville proposed



posed to Lord Malmesbury a special mission to endeavour to counteract this pusillanimous, and indeed, as regarded us, fraudulent policy, and to induce the King of Prussia to adhere to what was at once his duty to himself, and his engagement to his allies. Lord Malmesbury had, before his departure, an audience of George III. in the closet—‘the first time since the *Regency Bill*’—on which, it will be recollected, Lord Malmesbury had not behaved with quite so much gratitude and duty as might have been expected. His Majesty, however, was very gracious, and gave his Lordship some advice on the subject of his mission, which, if only as an additional corrective of the false notions that were so long and so industriously propagated as to the infirmity of his Majesty’s intellect and judgment, is worth extracting.

‘He began by saying something complimentary on my accepting the Prussian Mission, then went on by saying, “A few clear words are better perhaps than long instructions. I believe that the King of Prussia is an honest man at the bottom, although a weak one. You must first represent to him, that if he allows his *moral* character the same latitude in his explanation of the force of treaties, as he has allowed it in other still more sacred ties” (referring to his marriage), “all good faith is at an end, and no engagement can be binding. You must then state to him how much his *honour* is engaged in joining in this business, in not giving up a cause in which he had begun so nobly. Then you should apply to his *interest*, that the event of the war must either fail or succeed; that if he withdrew himself from the number of coalesced Powers, in either case he would suffer from leaving them. In the first case (the failure of the war) he perhaps would be the first to feel the consequence of suffering this *Tartarian horde* to overrun Europe. In the second, if we succeed, he certainly might be sure that not having contributed his share to the success, would put him, in respect to the other Powers, in a situation of want of consideration and consequence, and that he would not be consulted or referred to in the general system of Europe, when that became a matter of discussion. That if you fail on referring him to these three great points—his *integrity*, his *honour*, and his *interest*—it will be certain nothing can be done; and although I have the greatest confidence in your skill and abilities, yet I shall rest assured in that case that *no skill* or any ability would be equal to success.”—vol. iii. p. 7.

‘And this,’ says Lord Malmesbury, ‘his Majesty delivered with great perspicuity and correctness;’ and then he went on to an explanation without which the first article of these oral instructions, as to the King of Prussia’s moral conduct, would appear very strange—‘The King of Prussia,’ he said, ‘was an *illuminé*;’ and, as Lord Malmesbury afterwards found, persuaded himself—under the influences of that mysterious sect—that he might reconcile with strict morality the having a wife and three mistresses, and

and with sound policy the forming an intimate alliance between his own despotism and the Jacobin democracy.

In one of the early letters from Berlin Lord Malmesbury writes to Lord Grenville what surely ought not to have been yet—if ever—published :—

‘ My dear Lord,—The inside of this Court is really a subject fit only for a private letter: unfortunately it is so closely connected with its public conduct, and influences it so much, that I wish to give you every information relative to it in my power.

‘ The female in actual possession of favour is of no higher degree than a servant-maid. She is known by the name of Mickie, or Mary Doz; and her principal merit is youth and a warm constitution. She has acquired a certain degree of ascendancy, and is supported by some of the most inferior class of favourites; but, as she is considered as holding her office only during pleasure, she is not courted, though far from neglected, by the persons of a higher rank.

‘ The two candidates for a more substantial degree of favour are Madlle. Vienk and Madlle. Bethman. The first (I really believe, extremely against her will and her principles) is forced forward by a party who want to acquire consequence; and I am told she has the good wishes of Lucchesini, who thinks he shall be able to lead her. Madlle. Bethman plays a deeper game: she acts from, and for, herself; she professes to love the King, but that her principles prevent her giving way to it; she is all sentiment and passion; her aim is to be what his first mistress was, and to turn to her account all the licentious latitude it is said the *illuminés* allow themselves. Madlle. Bethman is cousin to the wealthy banker of that name at Frankfort, and, from what I have learnt there, is perfectly qualified to act the part she has undertaken.’  
—vol. iii. p. 44.

The noble Editor is rather at a loss to explain what the tenets of this religious or irreligious freemasonry of *Illuminés* were, and we cannot much help him. All that we know is, that it was a deep secret—and a very safe one withal—for we strongly suspect they did not know it themselves. Their principal rites seem to have been muddling, smoking, raising ghosts, and dealing with the devil—which devil was of a scale of intellect little above that of his votaries. But the influence of this folly became considerable in the dreamy twilight of German metaphysics, and had, at an early period—even in the time of the philosopher Frederick—made its way into the palace of Berlin, where the twin-sisters—infidelity and superstition—held rival, and yet congenial, courts. Wraxall tells us that the *quondam* hero Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick abandoned himself to the doctrines and reveries of the *Illuminés* till they reduced his once powerful mind to a state of imbecility. ‘ It will hardly be believed,’ says Wraxall, ‘ that prior to 1773 he was so subjugated by them as frequently to pass many hours



hours of the nights in churchyards, engaged in evoking and endeavouring to raise apparitions.' Old Frederick was forced to dismiss the poor visionary general from his public employments; but was not, it seems, able to check the growth of the mischief in his own family. We ourselves have heard, from indisputable authority, that the king whom Lord Malmesbury visited (in addition to the moral or rather immoral *illumination* which we have mentioned), was so preternaturally enlightened as to confound the garden of Charlottenburgh with the garden of Gethsemane, and would reverentially take off his hat when he fancied that he met our Saviour in his walks.

But throughout this negotiation with Lord Malmesbury the Prussian monarch, however visionary-mad he might be in the garden, was in a very matter-of-fact state of mind in his cabinet; and the whole affair appears to have been on his part a greedy and unprincipled scheme to obtain the largest possible number of English guineas for services in which England had an interest—strong, no doubt, as part of the general cause against France,—but exceedingly inferior and remote compared with that of Prussia herself. The Prussian cabinet insisted on having their whole army of 100,000 subsidized! And when England was so liberal, or as we think extravagant, as to propose a sum of 2,000,000*l.* for the annual subsidy of that power, to be paid, 2-5ths or 800,000*l.* by England, 1-5th by Austria, 1-5th by Holland, and the other 1-5th to be charged to Prussia herself, Prussia refused to contribute this quota, and insisted that her army should be fed and foraged into the bargain. And when this monstrous pretension was rejected, another still more monstrous was produced, as a conciliatory expedient forsooth—that Prussia would bear her quota, provided the subsidy was raised to 2,500,000*l.*—only a more impudent mode of reasserting that she would pay nothing at all. In the meanwhile Austria, most naturally we think, declined to take any part of the expense of the Prussian army on her shoulders, and great distrust and acrimony arose between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, for which Prussia and her minister Lucchesini (probably sold to the French) were most to blame.

The negotiation was in this nearly hopeless state, when, as appears by the correspondence, the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, proposed to transfer it to the Hague. The Editor states, in a note from the Malmesbury Papers, that this was an *artful suggestion of Lord Malmesbury* to get the negotiation out of the influence of Lucchesini and the French. We believe this is a mistake. In his private diary, Lord Malmesbury says that Haugwitz proposed and he accepted the change: and we cannot discover what possible motive Lord Malmesbury could have had for such a move.

Haugwitz's



Haugwitz's is obvious—it relieved the King of Prussia from the presence of Lord Malmesbury, and the personal embarrassment of having to bear the brunt of the most infamous *escroquerie* that was ever attempted—it removed Lord Malmesbury from the capital, where the appearance of the Court and the army contradicted the professions of extreme penury, on which the whole Prussian case rested—it removed him also from the auxiliary influence of the cabinet of Vienna—and finally, it threw him into Holland, where the pressure of the immediate danger and the necessity of the Prussian protection would be most severely felt. It was Lord Malmesbury's fortune, on this occasion, as it seems to have been all through life, to be baffled and bamboozled, or, to use the more modern, and, we suppose, politer term, *mystified*, and then, like a very able diplomatist, as he no doubt was, he *suggests*, though he does not venture to affirm, that it was all a subtle device of his own 'cleverness.' And truth obliges us to say—though it be said of the great Earl of Malmesbury—that a more *goosey* dispatch never met our eyes than that in which he announces with great joy this change of place to Lord Grenville, together with a new project, by which Austria was to be left altogether out of the question; and we were to have the great advantage of reducing our subsidy from 800,000*l.* to only 750,000*l.*—a prodigious saving of *one-sixteenth*, but accompanied by this slight drawback, that the force to be supplied for it was diminished in a rather larger proportion—from 100,000 to 60,000 men, or about *seven-sixteenths*.

But even this would have been better than what was really obtained, for Lord Malmesbury signed, on the 19th April, a treaty, by which Prussia was to place 62,400 men at the disposal of England and Holland, at the price of 50,000*l.* a month, with 1*l.* 12*s.* per man per month for bread and forage—in all 150,000*l.* a month; besides 300,000*l.* for putting them in motion, and 100,000*l.* more at the end of the year for sending back again: so that, instead of getting 100,000 men for 800,000*l.* per annum, as at first proposed, we had eventually to pay near 1,200,000*l.* for 62,400, for six months nominally, but not for one day in reality. The intention was to employ these troops on the Dutch frontier in connexion with our own army then in Flanders under the Duke of York; but it soon became clear that Lord Malmesbury had been again deceived, for the Prussians seem never to have had the remotest idea of executing any part of the treaty, except pocketing the money. The Editor very naturally wishes to palliate this discomfiture of his grandfather; and—Lord Malmesbury having been invited to bring to England for the consideration of the ministers the opinion of the Duke of York and of  
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the Dutch Government, as to the best mode of employing the subsidiary army—the Editor states,

‘It appears that this *ill-judged* recall contributed much to the success with which the French party, taking advantage of treachery and national prejudices, contrived through Lucchesini to stultify the Treaty.’—p. 93.

We cannot see how this recall was *ill-judged*, or what Lord Malmesbury’s quitting the Hague for a visit to London of three weeks—after the treaty had been signed—could have had to do with French intrigues at Berlin or Lucchesini’s negotiations at Vienna. When Lord Malmesbury returned to the Hague—he had been in London only from the 6th to the 24th of May—he was met by complaints from the Prussians that the money, without which their army *could* not move, had not yet come; and Malmesbury, in his Diary under date of the *2nd of June*, complains in very bitter terms against the English ministers that the first instalment under this prodigious treaty had not yet arrived, as if such sums as hundreds of thousands of pounds in a particular coin could be collected at a few days’ notice. It turned out that the first instalment of 300,000*l.* had been already remitted from the British treasury on the *27th of May*. For the few days that the remittance was on the road nothing could exceed the complaints of the Prussian ministers at the delay. The Prussian army could not and would not move a mile without the money, and Lord Malmesbury was very well inclined to join in all their prognostics of mischief from this supposed delay. In the midst of all these complaints the money arrived;—the complaints ceased—but not a Prussian marched. The monthly subsidies were to commence on a most appropriate and auspicious day—the *first of April*; and they were regularly paid in Prussian coin procured for the purpose; yet we find Lord Malmesbury confessing that for these ‘*immense sums*,’ as he justly calls them, the Prussians had not moved a step;—nor did they ever; but exaggerating the effects of a trifling skirmish which they had with the French near Keyerslautern, which even the exemplary modesty of the French military writers hardly notices, and complaining beyond all credibility and truth of their own loss, they at last got up a kind of mutiny in the army against a compliance with the treaty, and having received 1,105,000*l.* up to September, out of the gullibility of Lord Malmesbury and the too prodigal confidence of the British ministry, the whole bubble burst;—and then Lord Malmesbury writes home, with the most wonderful self-complacency, that he is not at all ashamed of the failure of his treaty, because it

‘must be considered as an alliance with the *Algerines*, whom it is no disgrace



disgrace to pay, nor any impeachment of good sense to be cheated by.'—vol. iii. p. 126.

O lame, and impotent, and disgraceful conclusion! Instead of regarding Lord Malmesbury's temporary recall as injudicious, or the delay in paying the swindled subsidy as blameable, every one who reads *even* these papers will rather wonder at the blind confidence that the ministry reposed in him.

And here we have to observe, what we have already hinted at, the danger to historical truth of this sort of revelations—where we are not sure that the *whole* story is told. Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville are seriously censured in *selections* from Lord Malmesbury's dispatches, and in a *note* by the Editor; but in such a case we should have liked to see the *whole* dispatch, and the document on which the note is founded;—and above all, as regards the high praise given to Lord Malmesbury's diplomacy, would it not have been candid to have afforded us (what we have taken some pains to collect from other sources) an account of the sums actually paid to the Prussians under this boasted treaty, of which they on their side never performed—nor, we are satisfied, ever meant to perform—one iota? We confidently trust that with the change of our continental relations, the system of subsidies has vanished for ever; but if any future minister should be tempted to deal in that vicarious species of warfare, we doubt whether he could have a better dissuasive than the study of the full history of Lord Malmesbury's treaty of 1794, and its profligate and disgraceful consequences. Of all the manifold errors committed in the revolutionary war, the most injurious to ourselves and even to our allies was the unhappy system of subsidies. We are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not see this even at the time, for we find that at the close of this unlucky mission he gives Lord Grenville an alarming picture of the state of the public mind in Germany at that period, which ought to have opened his own eyes to the folly and mischief of the very efforts he was making.

'The nobility, the gentry, and large capitalists . . . attribute the evils of war and its duration, not to the enemy, who is endeavouring so strenuously to destroy them, but to *the very powers* who are endeavouring to rescue them from destruction . . . and it is impossible to awaken them to a sense of their danger.

'To every attempt of this kind which I have made, I receive for answer, "*England finds its account in the war, and only wants to engage us to continue from views of ambition and conquest.*"

'It is useless to argue against such miserable reasoning, as it would be childish to resent it; but it is impossible not to be deeply affected when we see an immense country like this, *abounding at this moment with wealth, and possessing within itself alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France, poisoned with doctrines and prejudices*



diſces which falſify all its faculties, and make thoſe very powers which ought to ensure its ſafety act as instruments to forward its deſtruction.’ —pp. 142, 143.

What was more likely to accredit this imputation of ſelfiſh and diſhoneſt motives than to ſee us ſquandering ſuch enormous ſums on countries themſelves ‘*abounding with wealth and poſſeſſing within themſelves alone means ſufficient to reſiſt and repel all the efforts of France?*’ And what was more likely to paſy the feelings and exertions of ſuch a country than the blind, demoralizing, and to their eyes moſt ſuſpicious ſystem of hiring them to do their own buſineſs, and bribing them to the protection of their own property and honour? Subſidies, alas, could not remedy, but, on the contrary, tended rather to increaſe and develop the real weakneſs of the continental powers, which was, as Lord Malmesbury was at length convinced—not want of the legitimate means of war, but—in their armies party, corruption, and diſaſfection—in the Courts jealousies, animoſities, and greedy ſpeculations, and in that of Prussia treachery—in the people miſticism, infidelity and jacobiniſm—theſe were the cauſes that helped, if they did not altogether produce, the early ſucceſſes of the French on the Rhine, and eventually, by a ſignal courſe of retributive juſtice, brought them, twice over, to Berlin and Vienna.

We now arrive at that portion of theſe volumes about the propriety of the publication of which we entertain on every account the moſt ſerious doubts,—a very copious and unreſerved diary kept by Lord Malmesbury during his miſſion to the Court of Brunſwick at the cloſe of 1794, to demand the Princeſs Caroline in marriage for the Prince of Wales, and to conduct her to England. We confeſs that no publication that we have ever ſeen (and we have recently ſeen ſome of very doubtful diſcretion) has ſurprized us more than this. The protection of the law againſt unauthorized publication is not, as we have ſeen, limited to *letters*—it applies to *all caſes where the publication would amount to a violation of truſt and confidence*, or where it ſhould be made for the purpoſe of indulging a groſs and diſeaſed public curioſity by the circulation of private anecdotes, or family ſecrets, or perſonal concerns (*ubi ſupra*, § 948). Now there is not a fact—hardly a word—in this Diary that does not relate to *private anecdotes, family ſecrets, and perſonal concerns*—all ariſing out of and belonging to the miſſion—nothing that was not done or ſaid by or to Lord Malmesbury in his *official character*. In this character he received the moſt important and delicate confidences, both perſonal and political; and we cannot conceive how he or his repreſentative could acquire any right to divulge—much leſs to print and publiſh to the whole world—*informations* given  
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to him under a seal as sacred, we think, as that of *confession*. If ever there was a case in which the Crown had a paramount interest in documents written by its public servants, it is especially such a one as this, where the Sovereign is interested not only by her royal rights, but as the head of the Family whose domestic affairs are here divulged, and as connected with the Persons principally concerned by the highest obligations of duty and the closest ties of blood. And in addition to the general question of *right*, one cannot help being struck, on the first view of this case, by manifest breaches of delicacy and good taste. The parties to that unfortunate alliance have left a numerous and illustrious kindred (to say nothing of private friends and servants) still living, whose feelings cannot but be painfully affected by some of Lord Malmesbury's revelations—which seem indeed to compromise his lordship's own character, for many of the memoranda are such as a gentleman, if obliged by his duty to make them, ought to have destroyed before his death, or at least taken effectual measures for their subsequent destruction.

This cannot be denied, and must be regretted; but on the other hand it would be unjust not to suggest, in excuse for the noble Editor, that revelations of an infinitely more deplorable character had been five-and-twenty years ago paraded and produced in the most flagrant publicity *by the parties themselves*—they are registered in our archives, they are engraven on the tablets of our history. Lord Malmesbury's anecdotes are but the light clouds that presaged that dark storm, and the Editor probably thought that the pain that they can excite in any mind that recollects the proceedings of 1820, must be of a very mitigated degree. But whatever may be thought of the act of publication, the facts are now *history*, and we must deal with them accordingly. \*

It was at the conclusion of the subsidiary mission to Prussia that Lord Malmesbury was commissioned to take Brunswick in his way home, and to conclude another treaty still more deplorable in its consequences. Before we enter on that business, we must introduce our readers to the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick. His Highness, in disgust at the untoward result of his unfortunate campaigns of 1792-3, had resigned the command of the Prussian army, and was living at home a mortified and alarmed spectator of the great military and political game then playing, in which, though he no longer held a hand, his all was at stake. It was a secondary object of Lord Malmesbury's mission to prevail on the Duke to take some measures for reassuming the command of the Prussian army, or, if that could not be accomplished, to take the command of the Dutch army, and to act in concert with the Duke of York. The Duke of Brunswick had  
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not, we believe, the option of doing the first, and he would not do the latter; and Lord Malmesbury, while admitting his talents and courage, pronounces him, from his wavering, suspicious, intriguing temper, utterly unfit for any great station, and incapable of any great service. This may have been, and was, we think, his general character; but we believe that the Duke did not deserve his Lordship's reproaches, in the particular case which produced them. He was a marshal in the Prussian army; situated as his duchy was, he had no support but Prussia; and though his strong inclination was to active exertions against France, he said that he could not safely take command of any army but a Prussian one, or at least one to which a large Prussian force should be attached. It was very well for Lord Malmesbury, who had a safe retreat in England, to make light of the Duke's difficulties; but the result justified, we think, all that prince's apprehensions; and we feel not contempt, but sympathy, for the perplexity of a brave soldier and benevolent sovereign—resisting the impulses of his own personal gallantry and political opinions, under the humiliating certainty of the ruin that a false step would entail on his family and his people. We are, however, inclined to believe that he was deficient in decision and moral courage, and of this defect the following anecdote, with regard to his too celebrated Manifesto, is a slight but sufficient indication.

'Dec. 10th, 1794.—He [the Duke of Brunswick] was less *thinking* this day than usual' [poor man, he had abundant cause to be *thoughtful*]; 'he was conversable with the ladies at dinner—said that his famous Manifesto was drawn up by a *Brabançon* of the name of Himon\* (now here);

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\* This is a mistake for the Marquis de Limon—another of the too numerous and inexcusable errors of the press which disgrace this publication. We made the same observation on the former series, and produced a few instances, which we find given in a fly-leaf to this livraison as '*errata*' to the former volumes—two only being added to our list, though there might have been two score. But the blunders of the present publication are infinitely worse, particularly in all proper names, which are so mutilated as to be, in many cases, quite unintelligible; and prove that the printed sheets cannot have been seen by any one at all acquainted with the persons or occurrences referred to—*Craggs*, for *Craig*; *Armin*, for *Arnim*; *W. Eden*, for *Morton Eden*; *W. Boothby*, for *Brook Boothby*; *Gensau*, for *Gneisenau*; *Kalkreuth*, and *Kalkreuthen*, for *Kalkreuth*; *St. Armand*, for *St. Amand*; *Fleury*, for *Fleurus*; *Colegrave*, for *Cologne*; *montebaner*, for *Montabauer*; *Fühl*, and *Pfühl*, and *Tuhl*, for the same person; *Benden*, for *Bender*; *Pigot Monbaillard*, for *Pigault-Maubaillaq*; *Maco*, perhaps for *Maret*; *Boncarrier*, probably for *Bonne Carrere*; *Sausun* for *Lauzun*; *Grenville*, for *Granville*; *Moussen*, for *Mousseaux*; *Cabarras* passim, for *Cabarus*; *Fabre Eglon*, for *Fabre d'Eglantine*; *Ladies Moira* and *Hutchinson* for *Lords*; *Asperno* passim, for *Asperne*; *Dantzic*, for *Dunkirk*; *Melville*, for *Moleville*; and fifty others. Most of these seem, when explained, to be small matters, easily set right; but we are not quite sure that we have always guessed the right name; and unless one is tolerably well acquainted with the personal history of everybody that Lord Malmesbury has happened to have mentioned, there is no certainty as to who or what may be meant. These are all stupid blunders; but we have met a charming one in every edition of Thiers's '*History*,'



here); that it was approved by Count Schulenburg and Spielman, and forced upon him to sign; that he had not even a *veto* on this occasion.'—p. 169.

The fact is true; but to have signed what he disapproved, and afterwards to throw the blame on other parties, showed but a feeble character; and Lord Malmesbury states that the Duchess herself was convinced that he wanted firmness for the crisis.

'Dec. 1st.—The Duchess told me she was sure he [the Duke] felt himself unequal to it [the command of the army]—that he was grown nervous, and had lost a great deal of his former energy.—She said, when he returned from Holland in 1787, he was so shaken, and his nerves so worn out, that he did not recover for a long time. She confirmed what I long since knew, that the Duke wants decision of character, and resolution.'—p. 161.

The Duchess was probably desired by the Duke himself to express this opinion, for the purpose of damping Lord Malmesbury's solicitations; but even that would have been the resource of a feeble mind. He, however, was a good prince—an honest man—a benevolent sovereign—and so sincere in his hostility to French influence that Buonaparte in his 16th Bulletin, 1806, charged the whole resistance of Prussia to his advice; and he died, in every way a victim to his patriotism, on the 10th of November, of wounds received in the fatal battle of Jena, when the dukedom of Brunswick and the kingdom of Prussia fell together.

The Duchess was the elder sister of King George III.; and after the death of her husband and the ruin of her house, returned, in July, 1807, to England, where she died on the 23rd of March, 1813, in her seventy-sixth year. She will be longest familiar to English eyes by her graceful figure as a girl of fifteen in the poorly painted but very interesting picture by Knapton, at Hampton Court, of the family of Frederick, Prince of Wales. She seems to have been a most good-humoured, unaffected, gossiping lady; and, whatever good example she may have given her daughter in moral conduct, appears not to have afforded her, either by precept or example, much instruction in manners, discretion, dignity, or even in the more ordinary and

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'History,' Belgian or Parisian, that we have chanced to meet with. Thiers is excusing the servility of the last generation of the French for Napoleon, and says that they were fascinated by his glory to a degree of which the French of the present day, much as they admire him, can have no adequate idea; and then he adds, in one of his pedantic fooleries and blunders, 'répétons avec ESCHYLE—*que serait-ce si nous avions vu LE MONSTRE lui-même!*'—Thiers, vol. vi. ch. ii., *sub fine*, Bruss. edd. 1834, 1838, and Paris, 1843. *Æschylus* for *Æschines* may have been a blunder of the learned author's own; but '*le monstre*' for, as we suppose, '*le maître*' must have been a providential justice of the press, which has gone unobserved through we know not how many editions.

superficial proprieties of feminine deportment. We shall see that Lord Malmesbury soon found himself invested with the strange duty of instructing the young lady, not only on points of behaviour and of moral and religious conduct, but even on certain arcana of her personal toilet—upon which never before, we suppose, had an ambassador, or even a male, been called upon to advise: and it appears to us that in this new and unexpected trial of his good temper and good sense, Lord Malmesbury conducted himself with consummate tact and ability. He played the part of—as she herself good-humouredly called it—‘*Mentor*’ to the young princess admirably; but would forfeit all the merit, if we could believe that he ever meant that it should be thus blazoned forth.

But it was not for neglect and bad taste in her daughter’s education that the good-humoured but narrow-minded Duchess was alone blameable—she had given her wrong impressions on some most important subjects. She had, it seems, before her marriage (as sisters-in-law are sometimes apt to do), taken a foolish dislike to Queen Charlotte, and had impressed her daughter with the same unreasonable and, as far as the grounds are stated, ridiculous prejudices; and the same may be said of a similar antipathy against the Duke and Duchess of York. The real but unavowed cause of this dislike was, we believe, a fact—not publicly known, but which we have heard from indisputable authority, and with which the old Duchess was probably then acquainted—that the Duke of York was unfavourable to this match, auguring, from his knowledge of the parties, very ill of it from the beginning; and it is probable that he may have communicated to the Queen, his mother, something of his early impression. But, however that may be, her Majesty’s conduct to her daughter-in-law was, like every other circumstance of her life, admirable; and, strange vicissitude, both the mother and the daughter were destined within a few years to rely in their deep distresses on the tenderness and justice of her against whom they had nourished such unfounded prejudices.

We shall now allow Lord Malmesbury to introduce the Princess to our readers, and to tell the rest of this strange story in the familiar style of his own unpremeditated—and we must presume *unmutilated*—diary.

‘*Nov. 28th, 1794.*—The Princess Caroline much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows, good bust—short, with what the French call “*des épaules impertinentes.*” *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*’—p. 153.

‘*Dec. 3rd.*—Day fixed for my audiences. Major Hislop and a messenger

messenger arrive at eleven from the Prince of Wales. He brings the Prince's picture, and a letter from him to me, urging me *vehemently* to set out with the Princess Caroline *immediately*.—Duke answers very well—rather embarrassed.—Duchess overcome, in tears.—Princess Caroline, much affected, but replies distinctly and well.'—pp. 161, 162.

'Dec. 4th.—Very much puzzled how to decide about going [to England]—Duchess presses it—Duke cautious to a ridiculous degree in assisting me. Princess Caroline in a hurry. Prince of Wales's [eager] wishes in flat contradiction to my instructions.'—p. 163.

'Dec. 5th.—After dinner the Duke held a very long and very sensible discourse with me about the Princess Caroline. He entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much or too little. He said of his daughter, "*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*" The Duke desired me to advise her never to show any jealousy of the Prince; and, if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this *in German*, but that enforced by me, it would come with double effect.'—p. 164.

The Duke's laxity as to the *goûts* of his future son-in-law, and his *severity* towards his daughter, are not surprising when we find the scenes in the midst of which the Princess lived. Very brilliant and prominent in the Duchess's court and society, Lord Malmesbury found—

'Nov. 22nd, 1794.—Madlle. de Hertzfeldt—old Berlin acquaintance—*now Duke's mistress*—much altered, but still clever and agreeable—her apartment elegantly furnished—and she herself with all the *apparel* of her *situation*—she was at first rather ashamed to see me, but soon got over it.'—pp. 155, 156.

And from this lady he received accounts of the Princess's character, not very favourable, though apparently sincere and well meant; but she seems not to have thought—nor indeed does Lord Malmesbury—of the injurious effect that her own example, and that of a general laxity of manners, must have had on the Princess—but in which it is impossible not to see the seeds and the hotbed of future imprudence.

'Dec. 5th, 1794.—Dinner at Court—ball and ombre. Madlle. Hertzfeldt repeats to me what the Duke had before said—stated the necessity of being very *strict* with the Princess Caroline—that she was not clever, or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no tact*.'—p. 165.

'Dec. 10th.—Concert at Court—Madlle. Hertzfeldt takes me aside, and says nearly these words: "*Je vous conjure, faites que le Prince fasse mener, au commencement, une vie retirée à la Princesse. Elle a toujours été très gênée et très observée, et il le falloit ainsi. Si elle se trouve tout à coup dans le monde sans restriction aucune, elle*  
ne



ne marchera pas à pas égaux. Elle n'a pas le cœur dépravé—elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais la parole en elle devance toujours la pensée ; elle se livre à ceux à qui elle parle sans réserve, et de là il s'ensuit (même dans cette petite Cour) qu'on lui prête des sens et des intentions qui ne lui ont jamais appartenus—que ne sera-t-il pas en Angleterre—où elle sera entourée de femmes adroites et intrigantes (à ce qu'on dit) auxquelles elle se livrera à corps perdu (si le Prince permet qu'elle mène la vie dissipée de Londres), et qui placeront dans sa bouche tel propos qu'elles voudront, puisqu'elle parlera elle-même sans savoir ce qu'elle dit ? De plus elle a beaucoup de vanité, et quoique pas sans esprit, *avec peu de fond*—la tête lui tournera si on la caresse et la flatte trop—si le Prince la gâte ; et il est tout aussi essentiel qu'elle le craigne que qu'elle l'aime. Il faut absolument qu'il la tienne serrée, qu'il se fasse respecter, sans quoi *elle s'égèrera*. Je sais (continua-t-elle) que vous ne me compromettrez pas, je vous parle comme à mon vieux ami. Je suis attachée cœur et âme au Duc. Je me suis dévouée à lui, je me suis perdue pour lui. C'est le bien de sa famille que je veux. Il sera le plus malheureux des hommes si cette fille ne réussit pas mieux que son aînée. Je vous répète, elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais elle est sans jugement et on l'a jugée à l'avenant. Je crains (dit Madlle. Hertzfeldt) la Reine. La Duchesse ici, qui passe sa vie à penser tout haut, ou à ne jamais penser du tout, n'aime pas la Reine, et elle en a trop parlé à sa fille. Cependant son bonheur dépend d'être bien avec elle, et pour Dieu répétez-lui toujours cette maxime que vous avez déjà plus d'une fois recommandée. Elle vous écoute. Elle trouve que vous parlez raison d'une manière gaie, et vous ferez bien plus d'impression sur elle que son père, qu'elle craint trop, ou sa mère, qu'elle ne craint pas du tout."—pp. 169, 170.

'Dec. 28th.—Madlle. Hertzfeldt again talks to me as before about the Princess Caroline—"Il faut la gouverner par la peur, *par la terreur même*. Elle s'émancipera si on n'y prend pas garde—mais si on la veille soigneusement et sévèrement elle se conduira bien." The King of England, in a letter to the Duchess, says, "Qu'il espère que sa nièce n'aura pas trop de vivacité, et qu'elle mènera une vie sédentaire et retirée." These words shock Princess Caroline, to whom the Duchess very foolishly reads the letter."—p. 189.

Madlle. de Hertzfeldt seems to have been a sensible woman, though in a very awkward position ; and these were ominous confidences ; and although Lord Malmesbury was at first disposed to hope that they might be exaggerated, it is plain that he every day became less and less sanguine as to the result of the alliance :—

'Dec. 10th, 1794.—Masquerade—I walked with the Princess Caroline, and had a very long conversation with her. I endeavoured not to mix up much serious matter at such a place, but whenever I found her inclined to give way too much to the temper of the entertainment, and to get *over cheerful* and *too mixing*, I endeavoured to bring her back by becoming serious and respectful.

She entered, of her own accord, into the kind of life she was to lead in England, and was very inquisitive about it. I said it would depend very much on her; that I could have no share in settling it, but that my wish was, that in private she might enjoy every ease and comfort belonging to domestic happiness, but that when she appeared abroad, she should always appear as Princess of Wales, surrounded by all that "appareil and etiquette" due to her elevated situation. She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said, Thursday and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine Service on that day. "Does the Prince go to church?" she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. "But if he does not like it?" "Why then your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church." The Princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said it was, in fact, a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to everything that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory, as I felt I had done what I wished, and set her mind on thinking of the *drawbacks* of her situation, as well as of its "*agrémens*," and impressed it with the idea that, in the order of society, those of a very high rank have a price to pay for it, and that the life of a Princess of Wales is not to be one of all pleasure, dissipation, and enjoyment; that the great and conspicuous advantages belonging to it must necessarily be purchased by considerable sacrifices, and can only be preserved and kept up by a continual repetition of these sacrifices."—pp. 170, 171.

Dec. 16th.—At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester; I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York, and it struck me to-day for the first time that *he* originally put her into the Prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom he hates, and whom the Prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the Duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behaviour of the Duchess, who by her discretion and conduct has conciliated to herself the good-will of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same.—She has no *fond*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is, *to think before she speaks, to recollect herself*. She says she wishes to be *loved* by the people; this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and *rare*—that the sentiment of being *loved* by the people is a mistaken one—that



that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day—that a nation at large can only respect and honour a great Princess, and it is, in fact, these feelings that are falsely denominated *the love of a nation*: they are not to be procured, as the goodwill of individuals is, by pleasant openness and free communication, but by a strict attention to appearances—by never going below the high rank in which a Princess is placed, either in language or manners—by mixing dignity with affability, which, without it, becomes familiarity, and levels all distinction.’—pp. 179, 180.

These extracts do infinite credit to Lord Malmesbury’s good sense and good taste; but his advice was sadly counteracted. There was at court a sister of the Duke’s, the Princess Augusta, who bore a title that sounds as farcical as her conduct and character seem to have been—she was the Abbess of *Gandersheim*. Lord Malmesbury had formerly known her—an advantage he would now have willingly forgotten, for she not only honoured him with recollections of a supposed attachment in their younger days, but (if we understand his Lordship rightly) she was not unwilling, in spite of her age and ecclesiastical dignity, to have renewed it. This lady of *Gandersheim* seems to have thought it necessary to school her niece against the immoral propensities of all mankind—nay, against the possible designs of the ambassador himself—in a style which the Princess, if she had been well brought up, would hardly have listened to even from an aunt, and still less repeated to the object of such strange suspicions.

‘*Dec. 18th, 1794.*—At supper Princess Caroline tells me of a kind of admonitory conversation the *Abbesse* had held to her—it went to exhort her to trust not *in men*, that they were not to be depended on, and that the Prince would certainly deceive her, &c., and all the nonsense of an envious and *desiring* old maid. The Princess was made uneasy by this, particularly as her aunt added that she was sure she would not be happy.’—p. 181.

‘*Dec. 21st.*—She talked of her aunt the Abbess—said she had endeavoured to inspire her with a diffidence and mistrust of *me*—had represented me as *un homme dangereux*. I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the Princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very *foolishly* unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she perhaps thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid for her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits, and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me.’—pp. 183, 184.

But we find that these and similar communications brought very strange prospects into the poor Princess’s view:—

‘*Dec.*



'Dec. 28th, 1794.—Princess Caroline shows me the anonymous letter about Lady —, evidently written by some disappointed milliner or angry maid-servant, and deserving no attention; I am surprised the Duke afforded it any. Aimed at Lady —; its object to frighten the Princess with the idea that she would lead her into AN AFFAIR OF GALLANTRY, and be ready to be convenient on such an occasion. This did not frighten the Princess, although it did the Duke and Duchess; and on my perceiving this, I told her Lady — would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure; and that, besides, it was death to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. She asked me whether I was in earnest. I said such was our law; that anybody who presumed to love her was guilty of high treason, and punished with death: if she was weak enough to listen to him—so also would she. This startled her.' —p. 189.

These were strange conversations—so strange that Lord Malmesbury confesses with a serious kind of pleasantry that he himself was treated with so much personal kindness by the Princess, that the case of '*the Duke of Suffolk and Queen Margaret*' came across his thoughts.

The treaty of marriage was soon concluded, but Lord Malmesbury was in great doubt how to convey his precious charge to England. It had been at first arranged that they were to go through Holland, and they departed from Brunswick with that hope on the 29th of December; but the irruption of the French into Holland frustrated that intention, and forced Lord Malmesbury, after having advanced two stages beyond Bentheim, to retrograde to Osnabruck and Hanover; and it was not till the 5th of April that they arrived in London.

The Duchess, at Lord Malmesbury's pressing instances, was to accompany her daughter to the sea-side, and to deliver her into the hands of the ladies appointed to attend her. In consequence of this unexpected and vexatious delay, the Duchess was exceedingly anxious to get back to her own capital, only a few leagues off, and to leave her daughter—(who being now Princess of Wales, could not well reappear at Brunswick)—in the sole guardianship of Lord Malmesbury; but he, with great propriety and firmness, resisted the proposition, and forced the Duchess, to her great dissatisfaction, to remain with her daughter.

We shall extract some of the many remarkable particulars that occurred during the journey:—

'Jan. 9, 1795.—Leave Bentheim at seven—Delden at twelve; about four leagues further on, meet letters from Lord St. Helen's [then our minister in Holland], saying the French had passed the Waal—that they were near Baren, and that there had been fighting all day; he recommends our turning back. I mentioned this to the Princesses, and I must

must in justice say that the Princess Caroline bore this disappointment with more good temper, good humour, and patience, than could be expected, particularly as she felt it very much. . . . A heavy cannonade was heard all night at no great distance. The Princess in the morning seemed sorry not to go on towards the fleet. I mentioned this cannonade. "Cela ne fait rien," says she, "je n'ai pas peur des canons."—"Mais, Madame, le danger d'être pris." "Vous ne m'y exposerez pas," said she. I told her the story of the Queen of France (St. Louis's wife) during the siege of Damiette, and Le Sieur de Joinville—I said, "Qu'elle valoit mieux que celle-là, que les François seroient pires que les Sarrazins, et que moi j'ai pensé comme le Chevalier."\* The story pleased. "J'aurois fait et désiré comme elle," said she.—vol. iii. pp. 194, 195.

'Jan. 2.—I persuade the Princess Caroline to be munificent towards some poor *Emigrés* dying of hunger, and through want—she disposed to be, but not knowing *how* to set about it. I tell her, liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a severe virtue. She gives a louis for some lottery tickets—I give ten, and say the Princess ordered me—she surprised; I said I was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *precise* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French *émigré*, with a pretty child, draws near the table—the Princess Caroline *immediately*, of her own accord, puts ten louis in a paper, and gives it the child; the Duchess observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her a *demand on her purse*. She embarrassed—"Je n'ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick." I answer, "Qu'ils deviendront plus beaux entre les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche." She ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening, Princess Caroline, to whom these sort of virtues were never preached, on my praising the coin of the money at Brunswick, offers *me very seriously* eight or ten double louis, saying, "Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre." I mention these facts to show her character: it could not distinguish between *giving* as a benevolence, and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction, than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I was sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are.

'Jan. 4.—Princess Caroline very *gauche* at cards—speaks without thinking—gets too easy—calls the ladies (she never saw) "Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite." I notice this, and reprove it strongly. The

\* After the capture of St. Louis, his Queen, Margaret, who was besieged in Damietta, being on the point of lying-in, was in a constant panic, and imagining every possible outrage from the barbarians, she extorted an oath (not from Joinville, as Lord Malmesbury states—Joinville only tells the story—but) from 'un Chevalier viel et ancien de l'age de quatre-vingtz ans et plus' who guarded her bed, to grant her one request—that if the Saracens should take the place he would save her from insult by putting her to death. 'I was thinking of it,' replied the *viel Chevalier*.



Princess, for the first time, disposed to take it amiss ; I do not pretend to observe it. Duchess wants to return to Brunswick, and leave us to go on by ourselves ; this I oppose, and suppose it impossible. " If I am taken," says she, " I am sure the King will be angry."—" He will be very sorry," I reply ; " but your Royal Highness must *not* leave your daughter till she is in the hands of her attendants." She argues, but I will not give way, and *she* does.'—vol. iii. pp. 192, 193.

'Jan. 18.—Princess Caroline very *missish* at supper. I much fear these habits are irrecoverably rooted in her—she is naturally curious, and a gossip—she is quick and observing, and she has a silly pride of finding out everything—she thinks herself particularly acute in discovering *likings*, and this leads her at times to the most improper remarks and conversation.—I am determined to take an opportunity of correcting her, *coûte qu'il coûte*.'—vol. iii. p. 200.

'Jan. 10, 1795.—On summing up Princess Caroline's character to-day, it came out to my mind to be, that she has quick parts, without a sound or distinguishing understanding ; that she has a ready conception, but no judgment ; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse ; turned away by appearances or *enjurement* ; loving to talk, and prone to confide and make missish friendships that last twenty-four hours. Some natural, but no acquired morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity ; warm feelings and nothing to counterbalance them ; great good humour and much good nature—no appearance of caprice—rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of rancour. From her habits, from the life she was allowed and even compelled to live, forced to dissemble ; fond of gossiping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her good mother, who is all curiosity and inquisitiveness, and who has no notion of not gratifying this desire at any price. In short, the Princess in the hands of a steady and sensible man would probably turn out well, but where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own, she will fail. She has no governing powers, although her mind is *physically* strong. She has her father's courage, but it is to her (as to him) of no avail. *He* wants mental decision ; *she* character and *tact*.'—vol. iii. pp. 196, 197.

'Jan. 23.—I have a long and serious conversation with the Princess about her conduct at Hanover, about the Prince, about herself and her character. She much disposed to listen to me, and to take nothing wrong. I tell her, and I tell her truly, that the impression she gives at Hanover will be that on which she will be received by the King and Queen in England. I recommend great attention and reserve. That the habit of *proper, princely* behaviour was natural to her ; that it would come of itself ; that acquired by this (in that respect) fortunate delay in our journey, it would belong to her, and be familiar to her on her coming to England, where it would be of infinite advantage. She expresses uneasiness about the Prince ; talked of his being *unlike*, quite opposite to the King and Queen in his *ideas and habits* ; [I replied] that he had contracted them from the *vuide* in his situation ; that she was made to fill this up ; she would domesticate him—give him a relish for all the private and home virtues ; that he would then be happier than



than ever; that the nation expected this at her hands; that *I knew* she was capable of doing, and that she would do it.—She hesitated.—I said, that I had seen enough of her to be quite sure her mind and understanding were equal to any exertions; that, therefore, if she did not do *quite* right, and come up to *everything* that was expected from her, she would have no excuse. I added, I was so sure of this, that it would be the *first* thing I should tell the *King and Queen*, and that therefore she must be prepared; that they would know her as well, and judge her as favourably, and at the same time as *severely* as I did. I saw this had the effect I meant; it put a curb on her desire of amusement; a drawback on her situation, and made her feel that it was not to be all one of roses. She ended on retiring by saying, she hoped the Prince would let her see me, since she never could expect any one would give her such good and such free advice as myself; and, added she, “I confess I could not bear it from any one but you.”—vol. iii. pp. 203, 204.

This protracted interval of domesticity with the Princess brought to Lord Malmesbury's notice another defect of a strange and unexpected kind, which must have reached a very unusual height before he would have perceived it or felt himself justified in interfering even by the most distant allusion:—

‘Feb. 18.—Argument with the Princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick; I disapprove this. She maintains her point; I however desire Madame Busche to explain to her that the *Prince is very delicate*, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propreté*, of which she has no idea. On the contrary, she neglects it sadly, and is *offensive from this neglect*. Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the Princess comes out the next day well washed *all over*.’—vol. iii. pp. 207, 208.

This extraordinary paragraph explains a main incident in the catastrophe, at which we shall arrive presently, and which, but for the word ‘*offensive*’ in the foregoing extract, would appear, we believe, to every reader perfectly unaccountable. But it seems that this, in every sense of the word, wholesome lesson made, as Lord Malmesbury laments that most of his lessons did, only a momentary impression, for in about three weeks he found himself obliged to resume a subject which nothing but the last necessity could have induced him to approach:—

‘March 6.—I had conversations with the Princess Caroline, on the *toilette*, on *cleanliness*, and on *delicacy* of speaking. On these points I endeavoured, as far as was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid, as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed, or changed often enough.) I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a “*short*” one. What I could not say myself on this point, I got said through women; through Madame Busche,

Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman, was inattentive to it.—vol. iii. pp. 211, 212.

At last, on the 28th of March, they embarked on board the *Jupiter*, Commodore Payne, and, accompanied by a small squadron, arrived in the Thames on the 4th of April, after a smooth and beautiful passage (delusive omen!)—they reached St. James's Palace about two o'clock—and in *five minutes* the first step in a long series of scandal and misery was suddenly and irretrievably made:—

'April 5.—I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough), and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, "Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy." I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?"—upon which he, much out of humour, said, with an oath, "*No; I will go directly to the Queen,*" and away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, "*Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.*" I said His Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to farther criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him.'—vol. iii. p. 218.

Of this extraordinary scene, supposing, as we are bound to do, that Lord Malmesbury has accurately stated the facts, and that there has been no suppression, we can imagine no explanation but that to which we have already alluded. During the delay that had occurred on the journey, the Prince had shown all the impatience and *empressement* that could be flattering to the Princess—the only letter of his given in the Correspondence is written in a style of perfect delicacy and good sense.

'Carlton House, Nov. 23, 1794.

'My dear Lord,—I have sent Major Hislop back again to Brunswick, which I judged to be an advisable measure on many accounts, as more particularly, I think, he may prove, from his knowledge of the country, a very useful *avant courier* to you and your fair charge in your journey to the water's side. I have charged him with letters for the Duke, Duchess, and Princess, which I will beg of you to present to their different destinations, with every proper expression on my part, and to which no one can give so agreeable a *tournure* as yourself. I have



have likewise desired Major Hislop to give you an ample and thorough account of the steps I have taken towards the expediting everything on this side of the water, as well as with my brother the Duke of York, to whom I have written also by Hislop; and as to what is now necessary to forward the completing everything at Brunswick, I must leave that to you, hoping that you will make every exertion possible to *put the Princess in possession of her own home* as near the 20th of the ensuing month as possible,\* &c. &c.—vol. iii. pp. 221, 222.

And so on.—We see too that he hastened to the Princess on her arrival with becoming eagerness, and received her at the first moment with propriety and grace. What was there to change so suddenly all these good feelings at the first embrace?

From that mysterious moment the affair seems to have been desperate. Lord Malmesbury proceeds,—

‘The drawing-room was just over. His Majesty’s conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the Princess was, “Is she good-humoured?” I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments, I had never seen her otherwise. The King said, “I am glad of it;” and it was manifest, from his silence, he had seen the Queen *since* she had seen the Prince, and that the Prince had made a very unfavourable report of the Princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the Princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honours of which were done by Lord Stopford as Vice-Chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the Princess’s behaviour; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n’en perdait rien*. The Prince was evidently disgusted, and this *unfortunate dinner* fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the Princess had not the talent to remove; but, by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred.\*

‘From this time, though I dined frequently during the first three weeks after the marriage at Carlton House, nothing material occurred, but the sum of what I saw there led me to draw the inferences I have just expressed. After one of these dinners, where the Prince of Orange was present, and at which the Princess had behaved very lightly, and even improperly, the Prince took me into his closet, and asked me how I liked this sort of manners; I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. To this the Prince said, “I see it but

\* We perceive that with a well-meant duplicity, Lord Malmesbury gave his friends a more favourable report of the matter than the facts warranted. He writes on the 10th of April to Mr. Crawford—‘*The marriage was celebrated on Wednesday, and if they go on as well as they have begun, all will do well.*’—iii. 254. Alas! they did go on as they had begun, and all went ill.



too plainly; but why, Harris, did not you tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?"—vol. iii. p. 219.

Lord Malmesbury replied—and the Editor elsewhere repeats—that he was sent to *contract* the marriage and not to *advise* upon it, and that if he had advised upon it, it would only have been to the King; but that in fact there was nothing in what the Duke of Brunswick had said to affect either the Princess's moral character or conduct. These reasons were perhaps a sufficient answer to the Prince's expostulation—particularly as we must admit the extraordinary difficulty of Lord Malmesbury's situation. He had become acquainted with the less favourable details about the Princess after the treaty of marriage was concluded; and in fact from the first day of his appearance there was no power of retrocession. But we must add, in further justice to Lord Malmesbury, that we are satisfied he could have told the Prince nothing as to 'moral character or conduct' that he did not already know, for we are assured that before the match was at all advanced, the Prince was apprised by a near relative and friend of many circumstances that were likely to render the alliance an unsatisfactory, if not an unhappy one. So that he had no one to blame but himself. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that it seems as if his chief object in marrying was to get his debts paid; and, acting on so low a principle, he was very likely to take, on very slight and inadequate grounds, a personal disgust. The disgust certainly existed—but we see that before any such feeling could have been excited, the inexcusable indecency of placing in the first attendance on the Princess the very last lady in England who ought to have been brought to her notice, had been already committed—an outrage in every way so offensive as to be in the eyes of the world—certainly not a justification, but—a plea *ad hominem* for the species of retaliation to which, by a strange inconsistency, the Prince was afterwards as sensitive as if he had been the most decorous and devoted husband in the world.

Here we close this most curious and painful episode—which, as we could not omit to notice it, we have stated not more fully than the case required, and, we trust, with candour, decency, and truth.

The most, perhaps we might say the only, historical fact of general interest and importance, that Lord Malmesbury's correspondence brings to light, is Mr. Pitt's constant, active, and eager desire for peace with France. No one on the Continent, and but few in England beyond a narrow ministerial circle, had any idea of the extent of Mr. Pitt's pacific disposition. It is indeed very well known, and must, we think, be admitted to be an imputation on his sagacity, that at the dawn and even after

some

some of the earlier excesses of the Revolution, he saw in it no European, and above all no British danger. On the contrary, he seems to have believed that it would for a time weaken the influence of France; and full of his great and patriotic design of repairing the loss of our American colonies and recruiting the finances of England, he was unwilling to contemplate the possibility of another war; and accordingly it was in the spring of 1792, when we should have thought that no one could have doubted the volcanic nature of the French Revolution, and that it was about to inundate Europe with its lava or cover it with its ashes, that Mr. Pitt proposed in the speech from the throne a reduction in the Army and Navy far lower than had ever before been ventured upon. The warning voice and energetic councils of Mr. Burke—that great political prophet—failed for a considerable period to arouse Mr. Pitt from his pacific theories to a sense of the rapidly approaching danger. On the first day (in the autumn of 1791) that Mr. Burke ever dined with Mr. Pitt, it was in a *partie quarrée* at Downing-street, the others being Lord Grenville and the then Speaker, Mr. Addington. Mr. Burke endeavoured to alarm Mr. Pitt on the aggressive nature of French principles and the *propagandism* of Revolution. Mr. Pitt made rather light of the danger, and said in colloquial phrase, that ‘this country and constitution were safe *to the day of judgment*.’ ‘Yes,’ said Mr. Burke quickly—‘but ’tis the day of *no judgment* that I am afraid of.’ This anecdote the writer took down many years ago from the mouth of one of the party. We are tempted to add another of the same kind from the same authority. At a subsequent and more formal dinner, when the whole coalition—the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Burke, &c.—dined with Mr. Pitt, the conversation had turned, in a desponding strain, on the ruin of the French monarchy; and when the party rose to go to coffee, Mr. Burke, as his parting advice, addressed them in a loud voice—

‘—— illic fas regna resurgere Trojæ—  
Durate—et vosmet rebus servate secundis.’

When war was at last forced upon Mr. Pitt, he met it with a high and indignant spirit, and pursued it with all the energy and resources of his great mind—so earnestly indeed, that public opinion, both at home or abroad, did injustice to the sincerity of his various pacific declarations and overtures; but every line of Lord Malmesbury’s most secret and confidential correspondence with him prove the *quo semel imbuta recens servabit odorem*—that all his predilections were for peace, peace, peace—and that he was always willing to pay for it a greater price than men of a  
less



less conscientious and commanding spirit would have ventured to think of.

It was in this feeling that, in 1795, some unavailing overtures were made through Mr. Wickham, to Barthelemi, the minister of the French Government in Switzerland. And again, in the autumn of 1796, the successes of the Archduke Charles over Jourdain induced Mr. Pitt to believe it a favourable moment to attempt to put an end to the war, and Lord Malmesbury was selected for this mission—in which he obtained the consent of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville to his being accompanied, as a private friend, by Mr. George Ellis (our early colleague in this Review). Lord Granville Leveson, now Earl Granville, seems to have begun his diplomatic career in this mission, and Mr. Canning appears for the first time in office as under-secretary to Lord Grenville. These young gentlemen and the present Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, and one or two others, formed a kind of coterie in the Pitt party, and were all, as we shall see, much in the society and confidence of Lord Malmesbury. This mission was, we think, hopeless from the beginning, and indeed was commenced under circumstances not calculated to command either respect or success, and which justified, as Lord Malmesbury himself good-humouredly admitted, an indignant sarcasm of Mr. Burke's—who, when some one observed that Lord Malmesbury's journey to Paris (which was impeded by the badness of the roads) had been a slow one, replied—'*No wonder—he went the whole way on his knees.*' If, however, the advances on the part of England seemed more eager than dignified, her conduct in the negotiation gave ample proof of her sincerity and disinterestedness. She made no pretensions of her own, but solely stipulated—as she was bound by her treaties to do—for the restoration to the Emperor of Germany of his Belgic provinces, for which she offered to compensate France by an adequate cession of her own colonial conquests. Lord Malmesbury's instructions might, to use his own expression, be compressed in one phrase—'*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*' This the Directory met by an assertion that those provinces had become an integral part of the Republic, and could not by their Constitution be ceded; and they would listen to no expedients on that point. The truth is, that the Directory were distracted with their own internal struggles, and afraid to venture on a peace, and had moreover strong hopes from the expedition then preparing under Hoche for Ireland; and were thus, on every account, resolved that the negotiation should have no other effect than to display their republican arrogance. The French public, both on the road and in Paris, did

did not seem to partake of this feeling, and showed the mission, as occasion offered, something of civility, and even cordiality. But the insolent deportment of the Directory was increased both by the death of the Empress of Russia—whose successor was supposed to be favourable to France—and by the rapid and surprising successes of Buonaparte over the Austrians in Italy, which peculiarly embarrassed a negociation for the *status quo*. After a few weeks of idle and insulting fencing, the Directory, on the 20th of December, ordered Lord Malmesbury, in the most insolent manner, to quit Paris '*dans deux fois vingt-quatre heures,*' and the territories of the Republic '*de suite.*'

We do not find that these papers throw any more light on the essentials of this negociation than we already have in the ordinary historical works, but there are a few incidental circumstances that may be worth notice. Lord Malmesbury found the wearing of the *national cockade* so universal in the streets, and so unpleasantly enforced by the populace, that it was impossible to appear in them without it. The Government did not insist on it, but were so powerless when opposed to the temper of the people, that they could, in case of insult, have afforded no redress. Lord Malmesbury repudiates the idea of his or his suite wearing it when in any official character, but states to Lord Grenville that he trusts they do right in wearing it, in compliance with a general usage, when they walk out in the morning (vol. iii. p. 270). To this appeal Mr. Canning tells him privately that 'he will receive no answer at all from home, and that Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt seem to be of opinion that he must do as he might think best, or find necessary.' A shabby reply; for if the French Government was not strong enough to protect an ambassador from insult, it was hardly in a condition to be treated with. But we are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not state the most important element for the judgment of our ministers in such a case, namely, what the practice was with other foreign missions—of which there were a dozen in Paris; and those of Prussia, Spain, Naples, and Denmark were important enough to have afforded a precedent either of refusal or compliance on such a point of etiquette.

Again; we must observe that in the conclusion of his last notes with the French minister, Lord Malmesbury seems beyond all measure over-civil. For instance, Citizen Delacroix writes:—

'Monsieur,—Le Directoire Exécutif me charge expressément de vous requérir de me remettre officiellement dans les vingt-quatre heures votre *ultimatum*, signé de vous.

'Agrééz, &c.

CH. DELACROIX.'

The Editor should have given this concluding compliment, 'Agrééz, &c.' at full length, since he so gives the conclusion of Lord



Lord Malmesbury's reply. We find, however, in Debrett's State Papers for 1796, that the translated form was :—

'Accept, Sir, the assurance of my high consideration.'—vol. v., p. 198.

Lord Malmesbury's reply to this cold form was, what it ought not to have been, a shade more civil :—

'Le Lord Malmesbury prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d'agréer les assurances de sa haute considération.'—p. 364.

And to this the rejoinder was the order to quit Paris in *deux fois vingt-quatre heures*—signed *tout court* and without any compliment—'Charles Delacroix.' To which gross impertinence Lord Malmesbury hastens with all humility to say that he will quit Paris next day, and

'Il prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d'agréer les assurances de sa haute considération.'—p. 365.

As Citizen Delacroix ended his note so unceremoniously, Lord Malmesbury should have tempered his own civility with a little dignity, by saying, that '*not wishing to derogate from the ordinary usages of diplomatic courtesy* (or something of that sort), he requests Citizen Delacroix to accept the assurances of his high consideration.' There are, we admit, *beaucoup de puérilités dans la diplomatie*; but the maintenance of national dignity, even in trifles, is not of that class; and Lord Malmesbury's failure on this point was peculiarly unlucky, as he was specially instructed to be, and professes to have been, very nice on points of etiquette, and justifies some sarcastic observations which his old friend, Mr. Fox, made in Parliament on his too well bred 'assurances of high consideration.'

One of Lord Malmesbury's entries in his diary is

'Nov. 8.—Buonaparte said to be son of le Général Marbeuf, by a Corsican woman—well brought up by him at l'Ecole Militaire—clever, desperate Jacobin, even terrorist.'—p. 304.

to which the Editor subjoins this note :—

'It is almost needless to state that this rumour (current at the time) was perfectly untrue. Madame Buonaparte's supposed partiality for General Marbeuf existed long after the birth of Napoleon. It is equally superfluous to add, that he never was a "Terroriste."—p. 304.

We see no reason why Napoleon Buonaparte—the second of eight children, and bearing a striking likeness to his elder and younger brothers—should be singled out as the son of the Comte de Marbœuf; but all the statements, and of course the reasoning, of the noble Editor's note are completely erroneous. M. de Marbœuf went to Corsica in command of the French army as early as 1765—four years before Napoleon's birth; and we know that it

was

was to the patronage of M. de Marbœuf, the friend of the whole family, that Napoleon was indebted for his education at the *Ecole Militaire*. As to his '*never having been a Terrorist!*' why, he never was anything else! But even in the more peculiar sense of the word, it would have been by no means '*superfluous*' if the noble Editor could have shown him not to have been one of *La Queue de Robespierre*. He and his brother Lucien were protégés of the younger Robespierre in his *Terrorist* pro-consulate in the south; and after the 9th Thermidor the first measure of the *reaction* was to arrest and imprison both the brothers (as Lucien himself tells us), for having belonged to Robespierre's faction—or, to use the common language of the time, as *Terrorists*; and Lord Malmesbury writing in Paris, two years only after the events, and while living in the best-informed circles, is better authority, even if there were no other (and there is abundance) than his grandson's wholly unsupported assertion.\*

We have seen that the impediment to the negociation of 1796 was the restitution to be made to Austria; but by the preliminary treaties of Leoben and Montebello (18th April and 24th May, 1797) *Cæsar* made his own bad terms; and England had now no other continental engagements than the interests of her faithful, but (in this matter) unimportant ally, Portugal; and a desire to make some arrangement as to the private property of the House of Orange. Mr. Pitt, in his unwearied desire for peace, again thought this a favourable moment to renew the negociation with France, where there seemed both in the Government and in the Legislative Councils a growing spirit of moderation, or even, as it afterwards appeared, of counter-revolution. The Editor says:—

'Lord Grenville was decidedly opposed to this step, and long argued it with Pitt; but the latter remained firm, repeatedly declaring that it was *his duty, as an English Minister and a Christian*, to use every effort to stop so bloody and wasting a war. He sent Lord Malmesbury to Lisle with the assurance that "he (Pitt) would stifle every feeling of pride to the utmost to produce the desired result;" and Lord Malmes-

\* We insist upon this point for the sake of historical truth, which might be compromised by the uncontradicted assertion of so respectable a publication as this; and with the same object we will take this opportunity of clearing up a doubt with respect to Buonaparte's age. We stated, in Q. R., vol. xii. p. 239, and again in vol. xvi., p. 495, on what seemed to us the best possible authority—namely, a *certificate of birth produced by Buonaparte himself at his marriage with Josephine, and deposited and then and still existing in the proper office at Paris*—that he was born on the 5th of February, 1768. Why or how he was led to produce this false statement has never been explained: as the *Constitution* of that day required that public functionaries should have attained certain ages, Buonaparte was probably willing to advance by a year and a half the period of his eligibility:—but from whatever motive, he assuredly produced a false certificate, for we have since collected many testimonies of dates prior to his celebrity and therefore of indisputable authority, which fix his birth to the 15th of August, 1769—the common date. See also the note, Quart. Rev. vol. lvii. p. 386.



bury himself went upon his Mission, anxious to close his public life by an act which would spare so much misery, and restore so much happiness to mankind.

'On the brink of success, it will be seen by what unforeseen events he failed, for Europe was destined to eighteen more years of battles.'—p. 369.

Lord Malmesbury was no doubt personally gratified at being again selected for this mission,—but as Delacroix, his late discourteous antagonist, was still minister, he with great propriety and candour suggested that his nomination might not be considered as conciliatory. His surmise was just, for the first French answer stated that—

'Le Directoire consent à ce que la Négociation soit ouverte avec le Lord Malmesbury; cependant un autre choix lui eût paru d'un plus heureux augure pour la prompte conclusion de la paix.'—p. 373.

Mr. Pitt, however, persisted, and was right on every account,—the very circumstance of Delacroix's being still in office was a sufficient reason for Lord Malmesbury's reappointment. But his Lordship escaped the '*practical epigram*,' as Mr. Canning called it (lii. 437), of being met by Delacroix, by the selection of Lisle as the scene of the negotiation, and the nomination of Citizens Letourneur, Pléville le Peley, and Maret, as plenipotentiaries on the part of France. The choice of these gentlemen seemed also a pledge for the sincerity of their Government, as they were all anti-jacobinical. Letourneur had just left the Directory by lot,—an unlucky chance (if chance it was) which eventually produced the predominance of Barras and Rewbell, and the revolution of the 18th Fructidor. Pléville was a seaman of moderate politics as well as capacity. Maret, the afterwards celebrated Duke of Bassano, had, in addition to manners and feelings of the old school, principles by no means revolutionary, and the additional recommendation of having in a short mission to London in 1793 obtained some degree of favourable notice from Mr. Pitt. As Maret played so large a part in this negotiation, and so much a more important one in after-life, we shall extract the account which he gave of himself when on a subsequent occasion Lord Malmesbury artfully suggested that, if the negotiation succeeded, the embassy to England might repair his fortune, which he confessed to be much deranged.

'Aug. 30.—Maret assented, and intimated that if he was asked for it would forward his nomination. He then told all the story of his two journeys to England, in 1792 and 1793; his connexion with Le Brun.\*

\* 'Maret's first mission related to the domestic concerns of the Duke of Orleans. He had an interview with Mr. Pitt, and gave a favourable account of it to the Convention, who sent him over again in January, 1793, with a conciliatory mission, which was rendered nugatory by the murder of Louis XVI. Le Brun was French Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1792-93.'—*ib.*

He said Mr. Pitt had received him very well, and that the failure of his negociation could be attributed to the then French Government, who were bent on that war; that the great and decisive cause of the war was "quelques vingtaines d'individus marquans et en place qui avoient joué à la baisse dans les fonds, et de là ils avaient porté la Nation à nous déclarer la guerre. Ainsi," said he, "nous devons tous nos malheurs à un principe d'*agiotage*." He said, on his return to France, he was informed of this, and was considered as in possession of so *dangerous a secret*, that they wanted first to send him to Portugal, which he refused; then to Naples, which he was *forced to accept*; and that he had every reason to believe that his arrest and confinement were settled and concerted at Paris before he left. He said he spent thirty months in prison, partly at Mantua (where, if he had staid, he must have died), and partly in the Tyrol; that the academicians in Mantua, out of regard to the memory and character of his father, interested themselves about him; and that he believed he owed his change of prison to them; that, after all, his long confinement saved his life, as he certainly should have been guillotined had he remained in France, under the government of Robespierre.—pp. 502-3.

Lord Malmesbury was again attended by Mr. George Ellis, still as a private friend, by Mr. Wellesley, now Lord Cowley, as official secretary, and by Lord Granville Leveson and Lord Morpeth as attached to the mission. The first symptoms were, however, not auspicious. He was met at the outset by three almost *sine quâ non* demands. 1. The renunciation of the style and title of *King of France*. 2. The restitution of the Toulon ships, which having been taken only in deposit for the *lawful government* of France, we were bound—now that we admitted the republic to be a *lawful government*—to restore specifically as far as they existed, and in value, if we had destroyed them; and finally, that we should admit as a basis that we were to restore *all* our conquests from France, or any of her allies, and especially from Holland. The first of these demands perplexed our ministers very much—but *they* (rather, we presume, than Lord Malmesbury) had brought it on themselves by presenting the French with a *projet* of a treaty, which incautiously and unnecessarily began by setting forth our sovereign's *full* style and title. We say incautious and unnecessary—because when the point was hit, Lord Grenville offered to substitute either '*King of Great Britain*' or '*Britannick Majesty*,' and therefore it would have been sufficient to have used at first the inoffensive terms which were proposed when it was too late, and when the French were entitled to insist on the renunciation of a claim so imprudently, but so prominently made. But neither this nor the other two points need detain us. The negociation never made one serious practical step during the whole four months of discussion, but was, under the formal veil



of interchanging notes and *projets*, really awaiting the issue of the great contest between the Jacobins and *Modérés* in Paris; and it was, we suppose, as an episode in this conflict and as a *pierre d'attente* for the moderate party that Maret, who belonged to it, opened a secret and separate communication with Lord Malmesbury, of which, as connected with the general negociation, we see neither motive nor object.

On the 14th of July an Englishman of the name of Cunningham, who had been long settled at Lisle, called on Mr. Wellesley, the official secretary of the mission, as on business of the utmost importance; and he produced a note from a M. Pein—an intimate friend of his, and a near relation of *Maret's*, suggesting the expediency of opening a secret and confidential channel between Lord Malmesbury and 'the person who had alone the conduct of the business on the other side—viz., *Maret*—whose opinions on *all* political subjects were very different from those of his colleagues'—being the intimate friend of the new director Barthelemi, who was seriously desirous of the restoration of peace. This strange overture was readily, but not without some suspicion accepted—Mr. Ellis (Mr. Wellesley being about to return to England) was appointed to communicate with M. Pein, and through them Maret conveyed information and advice to Lord Malmesbury, apparently in the style of one who in a game of whist should by secret signs let his adversaries know the state of his own and his partner's hand. Lord Malmesbury at first doubted the authenticity of these communications, but, in order to ascertain it, he stipulated that at the conference certain signs should be made which should evidence Maret's confederacy with Pein.

'The sign agreed upon was Maret's taking his handkerchief out of one pocket, passing it before his face, and returning it into the other.'—vol. iii. p. 450.

It has been frequently alleged that M. Thiers wrote his 'History' 'under the inspiration,' as the French phrase it, of M. de Talleyrand. This his friends have denied, but the way in which he mentions this secret negociation satisfies us that he derived his information from either Talleyrand, Maret, or both, for he gives a colour and character to the transaction *entirely false*, but such, we think, as these informants would deem it prudent to adopt. 'According'—says M. Thiers, with wonderful ignorance, or still more wonderful effrontery,

'According to the practice of English diplomacy, all was arranged for carrying on two separate negociations, one official and ostensible—the other secret and real. Mr. Ellis had been given [*fut donné*] to Lord Malmesbury to conduct under him the secret negociation, and to correspond

spond directly with Mr. Pitt. This habitual custom [*usage*] of English diplomacy is rendered necessary by their representative Government.—Thiers, *Hist. de la Rév. Fr.* vi. 18.

We really cannot imagine how a writer of M. Thiers's cleverness could imagine an '*usage*' so notoriously untrue, or think of accounting for it by reasons so grossly absurd—it is our representative Government which renders any such practice utterly impossible—but this preamble was necessary to introduce the rest of the fable, and the mention of *Mr. Ellis*, whose name we very much doubt whether any man in France ever heard of but Maret and Co.,—confirms our suspicion that the Duke of Bassano communicated this misrepresentation to M. Thiers with a view to break the effect of the disclosure which he suspected might be hereafter made, and which now appears. M. Thiers then proceeds to misstate and discolour the facts to suit this apologetical version.

'Lord Malmesbury soon saw that the ostensible negociation would come to nothing, and *he* took measures [*chercha*] to bring about a more intimate intercourse. M. Maret'—

We beg our readers to observe that M. Thiers always employs the deferential form of *Monsieur* Maret and *Monsieur* de Talleyrand, though they were at this time *Citizens* Maret and Talleyrand, and nothing else till they became *Duke of Bassano* and *Prince of Benevento*. M. Thiers's adoption of the *Monsieur*—so out of keeping with time and place—indicates pretty plainly, that he was writing in communication with these great personages, whom he did not venture to call plain *Maret* and *Talleyrand*.

'M. Maret, more used to diplomatic habits than his colleagues, lent himself [*s'y prêta*] to Lord Malmesbury's proposition—but it was necessary to negotiate with Le Tourneur and Pléville, [the rough colleagues] to bring about meetings at the play. The young people of the two embassies were the first to associate, and the communications became more friendly. There had been nothing of this kind last year'—though it is the usual and necessary consequence of the English representative Government, and though the same Mr. Ellis had been there in exactly the same position—

'because the negotiation was not sincere, but this year it was necessary to arrive at effectual and amicable communications. Lord Malmesbury, then, sounded [*fit sonder*] M. Maret to engage in a private [*particulière*] negotiation. Before he consented, M. Maret wrote to the French ministry for permission. They readily agreed, and he immediately entered into private communications [*pour-parlers*] with the two English negotiators.'—*Ib.* p. 20.

What follows is still more remarkable. M. Thiers says that when

when the 18th Fructidor came to render the negotiation almost hopeless—

‘Lord Malmesbury was so sincere in his wish to continue the treaty that he engaged M. Maret to try to find out at Paris whether there were not some means of influencing the Directory, and he even offered several millions [of francs] to buy the voice of one of the Directors. M. Maret refused to undertake any negotiation of the kind, and left Lille. Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Ellis went off immediately, and did not return.’—*Ib.* 72.

Now the facts of this story are scandalously perverted. The truth was this:—

‘In the beginning of the negotiation, a person named Potter came to Lord Malmesbury, stating, that he was sent by Barras to say, that if the English Government would pay that director 500,000*l.* he would ensure the peace. Lord Malmesbury, believing the offer to be unauthorised by Barras or only a trap laid for him by the Directory, paid no attention to it.’—*Harris Papers*, vol. iii. p. 492.

It does not appear that Lord Malmesbury informed Maret of *this* overture, which took place before their confidential intercourse had commenced; but subsequently, on the 19th August, a Mr. Melville, of Boston in America, renewed the proposal on the part of Barras to the same amount. ‘But of course,’ said Lord Malmesbury, ‘his offer was rejected. I would not see him, and he conveyed it through Ellis, saying that he knew intimately Peregeaux’ [the great Paris banker]. This offer and its rejection Ellis communicated to Maret through ‘Pein, who professed to know nothing about it, and only advised him to refer to Peregeaux for Melville’s character.’—*Ib.* p. 493.

Can any reader doubt that M. Thiers’s version of the affair was furnished to him by the parties to these transactions? Can he doubt—after seeing the indisputable evidence so accidentally and unexpectedly supplied by this publication—that their version is false in dates, facts, motives, and everything, and that the whole was, as we have said, a precautionary *échappatoire* against future exposure?—and if that exposure had not been so unpremeditated and accidental, the false version would have answered its purpose.

It would be hard to say whether in this extraordinary under-plot Maret was endeavouring to deceive his French colleagues or his English confederates, or both—but it is very remarkable that this overture was made on the 14th of July—and on the 15th Citizen Talleyrand was announced in Paris *Minister for Foreign Affairs*! It is strange that neither Lord Malmesbury nor any of his correspondents seem to have noticed this remarkable approximation, not to say *coincidence*—particularly as Maret afterwards told Lord Malmesbury that on the day that Lord Malmesbury’s



bury's nomination was known at Paris, he and Talleyrand and Barthelemi had met at dinner at Barras's, where the probable fate of the future negociation was discussed. Nor must it be forgotten, that all these more than suspicious practices were nearly contemporaneous with that flagrant attempt at peculation and corruption exhibited by Talleyrand and *his anonymous* friends, 'Messrs. X and Y, and a Lady,' to the American Commissioners in Paris in October of the same year, and in which the celebrated burthen of Talleyrand's eternal song—*Il faut de l'argent—il faut beaucoup d'argent*—first aroused the indignation of mankind. We suspect that *Monsieur* Maret may have known something of *Monsieur* X or *Monsieur* Y., or peradventure '*the Lady*.' The whole story will be found in *Debret's State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 183; but *M. Thiers' History* makes no mention of this the most remarkable feature of the diplomacy of the Revolution and of its greatest diplomatist. We ourselves have little doubt that Talleyrand and Maret, and perhaps Barthelemi, were at this moment confederates; indeed *M. Thiers* himself states that Maret was acting under the special sanction of the minister at Paris, and there can be, we think, little doubt that *l'argent—beaucoup d'argent*—was the real motive of the secret negociation with Lord Malmesbury.

The curiosity, and we may even add the historical importance of this affair will, we trust, excuse the length at which we have developed it:—we wonder indeed the noble Editor himself, who often quotes *Thiers*, did not think it worth while to explain the important discrepancies between his story and Lord Malmesbury's testimony; and the more particularly, as *Thiers* asserts that Lord Malmesbury *offered*, and the French had *accepted*, an indemnity of 500,000*l.* for the Toulon ships—an assertion utterly at variance with all his Lordship's statements.

The following extract from one of Mr. Canning's letters tends naturally to increase our suspicions that, besides the great political intrigue going on at Paris, there was much pecuniary jobbing in operation:—

'I shall therefore tell you without scruple, first, that what I mentioned in my former letter of Barthelemi's speculations in the funds, has been confirmed to me since, in a manner that very much persuades me of the truth of that circumstance.

'Secondly. That we have what we think here good reason to believe that Maret has a commission separate from his colleagues (I know not whether from Dutch or French authority), to treat for the surrender of the Cape *for a sum of money*. Thirdly, That the inclosed is a copy of a letter from Paris to Bobus Smith,\* written the day after Talleyrand's

\* 'This letter I do not find among the Harris Papers, although a subsequent one from Talleyrand to Bobus Smith is extant.'—Ed. It is odd that the editor should not in

Talleyrand's nomination, and the first part of the contents of which, but not the letter itself, Bobus has since communicated to me. Talleyrand, you may not know, perhaps, has been always a great friend of Bobus's, and of mine, since I went to Mr. Pitt some years ago, at Smith's desire, to endeavour to obtain a remission of his sentence of exile.'—vol. iii. p. 439.

Though we have not the details of Talleyrand's letter, it appears from a further dispatch of Mr. Canning's, that it was something incredible:—

'I was not quizzing you, but telling a most sober truth, when I gave you the copy of Talleyrand's letter to Smith. As a proof of its authenticity, I enclose to you the copy of another, which has been since received, but of which no *communication* has been made to me. It is written, as you see, in English, and (which you cannot see, but must believe as I do) in T.'s hand. You will see the remarkable coincidence of this letter with everything that you have been told.'—vol. iii. p. 453.

Mr. Canning, however, states in a subsequent letter more positively:—

'29th Aug.—I have heard nothing more from Talleyrand by the former channel. Letters of his continually pass through our hands, which prove him to be stock-jobbing here to an enormous amount.'—vol. ii. p. 520.

On the mention of M. de Talleyrand's name, the Editor says:—

'The universal reputation of Talleyrand renders any notice of him unnecessary in a work of this kind. It is sufficient to remember that, during a life of eighty-five years, he served the old French Monarchy, —the Directory, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, and Orleans Dynasty. He must be regarded as the most able political pilot on record.'—vol. iii. p. 418.

We must here take the liberty of dissenting very strongly from the noble Editor, both in fact and in opinion. M. de Talleyrand never *served* the old French Monarchy at all, but helped powerfully to destroy it;—he *served*, indeed, the Directory—and in due course betrayed, and helped to overthrow it;—he *served* the Consulate, at the epoch and in the department in which the indelible horror of the *d'Enghien* murder was perpetrated—and he servilely followed Buonaparte through all the other steps of despotism by which his country was enslaved;—he *served* the Empire as he had *served* the Directory—that is, he got all he could out of it, and then joined to betray and overturn it;—he *served* the Restora-

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in his note have stated that *Bobus*—Mr. Canning's familiar *Etonism* for *Bob*—was Mr. Robert Smith, the elder brother of Mr. Sydney, and father of Mr. Vernon Smith. It is also to be regretted that he does not explain how Mr. Canning obtained possession of all this correspondence, and how *Bobus* (then we believe a young barrister) came to be engaged in these delicate affairs.

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tion, which he was grown too rich, old, and indolent to betray—but which, in spite of his share in the *pilotage*, was dashed to pieces;—and he *served* the Orleans Dynasty only in the easy routine and luxury of the London embassy. As to his *pilotage*, we must admit that he followed the very ancient and prudent authority of that patriarch of pilots, Palinurus—

——— superat quoniam *Fortuna*, sequamur;  
Quoque vocat vertamus iter!

And certainly no *pilot* was ever more dexterous at managing to save himself by his own little craft, when all the great vessels in which he successively *served* were utterly wrecked. The noble Editor seems too apt to fall into these thoughtless *engouemens*. We, on the contrary, see in M. de Talleyrand an apostate from his family, his order, his party, his religion, and, in short, from everything but *himself*—one whose corruption, profligacy, and treachery disgraced high birth, exalted station, and great talents—who was a prominent figure in an age of wonders, without attaching his name to anything great, glorious, or good—and whose fame is already reduced to our recollections of ‘X, Y, and the *Lady*,’ and of some dozen *bons-mots*—the cold keen product of a subtle intellect, an *insouciant* temper, and a callous and misanthropical heart.

In the midst of these affairs the Portuguese minister in Paris signed, contrary to his express instructions, a treaty of peace with the Republic—quite inconsistent with the engagements of Portugal with England; but it had not, as M. Thiers says, the effect of giving Maret any advantages over Lord Malmesbury, or indeed in any way affecting the Lisle negotiations; and nothing can be more untrue than his assertion, that at this period all matters had been brought to a clear understanding and arrangement. ‘England,’ says Thiers, ‘would not give up Trinidad; but the Dutch were to keep the Cape under an express condition that France should never obtain it. Ceylon was to be ceded to England, but under the guise of an alternative possession—a Dutch garrison alternating with an English one; with an understanding that the alternation was only to be a fiction. The 12,000,000 of francs for the Toulon ships was accepted by France, and it was agreed the title of King of France, without being formally abdicated, should be disused.’ On these points, says M. Thiers, Maret and Malmesbury had agreed, when the 18th Fructidor came to overset all. Now we know, from Lord Malmesbury’s notes and confidential letters, that not one of all these points was settled—nay, that he could not get the French negotiators to approach any of the minor subjects *en attendant* the discussion of the Dutch questions:—perhaps Maret may have had instructions to agree to these



these terms, but if he had he certainly never produced them, and the whole of M. Thiers's statement is, therefore, erroneous, and introduced for no other reason that we can see but to glorify Maret. It is perfectly clear that the French mission had no other orders or purpose than to waste time. The Directory, in the personal and mortal struggle in which they were now engaged with the Councils, paid evidently little attention to the details of the negotiation, and were only endeavouring to tide over all such inferior matters, till, at last, on the 18th Fructidor, the explosion took place which confirmed the power of Barras and the Ultra-republicans, and scattered all the *Modérés*, except Talleyrand, into exile. The French mission at Lisle was immediately recalled—and replaced by Treilhard and Bonnier—who were ordered to insist on having Lord Malmesbury's *pleins pouvoirs* to concede any and all our conquests, produced to them; and on his refusal to comply with so strange a demand, he was insolently dismissed, with the insulting addition that, as he had no instructions, he had better himself go and look for them.

‘Il [Lord M.] aura à déclarer ses pleins pouvoirs suffisants [that is to say, sufficient for the unconditional restitution of all the king's conquests], et à les exhiber d'abord; et en cas qu'il ne les a pas, d'aller en Angleterre dans les vingt-quatre heures les chercher lui-même.’—vol. iii. p. 581.

Thus, if his embassy did not begin with ‘a practical epigram,’ it ended with one; and it was surely too strong a proof of Mr. Pitt's obstinate desire for peace that, even after this affront, both he and Lord Malmesbury still thought that the negotiation should be continued, and Lord Malmesbury on his arrival in London found there two emissaries—one from Talleyrand, and the other from Barras—both offering ‘any terms we choose for money.’ Barras's present terms are not given, but we have seen that they were lately stated at 500,000*l.* Talleyrand's, as produced by one O'Drusse, who is—we know not whether jocularly—designated as the *Grand Vicaire of the Bishop of Autun*, were more moderate—only 200,000*l.*, for consenting to leave us one of the Dutch settlements—probably Ceylon (iii. 580). It is with pain and shame that we copy the following extract:—

‘Friday, Sept. 22, 1797.—At his request, at half-past eleven with Pitt; the Note altered as we wished. He said *I was quite right* as to judging it was *right to continue the negotiation*; his informant [Barras's emissary] said it was necessary to the plan of the Directory; he [Pitt] had informed him of our intentions; he [the informant] was actually gone to Paris to prepare the way for proper instructions being sent to Lisle. I said I trusted he [Pitt] had been very explicit both as to the terms and the price; that *no cure no pay* should be stipulated—  
not

not a penny to be given till after the ratifications, and every article valued and paid for *ad valorem*; that I should never return to Lisle for any other purpose but to *sign a Treaty*; and that before I left England we should see an *arrêté* of the Directory, fixing the terms and instructions given by them to Treilhard and Bonnier in consequence. This Pitt said was actually done, and agreed with me that nothing short of it was worth attending to. . . . Pitt sanguine, *more sanguine* than I am. I see doubts and dangers in all this *secret* intelligence. I admit the *desire* of getting the money, but I question the *power* of delivering the thing purchased. *Barras confessedly the only one in the secret*: he and his expect to persuade Rewbell, and to prevail on him to take his share of the bribe. *Thence* my apprehensions; and it clearly appears that the two informants act separately. It is to be remarked that Huskisson is in the whole secret; but it is enjoined that he is not to say so to Pitt, or Pitt to him. I dislike Huskisson, both as to his principles and the turn of his understanding; he wants to make money by this peace, and dares not apply to me to act with him; the whole secret was known in the city the day it was told Pitt, and acted on by the stock-jobbers; *stock-jobbing is at the bottom of the whole*, I fear.'—vol. iii. pp. 582-4.

We hope and believe that this imputation against Mr. Huskisson was merely Lord Malmesbury's hasty impression against a man whom he confesses that he did not like, and of whose proceedings in this matter he admits that Mr. Pitt was aware, which seems to us a sufficient voucher that the proceedings were disinterested and honourable; but the rest of the story certainly agrees with the known characters of Talleyrand and Barras; and while we regret that Mr. Pitt should have for a moment listened to such propositions, even for the great and 'Christian' object of ending the war, we cannot suppose that he gave in to it without some strong reason to believe in the authenticity of the offers. On this point of the character and policy of Mr. Pitt, as contrasted with that of Lord Grenville, we shall conclude with the words of the Editor:—

'Mr. Pitt has always been held up to the present generation as fond of war: but the Harris Papers could furnish the most continued and certain evidence of the contrary, and that he often suffered all the agony of a pious man who is forced to fight a duel. The cold and haughty temper of Lord Grenville was less sensitive; our overtures were to him synonymous with degradation, and he could not now brook the delays of the Directory.

'Lord Malmesbury entirely agreed with Pitt, and at this time saw a fair chance of obtaining an honourable peace.'—vol. iii. p. 516.

It is the mischief of these unilateral, truncated revelations, that they lead to conclusions often the very reverse of that which, if we had both sides of the *continuous* story, we should probably arrive at. For instance, would it not seem from the passages—

*à bâtons*

*à bâtons rompus*—which we have quoted, that Mr. Huskisson was a knave and Mr. Pitt a dupe? There is nearly the same evidence for both, and we as little believe the former as the latter, and yet we do not see what answer can be now made to Lord Malmesbury's broken hints than a general appeal to the characters of those two statesmen.

With this mission ended Lord Malmesbury's diplomatic life—which exhibits the extraordinary paradox of a long series of failures—unbroken by any one happy result—which, nevertheless, procured for the always defeated yet always fortunate agent the highest reputation and the most splendid rewards. We offered in our former article some considerations which might account for so extraordinary a phenomenon; the details of the missions comprised in the third volume confirm those opinions. Great diplomatic results seldom depend on the abilities of the agents, but on the interests and power of the principals. Lord Malmesbury failed through no fault of his: in the negotiations with Prussia and France we do not believe any man could have done better—in the strange circumstances into which he was thrown at Brunswick we cannot name any man who we think could have done so well.

Lord Malmesbury now retired from public business, but we can hardly say from public affairs; for although, as he told Mr. Canning in March, 1801, as an excuse for his not thinking, in that season of ministerial changes, of any official employment, 'he was tied to his chair, and never expected to move ten yards from it' (vol. iv. p. 35), still, as a peer, he had a responsible and indefeasible station in political life, and was, moreover, from temper and habit, led to enliven his dignified leisure by a strong curiosity and occasionally a busy share in the party struggles of the day. His residence was on the edge of what Dr. Johnson called the great tide of human existence—first in Spring Garden, in a fine house where in later days we remember Lord Dover and the present Duke of Bedford, and afterwards in old Richmond House, where Richmond-terrace has been since built, and he possessed for some years the beautiful villa of Park Place, near Henley. In town he kept an excellent and hospitable table; and as age confined him more and more to home, he was happy to receive the many morning visits that—thus living in the gangway to the Houses of Parliament—his numerous acquaintance were always ready to pay to one whose lively curiosity, extensive information, polished manners, and varied conversation amply rewarded their attentions. He had all his life been fond of the company of young people. He had early formed a close intimacy with Mr. Canning—whose friendship for Lord Malmesbury



bury was, says the Editor, like that of an affectionate son,—and he had, as we have seen, surrounded himself with Mr. Canning's personal friends, and to the last he continued to cultivate the acquaintance of the young men who began to distinguish themselves in public life. These circumstances and connexions, with his old diplomatic taste for gossip and those little political manœuvres commonly called *intrigue*, kept him *au fait* of all that was going on—or at least all that was *said* to be going on—for there is a vast difference between the *reality* of such affairs and the *rumours* of even the best informed circles. The fourth volume of this work is wholly occupied with a diary kept by Lord Malmesbury, with great assiduity, of all he heard and saw of public affairs—(interspersed with some interesting correspondence, especially with Mr. Canning and the Duke of York)—from Mr. Pitt's resignation in the first days of 1801, down to the Convention of Cintra in 1808.

No extracts that our space would allow us to make could afford an adequate idea of this great mass of mingled gossip and history. Lord Malmesbury's pen had no touch of pleasantry, nor even of vivacity, and it would therefore not be easy to produce amusing specimens of what is yet a very amusing whole. To us, and to the many still living who, like us, happen to have been contemporary with the events—who have seen all and known most of the *dramatis personæ*—nothing can be more attractive; we seem to be living our youth over again. We may fancy ourselves walking down rather early to the House, and turning in at Richmond Gardens to while away the spare half-hour with the *old Lion*—as 'from his brilliant eyes and profusion of white hair' Lord Malmesbury was not unwilling to be called by his younger associates; but we doubt whether it will have the same success with more distant and more disinterested readers. And even with us and our contemporaries the first impression is by no means favourable to the taste or discretion of the publication, as regards either the noble Diarist himself or those of whom he treats. We meet in every page harsh mention of names that we have loved and respected; and we know, even within our own narrow circle, that a considerable degree of private feeling has been painfully excited. But upon further reflection a good deal of that will wear off. Many of the harsh things that Lord Malmesbury says under a momentary influence, he soon unsays, and of many others he himself supplies the means of refutation; and one thing may be said for him—that though he evidently had strong biases, he never seems to have wilfully misrepresented any one; and it turns out—singularly enough—that the person whom of all others he seems most to have disliked—Lord Grenville—makes nearly the  
best

best figure in the book for both consistency and sagacity, while his most intimate and applauded friend—the late Lord Chichester—if we were to take all that is said of him *au pied de la lettre*, would appear irresolute, self-interested, and blameably indiscreet. We are inclined to believe that no public man ever kept an honest journal of his daily *opinions* on events, and especially on *persons*, who would not, after a lapse of time, read over many of his entries with regret, and sometimes with self-reproach, for his own credulity or injustice. Let us allow to Lord Malmesbury and his victims the advantage of these indulgent considerations. He notes down what he has heard and believes, often erroneously, but always, we believe, honestly, and the veracity of the chronicler is not to be confounded with the accuracy of the facts. Lord Malmesbury *sat at the receipt of custom*, and news was the tribute which his friends paid him; but it was often in coin clipped or debased, or even absolutely counterfeit.

In any daily record of passing events and fluctuating opinions there must be frequent inconsistencies and contradictions, and Lord Malmesbury's 'Correspondence and Diaries,' taken as a whole, tell, we think, almost as much against himself as against any one he names. We have already shown how little they maintain his diplomatic reputation, and they no better vindicate his own private consistency. On the King's illness in 1801, Lord Malmesbury collected every rumour of the undutiful and unfeeling behaviour of the Prince of Wales towards his afflicted father, quite forgetful that, after having obtained from the same King the greatest personal favour a subject can receive, he himself had under similar circumstances in 1788 abetted the same Prince of Wales in conduct much more undutiful and unfeeling than that with which he now reproached him. What is the key to this?—Lord Malmesbury had reconciled himself to the King, had been honourably employed, created Viscount and Earl, and, having enrolled himself as one of the *King's friends*, had naturally fallen out with the Prince. But when we turn over a few pages Lord Malmesbury's candour affords us some reason to doubt the truth of his imputations against the Prince:—

'*March 7, 1801.*—Prince of Wales yesterday evening and this morning with the King; his behaviour there right and proper. How unfortunate that it is not sincere; or rather that he has so effeminate a mind as to counteract all his own good qualities, by having no control over his weaknesses!'—vol. iv. p. 33.

Here we see proper conduct admitted, with an ingenious surmise that it would not be lasting; but then by and bye we find the following anecdote recorded:—

'*March 24.*—Lord Carlisle, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Fox

Fox have coalesced. It is said they informed the Prince of Wales, through Lord Moira, of this step, tendered him an offer of their services, and that they should hold their conferences at Carlton House. The Prince, it is said, replied, that he was under too much anxiety for the King's health to think of politics; that he thanked them for their communication, but not only declined their proposal, but observed that, out of respect to the King, he considered it as his duty to acquaint Mr. Addington with it, and this he immediately did.'—vol. iv. p. 51.

and henceforward we hear little or no more on the subject of the Prince's undutiful behaviour; and indeed there are some strong statements of a direct contrary tendency.

Again; we have fresh in our recollections Mr. Pitt's efforts, his perhaps too anxious efforts, for peace; and we are told that in 1800 he was about to make another attempt, and would have named Lord Malmesbury, for it (iv. 28); and yet we find Lord Malmesbury, so early as the 4th of March, 1801, saying in derogation of Mr. Addington, then about to replace Mr. Pitt,—

'*March 4.*—Addington's mind is full of peace—no great proof of strength of character, wisdom, or statesman-like knowledge, in such times as these.'—vol. iv. p. 28.

Thus Pitt is applauded and Addington sneered at for the same identical policy.

Again, he says of Mr. Pitt's resignation,—

'*Feb. 7.*—It looks at times to me as if Pitt was playing a very selfish and, in the present state of affairs, a very criminal part; that he goes out to show his own strength, and under the certain expectation of being soon called upon again to govern the country, with uncontrolled power.'—vol. iv. p. 4.

and when the King's illness, consequent on the anxiety this resignation caused him, became alarming, the *Diarist* expresses his loyal indignation in terms which clearly allude to Mr. Pitt as one of those—

'*Feb. 22.*—'who acted in order to gratify their private resentments, or promote their ambitious views; and these men, let them be who they will, may be considered as the most *consummate political villains* that ever existed. They ought to be held in *execration* by the country, and their names handed down to *posterity with infamy*; for they will have been the first cause of the destruction of the intellects or life of a Sovereign, to whose kingly virtues, and to whose manly and uniform steady exertion of them during a reign of forty years, this country, and every subject in it, owes the preservation of its liberties and everything that is valuable to him.'—vol. iv. p. 15.

And again, when the King grew better,—

'*March 7.*—The King, in directing Willis to speak or write to Pitt, said, "Tell him I am now *quite* well, *quite* recovered from my illness; but



but what has *he* not to answer for, who is the cause of my having been ill at all?" This, on being repeated, affected Pitt so deeply, that it immediately produced the letter (the most *dutiful*, humble, and contrite) mentioned above, and brought from him the declaration of his readiness to give way on the Catholic Question.'—vol. iv. p. 32.

And finally,—

'*March 9.*—The whole is a very sad story—the work of *mean and bad passions*; a trial of strength which a great subject presumes to institute with his King, and a King to whom he owes all his greatness. It began in this, continues in this, and will end in it, and ruin follow to the common weal.'—vol. iv. p. 40.

and after all this, we find him within a few weeks suggesting and carrying on an intrigue to force this '*political villain*' back into office; and within three months we find the following entry:—

'*June 8.*—I was with Pitt at his breakfast. I told him that I had much satisfaction in assuring him that I should follow his line in politics; that I understood his motives, and respected them in acting as he had done.'—vol. iv. p. 263.

Again; there is no one, we think, whom Lord Malmesbury mentions with more asperity than the late Lord Auckland, and particularly for his supposed share in disturbing the King's mind in 1801, by alarming him against the designs of Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question. Yet we shall find Lord Malmesbury himself pursuing the same line (and without so strong a duty), and instigating the Duke of Portland to take similar measures for encouraging the King to resist the Catholic concessions proposed by the *Talents*.

We could produce many more instances of the same kind of contradictions; but these will suffice, our object being not to complain of Lord Malmesbury's injustice or inconsistency, but to expose the consequences of any system of *journalising*, in which—though the rumours of one day are effaced by those of the next, yet the false report and the true one—the passing impression and the permanent conviction—are equally recorded, and when they happen, by breach of faith or mistaken zeal, to be published promiscuously, become offensive to private feelings and delusive to public opinion. In the present case, however, we repeat that no great harm is done; for to those who attentively read the *whole* Diary, very little of that which seems to bear hardest upon individuals will be found of any real weight or authority.

The Diary opens with the change of ministry in 1801, and with his Majesty's illness, which Lord Malmesbury states very truly, was produced by the agitation of the Royal mind in being forced to part from Mr. Pitt—with whom he never before had had a difference

difference (iv. p. 7)—in such a crisis of the world, and on a point which his Majesty felt not merely as invalidating the constitutional right by which he held his crown—but as irreconcilable with what he held dearer than his crown—his religion and his conscience.

Lord Malmesbury states that the origin of the King's illness was

‘A cold caught by his remaining so long in church in very bad snowy weather on the day appointed for a general fast, 13th February; and the physicians do not scruple to say, that although his Majesty certainly had a bad cold, and would, under all circumstances, have been ill, yet that the hurry and vexation of all that has passed was the cause of his mental illness; which, if it had shown itself at all, would certainly not have declared itself so violently, or been of a nature to cause any alarm, had not these events taken place.’—vol. iv. p. 19.

The following anecdote, however, which we received very soon after the event from a person who was present, proves that the mental excitement preceded the cold caught on the 13th February. The King was always in the habit of repeating the responses in the church service very audibly; but on this day, when he came to the following response of the *Venite*, he leaned over the front of his seat, and with an air of addressing the congregation, he repeated in a loud, emphatic, and angry tone—‘*Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known MY ways.*’ ‘It was impossible,’ said our informant, ‘not to see that all the perplexities and troubles of his *forty years*’ reign were, by the new difficulties pressed upon him by one whom he so much regarded as Mr. Pitt, revived at the moment on his excited and morbid memory.’ Lord Malmesbury tells us that as early as the 6th or 7th of February

‘The King at Windsor read his Coronation Oath to his family—asked them whether they understood it—and added, “If I violate it, I am no longer legal Sovereign of this country, but it falls to the house of Savoy.”’

And in the entry for the 26th of February we read—

‘The King on Monday, after having remained many hours without speaking, at last towards the evening came to himself, and said, “I am better now, *but I will remain true to the Church.*”’—vol. iv. p. 19.

Lord Malmesbury is all along very indignant with Mr. Pitt for not having prepared the King's mind for Roman Catholic Emancipation as the necessary consequence of the Union, and lays all the blame on the *suddenness* of the announcement. We have no proof that Mr. Pitt may not have approached the subject with the King, and we have a strong conviction that no degree of preparation or persuasion would have induced His Majesty to

view with less than utter horror any measure involving (as he considered it) the violation of his coronation oath. It has been a general opinion—and Lord Malmesbury seems at one time to have believed—that Mr. Pitt seized this occasion of *resigning*, with the object of allowing Mr. Addington the mortification and odium of making a peace. Lord Malmesbury shows clearly that Mr. Pitt never evaded that responsibility himself, and that he even took a supererogative responsibility in advising Mr. Addington in his negotiations; but he does not say that which we are enabled to assert from Mr. Addington's own report of his conferences with the King and Mr. Pitt—*viz.* that when Mr. Pitt went *last* into the closet to press the Catholic Question on His Majesty, he had still hopes of being able to prevail; the more so, as the King pressed him with the greatest earnestness and affection not to desert him; but that when, after a long and warm conversation, Mr. Pitt declared peremptorily that he could not yield the point—the King suddenly changed his manner, and *dismissed him!*—and when Mr. Pitt, in his surprise, attempted some rejoinder, the King in civil but very decided terms declined any further discussion.

During all the preliminary arrangements for the new administration nothing could be more composed, more clear, more rational, than His Majesty's conduct—but the effort overpowered him, and the scenes which we have just quoted with his family and in the chapel show the progress of the excitement. We cannot follow all the daily vicissitudes of his Majesty's illness; but our readers will see with great interest the following account of Lord Malmesbury's first interview with the King after his recovery:—

'29 Oct., 1801.—I went to Windsor to present to the King and Queen copies of the new edition of my father's works. I saw them both alone on the morning of the 26th. . . . I was with the King alone near two hours. I had not seen His Majesty since the end of October, 1800, of course not since his last illness; . . . but he did not look thinner, nor were there any marks of sickness or decline in his countenance or manner; these last were much as usual; somewhat less hurried, and more conversable, that is to say, allowing the person to whom he addressed himself more time to answer and talk, than he used to do when discussing on common subjects, on public and grave ones. I at all times for thirty years have found him very attentive, and full as ready to hear as to give an opinion, though perhaps not always disposed to adopt it and forsake his own. He was gracious even to kindness, and spoke of my father in a way which quite affected me. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing me less ill than he expected; asked how I continued to keep well; and on my saying, amongst other reasons, that I endeavoured to keep my *mind quiet*, and dismiss all unpleasant subjects from intruding themselves on it, the King said, "'Tis a very wise maxim,  
and



and one I am determined to follow; but how, at this particular moment, can you avoid it?" And without waiting he went on by saying, "Do you know what I call the Peace [of Amiens]?—an *experimental peace*, for it is nothing else. I am sure *you* think so, and perhaps do not give it so *gentle* a name; but it was *unavoidable*. I was abandoned by everybody, allies and *all*. I have done, I conscientiously believe, for the best, because I could not do otherwise; but had I found more opinions like mine, better might have been done."

'I thought the subject might agitate the King, and therefore tried to lead him from it; he perceived my drift, and said, "Lord Malmesbury, you and I have lived on the active theatre of this world these thirty years; if we are not become wise enough to consider every event which happens quietly, and with acquiescence, we must have lived very negligently. What would the good man who wrote these excellent books (pointing to the copy I had just presented to him of my father's works) say, if we were such bad philosophers, having had such means of becoming good ones?" and then His Majesty reverted again to the peace, spoke of the state of Europe, of France, and this country; and by the turn of conversation it happened that the King and myself, almost in the same moment, agreed that it was a most erroneous and dangerous maxim which prevailed, that Jacobinism was at an end or even diminished; that it was only quieter because it had carried *one* point, but we should soon see it blaze out again, when it had another in view; and from that the King passed to the court of Berlin, which he spoke of with great displeasure, even acrimony: "This is the young man," said he, "of whom the great Frederic said — 'on ne lui arrachera jamais la couronne,' and we shall live, possibly, to see him without even his Electoral dominions."—vol. iv. pp. 62, 63.

It will, we think, be admitted that the old 'Philosopher of Salisbury' himself could not have made more judicious, nor his accomplished son more appropriate and statesmanlike observations than these of King George III., of whom we repeat with increased confidence since Mr. Twiss's publication of his notes to Lord Eldon what we said on a prior occasion, that 'if ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his several ministers on the various business of the State shall be published, the world will then, and not till then, be able duly to appreciate his virtues and his talents.'—*Q. Rev.*, vol. lxx. p. 282.

A great part of the Diary is taken up with the details of a ridiculous intrigue concocted, as it seems, between Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury in the winter of 1802-3, for forcing Mr. Addington to make way for Mr. Pitt's restoration to power. Mr. Canning, as was natural to a young man of his lively genius, aspiring hopes, and personal attachment to Mr. Pitt, had from the first regretted the late resignations, and greatly undervaluing the less brilliant qualities of the successors, he had, contrary to Mr. Pitt's wishes—and indeed at some risk, as it seems, of impairing their political and even their private friendship—endeavoured to

discredit the ministry by censure and ridicule in the press, and by occasional sarcasms in parliament. These missiles not producing the desired effect, he, in concert with Lord Malmesbury, formed a plan which, without compromising Mr. Pitt, who (as they well knew) would listen to no such expedients, should force Mr. Addington to be the instrument of his own downfall.

As a specimen of the candid inconsistency of Lord Malmesbury's diary, we may quote the following character which he gives of Mr. Canning at this period of his life:—

'*Jan. 24, 1803.*—Canning has been *forced*, like a thriving plant in a well-managed hot-house; he has prospered too luxuriantly—has felt no check or frost. Too early in life, he has had many, and too easy, advantages. This, added to very acute parts, makes him impatient of control. Astonished to find obstacles and difficulties in his way; angry with those who conceive less quickly and eagerly than himself, or who will not keep pace with him in his rapid plans and views; and indulging an innate principle of vanity, he underrates others, and *appears* arrogant and contemptuous, although really not so. This checks the right and gradual growth of his abilities; lessens their effects, and vitiates the very many excellent, honourable, and amiable qualities he possesses. The world, who judge him from this, judge him harshly and unfairly; his success accounts for his manners. Rapid prosperity never creates popularity, and it requires a most careful and conciliating conduct to make the two compatible.'—pp. 169, 170.

We quote this—not as a just, and still less as a favourable character of an early friend, for whose public and private qualities we preserve and cherish the highest admiration and the most affectionate regard; but—for the sake of observing that it was with this *spoiled child*, as he thought him, that Lord Malmesbury—at the age of near threescore, and professing to have retired from public life—chose to associate himself in an intrigue, as absurd in all its parts as can well be conceived. Its details would be tedious; but the substance was this—

'*Nov. 1, 1802.*—It was thought right to draw up a paper to be signed, if approved, by persons of eminence in different public avocations, in each House of Parliament, to be presented by them to Mr. Addington; its object, as will appear from the paper itself, was to prevail on him to remove spontaneously, and prevent the matter being brought before the public.'—p. 87.—

and 'when signed by a sufficient number of leading and independent men of all descriptions in each House,' from whom it was supposed to emanate, it was to be presented simultaneously to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington, and, by the *Duke of York* (whom Lord Malmesbury had already initiated into the design), conveyed to the King. So far, so well. We can fancy our young political *Hotspur* exclaiming, 'Our plot is a good plot as ever

was



was laid—our friends true and constant; a good plot—good friends and full of expectation—an excellent plot, very good friends. Why my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action!’ Alas! when all those ‘good friends’ and the many ‘persons of eminence’ were to be assembled to sign the important document, it was found that there were no such persons *in rerum naturâ*—not one—and that the whole confederacy consisted of no soul but the original *coterie* which had imagined it, Mr. Canning, Lords Granville Leveson and Morpeth, and our venerable diplomatist;—but genius and art united are never without a resource—and behold, Mr. Canning writes to Lord Malmesbury—

‘Nov. 15th.—If, after all, neither imposing signatures nor spokesmen can be had, the last resort is to send the paper unsigned, with something like the enclosed *præscript*’ (!)

‘PROPOSED PRÆSCRIPT.

‘It is thought to be most respectful to Mr. Addington and Mr. Pitt, that the enclosed paper should be transmitted to them without the signatures, which are ready to be affixed to it.’—p. 103.

We can easily conceive the spirit of fun in which Mr. Canning penned this ingenious *præscript*—the very title of which would have revealed its author;—but when Lord Malmesbury lent his graver and more deliberate countenance to the device of signifying signatures *to be ready*, since *none were to be had*, he could not have had in his thoughts that excellent maxim, which he afterwards so forcibly inculcated on another young friend,—

‘April 11th.—It is scarce necessary to say that no occasion, no pro-vocation, no idea, however tempting, of promoting the object you have in view, can *need*, much less justify, a *falsehood*. Success obtained by one, is a precarious and baseless success. Detection would ruin not only your own reputation for ever, but deeply wound the honour of your cause.’—p. 414.

We need not pursue this bubble to its bursting and vanishing into nothing; but we must just notice the extraordinary efforts of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury to persuade Mr. Pitt not to attend the House of Commons, lest his presence should seem to countenance the Ministry—and the ludicrous gravity with which Mr. Canning deplores the failure of his ‘*capital measure*,’ which was a device to prevent Pitt’s keeping an engagement to dine with Addington at Richmond Park, which the infatuated ex-minister, contrary to the most earnest efforts of his young friend, persisted in doing. All this is very amusing as we read it, but it is humiliating to think of; and in this case, as in others of the Diary already noticed, we think that the person who was most disliked makes really the best figure, and that the sober good sense and



and good faith of Mr. Addington contrast very favourably with the various ingenious, but not very ingenuous devices, that were employed to supplant him.\*

As to Mr. Pitt's share in these transactions, we are glad to be able to say that, though the hopes and wishes of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury may seem to throw some doubts over the candour of his conduct towards Mr. Addington, all that he himself was responsible for—his own words and actions—are not liable to any serious reproach:—to none at all, we think, in the *earlier period* of the Addington Administration—for the evidence of Lord Malmesbury leaves no doubt that he was perfectly and zealously sincere in his endeavours to restrain the hostility of his younger friends who had resigned with him, as well as to confirm the support of those of his former colleagues who had taken part in the new Government;—so much so that when Mr. Pitt heard accidentally on the 10th March, 1801, that the Duke of Portland intended, on his own part and that of his other colleagues, to propose to Mr. Addington to recall Mr. Pitt—the latter waited on the Duke, and in the most peremptory manner prohibited any such interference with Mr. Addington (iv. 42); and when on the 14th, in pursuance of the same views, Mr. Canning pressed Mr. Pitt for a categorical answer as to his real feeling towards Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt—

‘Without hesitation, and in the most unqualified manner, replied, that it was impossible to have behaved with more confidence, more openness, more sincerity, than Addington had done, from the first moment to this; and that the manner in which he had conducted himself, added to his long friendship for him, had raised him higher than ever in his good opinion.’—p. 46.

And amidst not a few subsequent provocations on the part of Mr. Canning and his ‘young friends,’ who were exceedingly dissatisfied and angry at his reserve, he steadily adhered to his engagements with Mr. Addington.

As time lapsed, and circumstances changed, so, no doubt, did in a certain degree the mutual relations of the late and existing ministers, and Mr. Pitt became naturally more and more reluctant to attend in parliament the discussion of new measures

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\* We are glad to be able to say that Lord Sidmouth's papers are in the hands of his son-in-law, the Dean of Norwich, and we have reason to hope that the Dean is preparing for the press a work that will do to that honest minister and excellent man more justice than has yet been done to his abilities and public services. Lord Malmesbury seems to have been much prejudiced against him by the influence of Mr. Canning's pleasantries. We have, however, ourselves seen evidence, which we hope may exist in Lord Sidmouth's papers, that at a subsequent period Mr. Canning, in a very frank and generous manner (as was his nature), expressed his regret for their former differences.

which he had not advised and might not approve, but which his general inclination to support Mr. Addington disabled him from opposing. In the spring of 1803, however, this state of affairs was essentially altered, by Mr. Addington's making him an overture for his return to office, but on terms which Mr. Pitt thought he could not accept. The particulars of this transaction are given by Lord Malmesbury in much and interesting detail; and we are bound to say that the conditions were such as we do not think Mr. Pitt could have accepted, though his refusal was somewhat too haughtily stated. This affair, however, seems to us to have placed the rival parties on new and independent ground; it was a fresh point of departure; and though Mr. Pitt appeared still very reluctant to oppose the ministry, his connexion became gradually less cordial. Mr. Addington about this time fancied that he strengthened himself by offering office to Mr. Sheridan and others of the old Opposition, and by actually bringing into his government Mr. Tierney, who a few years before had fought a duel with Mr. Pitt. This seems to us to have fairly released Mr. Pitt altogether:—and at last, after many moves on the political chess-board, which may be followed very agreeably in Lord Malmesbury's Diary, Mr. Pitt concurred with Mr. Fox and the old Opposition in several important votes, particularly one on the Defence Bill, in which Mr. Addington had a majority of only thirty-seven, on which he resigned, and Mr. Pitt returned to office—almost alone.

Lord Malmesbury details the circumstances in which this short-lived and unfortunate administration was formed on so narrow a basis, after Mr. Pitt had proposed for office his new ally Mr. Fox, and his old connexions the Grenvilles, &c., for whose sake he, no doubt, had broken off the negotiation with Mr. Addington in the spring of 1803. The King had now positively excluded Mr. Fox, and though the latter very generously desired that this might not prevent the accession of his friends to office, they all made common cause with him. Mr. Canning and Lord Granville Leveson were zealous for the introduction, first of Mr. Fox, and then of the Grenvilles—but all parties adhered to their resolutions, and Mr. Pitt, instead of forming a new government, found himself in the necessity of doing little more than taking Mr. Addington's place in the old one. We have heretofore ventured to express our doubts as to Mr. Pitt's policy in all this affair—his original breaking-up of the great party of which he was the head—his present failure to reunite it—his ousting Mr. Addington's government before he knew on what basis he could replace it—and, above all, the way in which, first and last, he dealt with the Roman Catholic question. Lord Malmesbury's details are too long to quote *in extenso*, and

too connected to be separated, but they will be read with interest, and the result may be thus stated—that the precarious state of the King's mental health, never so liable to disturbance as from the Catholic question—the peculiar difficulties created by Mr. Fox's former profession of French principles, and his consequent removal from the Privy Council—and the great and growing perils of the country, both internal and external, afforded not merely an obvious apology, but—in the opinion of Lord Malmesbury, the Duke of Portland, and the great majority of Mr. Pitt's friends, and, no doubt, in Mr. Pitt's own conscientious conviction—a full justification of proceedings which, in opposition to such authority, we can hardly persist in blaming, though we can never cease to regret. These difficulties helped to accelerate his death, if they did not absolutely cause it, by anxiety, disappointment, and affliction: the impeachment of Lord Melville, and the battle of Austerlitz, filled the cup of bitterness, and he died, as was emphatically said, at 46, of old age and a broken heart.

In alluding to the last moments of this illustrious man, whose glorious eloquence we heard with youthful admiration, we have a melancholy pleasure in laying before *our* readers, whom we may presume to be admirers of the name and character of Pitt, the following interesting anecdotes, which the noble Editor has given us from the note-book of his amiable and able father, the second Earl of Malmesbury, while he was Lord Fitzharris, and a member of Mr. Pitt's last Board of Treasury.

‘On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November, 1805), I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings, when roused in the night to read Collingwood's dispatches. Pitt observed, that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. *On this occasion*, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning.’

‘The battle of Austerlitz and its consequences, which he saw in their true light, greatly disappointed and depressed him, and certainly rather accelerated his end. I well remember walking round St. James's Park with him in November, 1805. He was naturally of a sanguine disposition. His plans were vast and comprehensive, and held out to his powerful mind the hope of establishing a European Confederacy, that should crush French ascendancy. When *that battle* was fought, the last ray of hope was so dimmed as to leave him without the possible expectation



expectation of seeing the fulfilment of that for which he had so long, so strenuously, and so successfully exerted himself, and which he felt (if ever accomplished) must be brought about by other hands than his. He resigned himself to the will of that Providence to whom he had always looked up, as well in the days of victory as in the hour of peril, and calmly awaited that last call to which we must all respond, with the true spirit of a Christian, and felt that his sand had too nearly run out for him to think any longer of worldly matters. He went to Bath, and only returned to Wimbledon (where he had a villa) to die there.'

'I have ever thought that an *aiding cause* of Pitt's death, certainly one that tended to *shorten* his existence, was the result of the proceedings against his old friend and colleague, Lord Melville. I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night when we were 216 to 216; and the Speaker, Abbott (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes), gave the casting vote *against* us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked-hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the *tears trickling down his cheeks*. We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory), say, they would see "*how Billy looked after it*." A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe, *unconsciously* out of the House; and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him.

'I met Pitt at Lord Bathurst's in Gloucestershire, where he passed some days [in December 1802]. We went to church at Cirencester. In discoursing afterwards on the beauties of our Liturgy, he selected the *Thanksgiving Prayer* as one particularly impressive and comprehensive. The one, "In Time of War and Tumults," he thought admirably well drawn up, as well as that for the Parliament; but added, with respect to the first of the two, that he never in hearing it could divest himself of the analogy between "Abate their pride, assuage their malice," and the line in the song of "God save the King," "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks." I observed, that Pitt was constantly taking down and quoting from *Lucan*, of which author he appeared to be extremely fond. Nothing could be more playful, and at the same time more instructive, than Pitt's conversation, on a variety of subjects, while sitting in the Library at Cirencester. You never would have guessed that the man before you was Prime Minister of the country, and one of the greatest that ever filled that situation. His style and manner were quite those of an *accomplished idler*.—*Lord Fitzharris's Note-Book for 1805—1806*.—vol. iv. pp. 341—347.

After the death of Mr. Pitt and the accession of the Talents Administration, there is little to notice till we arrive at the celebrated attempt to inveigle the King into the first step towards a concession of what were called the Catholic claims, which ended in the dismissal of that arrogant and fraudulent ministry, in whose detection and discomfiture Lord Malmesbury took more part, as we have already hinted, than was commonly supposed.

'On

‘On the 9th of March [1807], I found that a bill was actually preparing, evidently as a sort of preliminary step to other bills still more explicit, to take off the restrictions now existing against the Catholics. The Bill in the first instance was stated to be one that had no other object in view than to give the Irish Catholics, serving in England, the same security against the pains and penalty of the law against Popery as they enjoyed in Ireland by the Bill of 1793, which bill enabled them to hold commissions in the army as far as the rank of colonels.

‘The Union made these regiments liable to serve in England and Scotland, and the Act as it now stood (they said) gave them security in Ireland only. This appeared a just measure if pursued, and one not to be opposed.

‘To this Bill the King did not object, and in this shape it first appeared in the House of Commons, as a clause attached to the Mutiny Bill, of which it was naturally to make a part. But *Ministers finding this go down with scarce any remark made upon it*, thought they might go a step further; they withdrew the clause to the Mutiny Bill, and substituted in its room a Bill which, by one stride, gave to the Catholics in every part of His Majesty’s dominions the privilege of entering into the army or navy, of holding *any* rank in either, and of being allowed to attend their own places of worship. This gave rise to a very spirited debate, in which Perceval, with great force and ability, showed to the House the radical alterations such a measure would make in our Constitution, and the dangerous innovations with which it would be attended both in Church and State. Government was violent in support of it, and Lords Howick and Temple talked vehemently.

‘Strong symptoms, however, soon appeared that they met with opposition in the closet, as the second reading of the bill was postponed from day to day. On Wednesday, the 11th, the King came to town, and saw his Ministers as usual at the Queen’s House, to whom (it was told us) he expressed himself very distinctly, that to such a measure *he never could assent*.’—vol. iv. pp. 358, 359.

At this crisis Lord Malmesbury—forgetful of all his former indignation against Lord Auckland for a like conduct—urged the Duke of Portland, with whom he had always maintained his early relations of confidence, to communicate to the King his Grace’s sympathy on what he heard of His Majesty’s feelings on this subject, and to acquaint him that if he should be driven to extremities by his present ministry, there were others who were ready to undertake the responsibility of office on the adverse principle. This letter was dated the 12th of March, 1807; but before it was dispatched—indeed before it was written out fair—the King himself had anticipated its advice by sending for Lord Grenville, complaining of the deception attempted to be practised on him, and declaring that he never had consented, and never would consent, to Lord Howick’s bill. The Duke of Portland’s letter arrived no doubt opportunely to confirm the King’s  
resolutions,

resolutions, which were also supported by some of the existing Government.

'The King said the *Prince* had come down on purpose on Saturday [March 14] to declare his intentions of acting *and speaking* against the bill; that the Chancellor (Erskine) has also been from the beginning against it, as well as Lord Ellenborough and Lord Sidmouth. This last he said had behaved handsomely.'—vol. iv. p. 373.

And upon this the King gave the Duke of Portland *carte-blanche* for forming that administration which, with many serious modifications, and the sudden or premature deaths of no less than five of its leaders—Portland, Perceval, Londonderry, Liverpool, and Canning—and many vicissitudes of difficulties and prosperity, terminated the most perilous, but eventually the most glorious, war recorded in our annals by the most triumphant peace—and may be said to have lasted till, by a series of mistakes and misfortunes, it was led—as always happens to a party too long and too completely prosperous—to terminate by suicide an existence of five-and-twenty years. In the Duke of Portland's ministry Mr. Canning received the Foreign Seals—Lord Fitzharris became his under-secretary—Lord Granville Leveson went as ambassador to Russia—and Lord Malmesbury, confidentially consulted by Mr. Canning, brings down to the Battle of Wagram and the Convention of Cintra—but with little detail and no novelty—his summary of our foreign and domestic transactions.

'Here,' says the Editor, in his parting words—

'Here Lord Malmesbury appears to have closed this Diary.

'Of the Journal which I have published, and which composes this fourth volume, it may be said that it contains much matter already known to the reader. I have not suppressed it on that account, because I think that no corroborative evidence of history can be produced so unsuspicious as a diary, in which events and conversations are regularly recorded within a few hours of their occurrence, and that by an intelligent observer (like Lord Malmesbury), whose personal ambition has been satisfied with high rewards, or arrested by incurable infirmity. The man who is in this position, having nothing to hope or to fear, and writing for no immediate purpose of the day, will probably relate history with as little excitement or prejudice as can possibly be found in any active mind.'—vol. iv. pp. 411, 412.

To some of these last observations we have by anticipation replied in the distinction we took between the sincerity of the journalist and the accuracy of the facts or justice of the opinions he records: with that reservation we grant to the noble Editor all the merit that he claims for his grandfather, who is beyond doubt entitled to as much credence as any *journalizing* politician and



and *quidnunc* can be entitled to. But however trustworthy the author may personally be, it by no means follows that we are to give him that kind of implicit confidence which the Editor seems to challenge. In the first place he is very often deceived by a second-hand narrative of facts; but even when the naked fact is true, it may be so disguised by being clothed in black or in white as not to be recognizable. Of such a diary it may be said, as the Stoic said of human life in general—*ταράσσει τοὺς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμάτα*—no one alive would, we believe, be much disturbed by any of the facts recorded by Lord Malmesbury if simply and accurately narrated, though great and serious pain has been inflicted by the colour that he gives them and the opinions which his grave authority pronounces upon them. No man, however honest, or even kind-hearted, can be free from temporary impressions and personal prejudices—which, though they should have only flashed momentarily across his mind, stand permanently *Daguerreotyped* in his Diary—so that truth itself becomes an auxiliary to falsehood. On the whole we are bound to say, this publication seems to us to be in principle wholly unwarrantable—that as regards either political events or personal character, it would be in general a very fallacious guide;—that any historical value it may have is nearly counter-balanced by the false impressions it so frequently creates—and, finally, that the confidence and security of private life—the great foundations of society—are seriously compromised by a precedent, which is the more dangerous from the amusement that it affords, and the respectable names with which it is unfortunately connected.

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ART. V.—*Synodalia; a Collection of Proceedings of Convocations, &c., in the Province of Canterbury, from 1547 to 1717, with Notes historical and explanatory.* By EDWARD CARDWELL, D.D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall. Oxford, University Press, 1843.

TWO words are in common use amongst us, *Parliament* and *Convocation*, employed familiarly in society by those who discuss Church subjects, as possessing parallel meanings. Were any individual so conversing at his breakfast table, called upon, by a son or a pupil, to explain the analogies between these two bodies, we believe he would, according to the general impression, imbibed from the ordinary recollections and usual course of reading, do so nearly in the following terms:—‘*Convocation* is the ‘*Ecclesiastical Parliament*, competent to legislate upon the affairs ‘of the Church, framed after the model of the civil Parliament.  
‘ Dr. Johnson

' Dr. Johnson said he would stand before a battery of cannon to restore Convocation to its full power. It is *one supreme assembly, consisting of two houses*. In the upper house, the archbishop, with his bishops, corresponds to the House of Lords; in the lower, there is a representation of the inferior clergy, planned like the House of Commons. The members who represent the inferior clergy are called *proctors*. The proctors for the cathedral chapters, and the proctors for the body of the parochial clergy of the dioceses, severally correspond with the borough members and the county members. It is true that the clergy cannot proceed to business without a licence from the Queen as *Head of the Church*. Were that granted, Convocation would be at full liberty to act; and all that is needed for the purpose of settling any dispute or difference in the Church is to allow this venerable assembly to resume its proper ecclesiastical functions.'

This recommendation, which we have seen repeatedly in print, and again reviving in common conversation, is given in good faith. Those who advocate the intervention of 'Convocation' upon the erroneous though popular hypothesis that it is *the one ecclesiastical legislature*, know that the rights of the Parliamentary peerage are definite and certain, that the electoral constituencies and the qualifications of the members of the lower house of Parliament are settled by law, that the mutual relations of Lords and Commons towards each other and towards the Crown are accurately determined—and that Parliament has power to discharge its functions with regularity and efficiency. All this they know—and they take it for granted that 'Convocation' is invested with the same attributes. Alas! the mischief that arises from taking things for granted! Were a 'Convocation' suddenly called again into action, it would, somewhat like the *états généraux* of France in 1789, constitute the most mischievous of all legislatures,—an ancient legislature, bearing an historical name, possessing or claiming great legal powers, unhappily revived after generations of desuetude, not by the renovation of its pristine spirit, but as an expedient at a period of popular excitement, and under the pinch of necessity:—a Synod containing within it individuals who, from character and station, would deserve and command the highest respect, and yet composed of members wholly unused to act together in their canonical capacity—unaccustomed to render due submission or to enforce due obedience—untried to speech, excepting in voluntary societies, whose *ethos* is totally adverse to the constitution of an ecclesiastical assembly—taught, in these anomalous associations, to beg for external aid, instead of depending upon their own inherent powers—trained upon the platform to address themselves

themselves to the passions and imaginations of a mixed multitude rather than to appeal to the conscience and the reason of responsible teachers and chosen guides—having all to unlearn as to their habits of transacting public affairs, and all to learn as to the mode of exercising their resuscitated duties—cut off, as a deliberative Synod, from all traditions of the past, and ignorant of their true position in the present time—destitute of collective experience, and therefore of collective foresight. Such a body, stimulated into morbid activity, would combine all the inconveniences of an obsolete institution with the rashness of a new experiment; and, under existing circumstances, involve the Church in inextricable confusion. And more—if the revival of Convocation, as an ecclesiastical legislature, be so fraught with danger, there is no other power which can (at present) supply its place. Parliament cannot interfere in the affairs of the Church without violating those principles of religious liberty which have become vital elements of the British constitution.—Hard propositions, but from which there is no escape. The Church must be content to know that her strength is to sit still.

In order to understand the nature of any administrative or legislative assembly, our first step must be to consider the authorities by which it is convened. For the purpose, therefore, of becoming acquainted with the synods of the Church, we must repair to the ancient *Officina Brevium*, the common-law side of the High Court of Chancery, whose remaining workshops, the Crown Office and the ‘Petty-bag’ Office, carry on the business, so to speak, within the smoky precincts of the Rolls’ Yard. The first is the Parliamentary writ, which issues in the following form to the two archbishops and all the bishops of that part of the United Kingdom commonly called England—and few people, we believe, are aware, that when an archbishop or a bishop receives his parliamentary summons, all the clergy of his diocese are included in the call.

‘Victoria, &c., to the Most Reverend Father in God and our right trusty and well beloved Councillor, William, Archbishop of Canterbury [or, to the Right Reverend, &c., Henry, Bishop of Exeter], greeting : Whereas, by the advice and assent of our Council, for certain arduous and urgent affairs concerning Us, the state and defence of our United Kingdom, and the Church, we have ordered a certain Parliament to be holden at our city of Westminster on the 19th day of August next ensuing; and therein to treat and have conference with the prelates, great men, and peers of our realm; we, strictly enjoining, command you, upon the faith and love by which you are bound to us, that the weightiness of the said affairs and imminent perils considered, waiving all excuses, you be at the same day personally present with us and with the said prelates, great men and peers, to treat and give counsel upon  
the



the affairs aforesaid; and this, as you regard our honour and the safety and defence of the said United Kingdom and Church, and dispatch of the said affairs, in nowise do omit. *Forewarning* the dean and chapter of your Church of Canterbury [Exeter], and the archdeacons, and all the clergy of your *diocese*, that they, the said dean and archdeacons in their proper persons, and the said chapter by one, and the said clergy by two meet proctors—severally having full and sufficient authority from them, the said chapter and clergy—at the said day and place be personally present to consent to those things which then and there by the common counsel of our said United Kingdom, by the favour of the Divine clemency, shall happen to be ordained. Witness ourself at Westminster, the 23rd day of June, in the 5th year of our reign.’

With respect to the Irish archbishops and bishops, after the same preamble, the writ proceeds to the following effect. It was originally, except as to some slight verbal differences which arose when the writs were translated from the Latin, the same as the English writ, but was altered at the Union.

‘ We strictly enjoining, &c., command you, &c., that the weightiness of the said affairs and imminent perils considered, waiving all excuses, you be personally present at our said Parliament, *at and during such session or sessions thereof, at and during which, according to the rotation prescribed and ordained in the statute on that behalf made and provided*, you, the said Archbishop of — [or Bishop of —], ought to be therein personally present. *Premonishing* the dean and chapter of your church of —, and the archdeacon and the whole clergy by two fitting procurators, having full and sufficient power from the said chapter and clergy generally, to be personally present at the said Parliament, to consent to those things which then and there, by the common advice of our said United Kingdom, the Divine Grace assisting, shall be ordained.’

Concurrently with the Parliamentary writs which emanate from the ‘petty bag,’ the *Convocation* writs issue from the Crown Office: these are addressed only to the two *primates* of Canterbury and York, but not to the Irish Primates:—

‘ Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, To the Most Reverend Father in God, our right trusty and well-beloved Councillor, William, by the same grace, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan [or Edward, Archbishop of York, &c.], greeting. By reason of certain difficult and urgent affairs concerning us, the security and defence of the Church of England, and the peace and tranquillity, public good and defence of our kingdom and our subjects of the same: We command you, entreating you by the faith and love which you owe us, that having in due manner considered and weighed the many premises, you call together, with all convenient speed, in lawful manner, all and singular the bishops of your *province* and deans of your cathedral churches, and also the archdeacons, chapters and colleges,

colleges, and the whole clergy of every diocese of the same *province*, to appear before you in the cathedral church of Saint Paul, London [or of Saint Peter, York], on the 20th day of August next ensuing, or elsewhere, as it shall seem most expedient, to treat of, agree to, and conclude upon the premises and other things which to them shall then at the same place be more clearly explained in our behalf; and this as you love us, the state of our kingdom, and honour, and good of our aforesaid Church, by no means omit. Witness ourself at Westminster, the 23rd day of June, in the 5th year of our reign.'

Furnished with these concurrent royal writs, let us for the present consider the case of England; and the first point requiring a positive determination will be as to the capacity in which the clergy ought to assemble. According to the *præmunientes clause*,\* as it is termed, in the parliamentary writ of summons, the capitular and diocesan clergy of England and Ireland are to conjoin themselves to Parliament; they are to be *personally present* before the Queen in the Parliament at Westminster on the 19th of August, in which case, as there is but one Parliament, so would there be but one assembly of the clergy, and that *incorporated* with Parliament. Not so according to the Convocation writ. Pursuant to this writ, the members of each English province are to appear before the several Primate in their spiritual capacity at London and at York, on the 20th of August—one Parliament and *two* English Convocations—which writ shall they obey? Shall twenty-six English prelates advance each at the head of his detachment to Palace Yard at Westminster, or shall the two Primates expect the suffragans and clergy of their respective provinces at St. Paul's Cathedral, and St. Peter's Minster? In other words, shall the clergy exercise their power as a component part of Parliament; or shall they assemble synodically? Who shall decide as to the capacity in which the clergy shall be thus convened? Is the question to be determined by the archbishops, or by the bishops, or by the crown? Each prelate receives his own individual Parliamentary summons. Supposing differences of opinion were to arise amongst the bench, and a portion of the prelates were to return their writs into the Crown-Office, like the sheriffs, whilst the others met synodically, what would be the result of such a division, which was on the point of occurring in the last century? If all the clergy agree, or are persuaded to agree, to meet under the Parliamentary writ, what are their relations and privileges towards the Houses of Lords and Commons? Will the knights, citizens, and burgesses allow the deans, arch-

\* From its initial word in the Latin writs, translated '*Forewarning*' in the English writs, and '*Premunishing*' in the Irish. The clause first appears in the reign of Edward I., and has continued unaltered in substance to the present time.

deacons,



deacons, and proctors to take their seats in the House of Commons, or in the lobby? Is the Speaker to admit the Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation to a moiety of his chair? What are they to do? What are their powers in Parliament? Are they to appear as co-ordinate members, or as a distinct house? Neither the research nor the hostility of Wake, and Hody, and Atterbury have been able to solve any of the difficulties connected with the parliamentary character of the clergy under the 'præmunientes' clause; can even Hallam do so now?

We need not, however, pursue this branch of inquiry, because, if precedent be regarded, it is most probable that the clergy would assemble synodically. It is not certain whether the Parliamentary præmunientes clause has ever been strictly obeyed. We shall abstain from any historical discussion of the subject. The clause was not agreeable to the ancient clergy, who considered it as an invasion of their privileges. Prynne and Coke, like most of the common lawyers, have propagated many errors concerning its operation. The concurrent Convocation writ was probably introduced to enable the clergy to save their privileges at the expense of their money. When got together for the purpose of granting aids and subsidies, the Convocations naturally assumed more or less of a Parliamentary aspect; but if the sterling which came into the Exchequer would ring upon the pay-table, my Lord High Treasurer did not make any particular inquiries as to the character of the parties from whom the silver was received; and it is clear, as Burnet says, the clergy have, 'for several hundred years past, only assembled synodically.' The archbishops have always been used to issue their citations and mandates pursuant to their respective Convocation writs, which are set forth *in hæc verba*. The process is executed in both provinces with entire regularity. Upon paper each Convocation is complete in itself. Therefore, instead of having one supreme ecclesiastical Parliament for England, we have two co-ordinate ecclesiastical Parliaments; the Convocation for the province of Canterbury, and the Convocation for the province of York. For Ireland we have no Convocation at all.

Thus stand matters in practice. As it is well known that the clergy of Canterbury or York meet only for the purpose of hearing a sermon, voting an address, and then continuing in a state of suspended vitality, the mandates and citations are carried into effect without attracting any attention. But should it be determined that they are to transact business, then for the tug of war.

First of all will arise the grave question: Has the archbishop the power of excluding a bishop, or of dispensing with the presence of any clergy who ought to attend? If the question be



decided in the negative, then all the colonial bishops must be summoned, as suffragans of Canterbury, and their clergy also. To a Parliamentary Convocation no bishops are called, excepting such as are reputed\* to have Parliamentary baronies. But a provincial synod meets according to the canon law: therefore the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the clergy of his diocese, always appear in the Convocation of York. Whatever may be the width of ocean separating the colonial bishoprics from England, they are, for all ecclesiastical purposes, as much part and parcel of the province of Canterbury as if they were in the Channel. What summons or warning is to be given to these colonial prelates? Are they to appear in person or by proctors? If by proctors, by one or by two? If by two, ought such proctors to possess a joint or a separate vote?—and would they be entitled to vote at their discretion, or according to instructions from the colonial prelates whom they represent? These points, and a great many more relating to the colonial episcopacy, must be settled, before the synodical acts of Canterbury could be conducted with canonical regularity or validity.

More important, as being more closely connected with excitable feelings, are the questions arising respecting the inferior clergy, who, both in Canterbury and in York, consist of two classes—the *elected* members and the *official* members. We will begin with the former, that is to say, the proctors of the cathedral and collegiate chapters and of the parochial clergy. At present the elections are made quietly in localities of great tranquillity, within the placid precincts of the cathedral, or the vestry-room of a country church, or the archdeacon's dining-parlour. But when parties are wide awake, they will investigate, and rigidly too. Are the Chapters, as altered and abridged by recent statutes, to retain their original rights of electing the capitular proctors? With respect to the parochial clergy, is the elective franchise to be confined to incumbents, 'parsons, rectors, vicars, and perpetual curates of the old foundation, paying first-fruits and tenths, and heretofore charged to the subsidies granted by the clergy?'—or are ministers of our modern anomalies—district churches, trustee churches, licensed chapels, and the like, erected or sanctioned pursuant to modern acts of Parliament—acts passed with the sincere intention, we admit, of providing the means of Divine worship, but with little recollection of the principles of ecclesiastical jurisdiction,—are these also to participate in the elective franchise? Have such ministers any legal right to vote? If they have

\* 'Reputed;' for we have doubts whether the Baronial Tenure be really the foundation of the summons. The inclusion of the clergy generally in the summons seems against that notion.

no legal right to vote, seeing the moral right they possess, would not their exclusion excite the greatest dissatisfaction? Would not many of the clergy of this class tender their votes? Is the archdeacon (the usual returning officer) to accept or to refuse them? Is there any authority competent to support him by advice? Is it not more than probable that a diversity of practice might obtain in different and distant archdeaconries and dioceses? Would Chichester and Chester, for example, follow the same rule? What is the clerical constituency in the colonial dioceses? Does it belong equally to the appointees of the Church Missionary Society, and of the Colonial Church Society, and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel? And is the election to be made after one model in Madras and New Zealand, in Tasmania and Toronto? Furthermore, when all the questions relating to the constituency are dispatched, we then open a new set as to the qualification of the member. At present the usage is to elect none but members of the chapter as capitular proctors, and none but beneficed clerks within the archdeaconry or diocese as proctors for the archdeaconry or diocese. Is this custom binding or arbitrary? Is not the proctorship open to any clerk, beneficed anywhere, or nowhere?

Let us now attempt to take a little breathing time and contemplate the elections. In the province of Canterbury the Convocation writ is set in motion by the Archbishop's mandate, directed to the Bishop of London, as dean of the province, who, in that character, issues his mandate to each of the bishops within that province, directing them to carry the writ into execution in their respective dioceses. So far as relates to his own diocese, *London*, he issues his mandates to the deans and chapters of St. Paul's and Westminster, and to the archdeacons of the diocese, commanding the latter to convene the clergy, and to elect proctors, and return their names. Each archdeaconry being separately summoned, makes a separate election of proctors; and on their names being returned to the bishop, *he nominates* two proctors from amongst the archidiaconal proctors, and these proctors, by virtue of his lordship's choice, represent the whole diocese.

In the diocese of *Salisbury* the registrar issues mandates from the bishop, directed to the dean and chapter and the archdeacons of the diocese, requesting them respectively to convene the chapter and the clergy of the archdeaconries in such convenient places as they may think fit. Upon receipt of these mandates, the archidiaconal registrars direct the apparitors to cite the clergy to attend the place of meeting accordingly. When the clergy of the archdeaconry meet, they appoint two clerks of their own archdeaconry as their proctors, to attend in the bishop's court, for the purpose

of electing from amongst themselves two proctors, who are to represent the whole diocese. In Salisbury, therefore, the archidiaconal proctors *constitute an electoral college*, but who confine their selection to themselves.

In the diocese of *Exeter* the principle of *popular representation* is fully carried out. The bishop issues his mandates to the several archdeacons and the judges of the peculiar jurisdictions, requiring each to cite the clergy within his jurisdiction to appear at the consistorial court, before the judge of the diocesan consistory. Here the clergy of the whole diocese appear in a body, and elect two of their own body as proctors, according to the usual mode of election.

There are many other variations; in fact, hardly any two dioceses pursue exactly the same practice. Those who have any acquaintance with ancient records will scarcely doubt, but that at different periods diversities of usage will be found to have prevailed in the same diocese, thus affording further nest-eggs of difficulty and confusion.

But we have only dipped the tips of our fingers into the sea of perplexities. Supposing there should be a contested election for an archidiaconal proctor in Canterbury province—and who can doubt but that many an election would be fiercely contested?—how is the poll to be taken by Archdeacon Hare, or by Archdeacon Hale? If a scrutiny be demanded, how is such scrutiny to be granted? If the legality of a vote or the qualification of a proctor be objected to, who is to determine the objection? Is the return to be decided by the Archdeacon, or by the Bishop, or by the Primate, or by the Lower House of Convocation, or by both Houses together, or by the Privy Council, or by the Crown? A very good argument—such as would have delighted Lord Coke—might be raised for any one of these jurisdictions—*non obstante* that, some how or another, *he* would have contrived to give it to the last. Parliamentary election law is sufficiently puzzling, but there are materials for the ingenuity of counsel to work upon. From what precedents are we to collect the needful body of Convocatory election law? Reports and Canons are equally silent. What a cheering prospect for the Convocatory election bar which will have to start into existence! Fancy Dr. Addams and Mr. James Hope, and Dr. Robert Phillimore and Dr. Twiss, all labouring to extract all the needful from the single case of Prebendary Dennis, who (1820) contested the seat for Exeter—the only Convocation election case which has ever been decided within the memory of man, or before.

Furthermore, what would be the result of any proceeding by which the election of an archidiaconal proctor might be declared void?



void? As above stated, many of these ecclesiastical elections are according to a complicated process. If, after the election of a diocesan proctor, the election of any of the archidiaconal proctors were declared void, would not this defect of title in the archidiaconal proctor vacate the seat of the diocesan proctor for whom he had voted? Have the archidiaconal proctors joint electoral votes, or separate electoral votes? Supposing the election of one archidiaconal proctor were declared void, would his fellow-proctor be empowered to vote? In case of the avoidance of an election, either before the session or afterwards, is it clearly known in what manner the returning officers are to proceed to a new election? How are the proctors of the colonial dioceses to be elected and returned—according to the custom of London, or of Sarum, or of Exeter? What are the powers of the capitular and diocesan proctors in the Convocation? They are not representatives in the ordinary meaning of the term, but *procurators*, i. e., attorneys, acting under a power. According to the forms in use in some dioceses, the proctors are appointed joint proctors; in others they are appointed jointly and severally. In the first case it should seem that they have only one vote, and that both must attend in the house to give that one vote. According to the second, the two proctors have each a vote at their discretion, and, as it should seem (though the matter is not certain), may vote different ways. In some dioceses the proctors have the power of substituting other proctors in their stead, and this without limitation of number—how may they vote, in a lump or *per capita*? All these questions are only awaiting their solution when the next Convocation shall be held.—We say nothing of the amusing interludes—canvassing upon the Pastoral Aid interest in opposition to the ‘S. P. G.’ candidate, addresses to the electors, active committees, advertisements, bills on the walls, puffs and squibs (circulated between the leaves of tracts by ‘Charlotte Elizabeth,’ or Mrs. Sherwood), arrangements for bringing up the voters to the poll, special trains on the Great Western, subscriptions for paying their expenses,—petitions full of charges of bribery, intimidation, treating, and coercion,—two invitations to the Palace in one week,—a private deputation from the ladies’ branch-auxiliary,—non-renewal of the ‘grant for the additional curate,’—a threat to withhold Easter offerings,—conflicting evidence as to beef-steaks and porter, turtle-soup and champagne,—all of which would be the inevitable consequences of the electoral constitution of the ecclesiastical Parliament, unless corrected by proper legislation beforehand.

With respect to the dignitaries who sit in the Lower House of Canterbury, there is a field equally open for discussion. It should

should seem that the Archbishop has a right to summon all—not only the archdeacons, but—all the dignitaries of the cathedral churches, chancellors, treasurers, and the like—nay, even the rural deans. In more modern times, however, the dignitarian attendance usually consists (except so far as it has been altered by the Suspension Act, which again opens many questions) of twenty-two deans, fifty-three archdeacons, about a dozen sub-deans, chancellors, and treasurers, and one precentor. All these of course must attend; but what is to be done with the colonial archdeacons? Are they to have seats in the Convocation, or how? Long as this list of doubts respecting the composition of the Lower House of Canterbury may appear, the subject is not half exhausted.

Deeper and deeper still is the slough of confusion. In the Houses of Parliament all the rights, functions, and duties appertaining to their respective Speakers are accurately ascertained. In the Houses of the Canterbury Convocation these rights, duties, and functions are so vaguely defined, that the uncertainty of authority would occasion the most unseemly disorder. No one can tell whether in Convocation the Archbishop, as president, is the organ of his suffragans, or whether he has not, in many cases, a distinct and independent jurisdiction. In Parliament, the Lord Chancellor is speaker only of the House of Lords. In Canterbury Convocation, the Archbishop claims to be president of both houses. In Parliament, each house can adjourn itself at pleasure. In Convocation, the archbishop claims the right of adjourning the lower house, and the lower house claims the right of sitting in despite of the archbishop. In Parliament, the relations between the two houses are settled and defined. In the province of Canterbury they are entirely unsettled and undefined. Some say that the right of decreeing canons belongs wholly to the upper house: some say they ought to pass the lower house also. Some say that the lower house cannot choose a committee or enter upon any business, except by the permission of the upper house: some say the lower house may act entirely at their own discretion. When the Convocation of Canterbury last met for the dispatch of business, in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., the Lower House endeavoured to take a position entirely analogous to that of the House of Commons. According to the puerile and unfortunate phraseology, the sign and token of our unhappy dissensions, the principles of the Georgian bishops in the *Upper* House were latitudinarian *low* church, and the principles of the inferior clergy in the *Lower* House were orthodox *high* church; but when the Houses were arrayed against each other, the Low Church Bishops, who disclaimed apostolic succession, were all for high-flying prelatie authority,



thority, and the High Church inferior clergy, who acknowledged it, were all for independence. The Government silenced the dispute by laying its heavy hand upon the synod. Were the clergy now to meet again for the dispatch of business, similar disputes would be revived with the greatest acrimony. Who would consent to be surety for peace? If such dissensions were to be exhibited again by our modern 'organs of intelligence'—*'Times,' 'Chronicle,' 'Spectator,' 'Examiner,'* but above all by *'Punch'*—*Punch* in Convocation—Convocation in *'Punch'*—might not the enlightened 'public' be inclined to exclaim, A plague on both your Houses!

If the relations of the two houses of the Convocation of Canterbury towards each other are undefined, nay, even antagonistical and hostile, equally so are the relations between the two Convocations of Canterbury and of York. They are independent of each other—like their respective metropolitans, whose rival claims were compromised by the one taking the title of Primate of England, and the other of all England. Canons have been passed in York, which have never been accepted by Canterbury; and yet York has been accustomed to adopt the canons or resolutions of Canterbury without modification or discussion. Is this voluntary deference or legal dependence and subordination? Has Canterbury any right to demand this acquiescence?—Might not York, with its *one House*, in which the five mitres are outvoted by the inferior members, take a course entirely diverse from Canterbury, where, as some think, the Upper House of twenty-two Prelates have the sole legislative authority, and, at all events, a veto upon the proceedings of the Lower House?

Difficulties upon difficulties. If the relations between the two Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury, and also between the two Convocations of Canterbury and York, are thus perplexing, even still more vague and unsatisfactory and obscure are the relations between the two Convocations of the Church of England and the Convocation, if there be such a thing, of the Church of Ireland. In what manner the fifth article of Union, 'that the Churches of England and Ireland, as now by law established, be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland,' has operated, no one can tell. The union has not yet been formally accepted or recognised by either Church, by any synodical act, canon, or formulary. Parliament in legislating for either Church has treated them as distinct bodies. No Irish bishop is ever translated to an English see, or *vice versâ*; and in many other respects, as our clerical readers well know, there is a *film* which, however thin, prevents the coalescence of the churches. Equally problematical

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is the manner in which an Irish Convocation is to assemble. Is it to meet in four provinces, as of old, or in two provinces as united by the recent statute, or in dividends, according to the clause in the Parliamentary writs, altered to suit the rotation of the Irish prelates, according to the Act of Union? Assuming that, according to some examples since the Reformation, there could be got together *one* national Synod of Ireland, would it not be entirely independent of the two Convocations of the Church of England, and, consequently, might not the *three* Convocations each adopt different canons or resolutions?

What would be the result if, amidst the strife of theology and politics, the sources of bitterness in the Synod should be suddenly opened? Are the parties who advocate the expediency of calling their ideal ecclesiastical Parliament, 'Convocation,' into activity, aware of the process by which the Proctors are elected? Unequal, indirect, complicated, partial, and subject in many dioceses to direct episcopal nomination and control, would such a process of composing the lower house satisfy the 'rate-payers,' if brought out upon them by surprise? Are people aware how the diocesan proctors are outnumbered in Canterbury by the dignitaries and cathedral clergy—there being but fifty-four proctors for the parochial clergy, amidst the twenty-two deans, the fifty-three archdeacons, the dozen sub-deans, chancellors, and treasurers, and the one precentor, and the twenty-four capitular proctors, who would be the mere nominees of the bishops, archdeacons, and deans? Could such an assembly, at present, possess any influence upon the uninformed and undisciplined public mind? Will the parochial clergy be contented to be thus swamped? Above all, what will be the effect of the comparison between the constitutions of Canterbury and of York? In York they have no distinction of houses, and no indirect elections. The archidiaconal proctors sit as such, and all the clergy, high and low, archbishop, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and proctors, sit in one assembly. Would not the meeting of Convocation be an immediate signal for demanding the extension of the suffrage of the parochial clergy—the abolition of the capitular Old Sarums—the union of Canterbury, York, and Ireland into one synod—radical Convocation Reform, and this the certain prelude to radical Church Reform?

Most formidable of all are the difficulties existing between the relations of the Convocations towards the Crown. The royal supremacy has rested or rests upon two statutes, one repealed, the other subsisting. By the 26th Hen. VIII., cap. 1, it is enacted that 'the King, our sovereign lord, his heirs and successors, kings of this realm, shall be taken, accepted, and reputed the only supreme Head in earth of the Church of England, called *Anglicana Ecclesia*,

*Ecclesia*, and shall have and enjoy, annexed and united to the imperial crown of this realm, as well the title and style thereof, as all jurisdictions, privileges, authorities, and immunities to the said dignity of supreme Head of the Church belonging or appertaining.' In the margin of the statutes at large is this note, 'Repealed by 1 and 2 Ph. and M., c. 8, revived by 1 El., c. 1'—which, however, is not the case; for although the churchwardens of Ware, Shore-ditch, East Farleigh, Helston, and Torquay, and other enlightened persons, have proposed to petition her Majesty as *Head of the Church*, that title, as ought to be known, was not resumed by Elizabeth; nor was the act of Henry VIII. ever *revived*; her Majesty is *not* 'Head of the Church,' for a *new* enactment was passed, with very material variations in its terms, and susceptible of a very different construction. The royal supremacy, as it now stands, depends upon the following clause in the Act of 1 Eliz. cap. 1, 'An Act restoring to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the State Ecclesiastical and Spiritual, and abolishing all foreign power repugnant to the same:' *viz.*—'That such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities and pre-eminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority have heretofore been, or may lawfully be exercised or used, for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and for reformation, order and correction of the same, and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts and enormities, shall for ever, by authority of this present Parliament, be united and annexed to the imperial Crown of this realm.' The statute of Henry made him more than Pope; and, if not absolutely blasphemous, approaches to blasphemy. The statute of Elizabeth only gives a quasi-papal authority.

But there is much more to be considered here. When this supremacy was bestowed upon the Crown, it was given to Her Grace the *Queen of England*. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has succeeded to all the love and affection entertained towards her illustrious predecessor—but she is *not* Queen of England. There is no longer such a realm as England—no Parliament of England—and no Imperial Crown of England. In the formal language of the laws, Her Majesty is Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; but *that* is not her real style and title:—according to more true and expressive language, she is Queen of the *British Empire*. These two sovereigns possess constitutional characters totally different from each other. The Queen of England, in her public capacity, was a person possessing a transcendent prerogative—an irresponsible authority in all matters of government—and who could, and did, direct and control all the branches of spiritual and temporal administration, according



according to the dictates of her own private and personal conviction and conscience, approaching, in religious matters, to what is termed infallibility. When Secretary Cecil said that the Queen might do as much as the Pope, Archbishop Parker would not in the least 'venture to dispute how far her highness might do in following the Roman authority.' A minister of the Queen of England was simply the *minister* of her absolute will and pleasure. Queen Elizabeth's minister had no will of his own—Burleigh could not say his soul was his own: the Queen of England was omnipresent. But such authority as Queen Elizabeth possessed, the authority of the *Queen of England*, is wholly lost. The principles of our government have wholly altered. The Queen of the British empire, in her public capacity, has ceased to be a person: the wearer of the imperial crown in that public capacity is an abstraction; and she can exercise no one branch of public authority—no, not the smallest or most inconsiderable, but by those responsible ministers whom she may accept or select, but with whose functions, once appointed, she can in nowise interfere. It is their private and personal opinions which rule the State—the individuality of the Queen is merged in the Queen's Cabinet. This total change in the nature of the royal authority, and which has left to the sovereign nothing but an indirect influence in the administration of public affairs, obscurely rising under Charles II., was completed during the reign of George I. The new authority had been slowly germinating under ground, but was suddenly ripened upon the Hanoverian accession, when the monarch's absence from the deliberations of the cabinet council brought on this mighty revolution—the most silent, the most unobserved (for Halham was the first who noticed it), and the most influential that this country ever sustained. William III. and Queen Anne might, in their public capacity, have an individual will in civil affairs, or a religious conscience in ecclesiastical affairs—but exactly at the period when Convocation lapsed into desuetude, the sovereign ceased to possess any constitutional power of directing public affairs according to personal conviction; and the only *principle* which could justify the statute of Elizabeth—however impracticable it may have been for any sovereign to act satisfactorily upon it—was subverted. Initiation, discussion, veto, honour, bounty, even mercy,—all are transferred to those who act in the sovereign's name. So strangely are the single actions of single and obscure individuals directed by Providence to work upon the destiny of nations, that the gesture of the crazy beggar, Margaret Nicholson, by preventing thenceforward the presentation of petitions to the Royal hand, destroyed the last of the usages by which, if we may use the expression, the *personality* of the monarch was sustained.



tained. In all acts of government, the person of the sovereign—so far as *public acts of government* are concerned—merges in the person of the minister—and the moral responsibility of the sovereign, in the exercise of such acts of public government, merges, most happily for the peace of the sovereign's mind and the stability of the throne, in that minister's responsibility. Therefore 'all jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and pre-eminences,' which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and were annexed by her statute to the Crown, are now transferred to the Home department—Sir Robert Peel, in 1825; Lord John Russell, in 1835; Sir James Graham, in 1845. All the so-called securities of the Church of England are worse than nothing, because they are just sufficient to excite discontent without producing any benefit. Mr. Sheil, as a Roman Catholic squire, must not present to a parochial *starving* of forty pounds a year; but if under the late administration the Right Hon. Gentleman had held the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster, many of the best Crown livings would have been at his uncontrolled disposal. The Cabinet and Privy Council, with the exception of the Chancellor, may be all Romanists. If legal knowledge, talent, eloquence, amiability, and integrity were (in the chances and changes of Parliamentary majorities) to elevate a Unitarian to the Chancellorship, he might pass the *congé d'élire* or the grant of the dignity at the bidding of a Roman Catholic premier, and bestow all the remaining ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown at his own discretion. Every other branch of royal authority in relation to the Church of England may be lawfully exercised by members of the most hostile or adverse communions.

There are no means of shrinking from the breadth of these disclosures: and now let us consider the consequences. Except in things of extremely small importance, Convocation, bound as the clergy are by the Act of Submission, cannot transact any business unless licensed by the Crown. According to the regular course, Convocation opens by such a licence, either under the Sign Manual or the Great Seal, directing and enabling the Synod to treat upon such and such matters therein contained, and no other. Convocation, supposing it had extricated itself from all its previous labyrinths and troubles, would now have to grapple with the greatest of difficulties. The royal Licence is equivalent to the Speech from the throne at the opening of a new parliament. At the head of this document would now appear the name of Victoria Regina, as did Elizabeth Regina in days of yore. But how is the licence to be construed or received—as containing the declaration of the Queen's personal conscience—a conscience infallible, or at least irresponsible to any being upon earth—or as the composition of the Secretary of State for the

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Home Department? Is it the message emanating from the Queen's transcendent authority, or the message of her minister, responsible to parliament and to the whole empire? If the first construction prevail, then is the Queen's act construed in a manner wholly contrary to the principles of our existing *British* constitution. If the latter, then will it be construed in a manner wholly contrary to the principles of the *English* constitution, under which the supremacy was annexed to the Crown. Ecclesiastical supremacy and the royal authority no longer stand upon the square; and you cannot make them. Convocation would be sorely perplexed in deciding how far their responsibility of judgment or their freedom of debate ought to extend. But the parliamentary construction would unquestionably prevail.\* Members of Convocation must have the same liberty of speech as members of Parliament. Of the sovereign's personal sentiments, wishes, or convictions, they must know nothing; of Sir James Graham's, whatever they choose. The most vital doctrines of faith would be discussed as measures of the Home Department by political opponents and political friends—could the bitterest foe to religion wish for more?

Petitions have lately been presented to Parliament, praying for 'a temperate revision of the Articles and Liturgy.' Supposing this proposition—which, by the way, would involve the small operation of calling in and cancelling about twenty millions of books of the English Common Prayer, as well as of its versions in various languages, dispersed throughout Europe and our colonies—supposing it were entertained, what would be the result? In seeking our way we are brought at once to the edge of the precipice; the unravelling of the tremendous question of the so-called '*alliance*' between 'Church' and 'State.' The first step for such a temperate revision, if conceded, would probably be, that Sir James Graham would issue a Commission of Review, directed either to a selection of the Bishops, or to the whole Bench, or perhaps to Convocation at large;—and what then? To effect any alteration in the Common Prayer, the Act of Uniformity must be repealed. This necessity would open the whole question of the faith of the Church of England to debate in Parliament, in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords, who would discuss and decide upon

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\* Thus the clergy in many places have not only refused to obey the Queen's letter for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but have proclaimed their resistance. This, of course, could only proceed from their assumption that in Church affairs the use of the Queen's name was merely formal, and that the letter emanated from Sir James Graham; and still more recently a question relating to the issuing of a Queen's letter, on behalf of the Incorporated Church-building Society, has been put and answered in the House of Commons, upon the principle that the letter is the mere act of the minister.



creeds, catechisms, services, every article, every collect, every lesson, every psalm, every gospel, every epistle, every prayer. Is it possible that the *British* Parliament, according to its present conformation, would dare to consider itself competent to legislate, either directly or indirectly, upon matters of faith for the Church of *England*? Shallow and sophistical as Warburton's general reasoning may be, the main position of his treatise remains unshaken. According to the peculiar relation established between the *English* Parliament and the *English* Church, we must take the legislation consequent upon the reformation as an entire system, nor can we in argument repudiate any part: an uncompromising ascendancy-law is indispensable. The law which gave the Establishment its aspect (however untrue) of being a creature of the State, allowed of no liberty of conscience or liberty of action in religion, whether within the pale of the Established Church or without. When the Church of *England* was established by the civil law upon its present basis, the theory of the English Constitution was, that not merely every member of the English Houses of Parliament, but every subject of the Queen of *England*, was a member of the Church of *England*. Independently of all Parliamentary tests, Popish recusancy and Protestant non-conformity were criminal offences, rendering the parties liable to punishments, which, when the process of the law was followed up, did not merely incapacitate the culprits from the functions of legislature, but deprived them of goods and chattels, lands and inheritances, liberty and life. The Puritan was hanged for reviling the Book of Common Prayer. The Papist was drawn, hanged, cut down alive, ripped open, embowelled, and quartered for denying the Royal Supremacy.

It is unnecessary to observe that a total withdrawal of all civil protection from the Church would have been infinitely less injurious to her spiritual functions than such atrocious tyranny. Yet the system was a logical deduction from Warburton's principle of alliance: more consistent when worked out by halter and axe, by gibbet and scaffold, than under the mitigated form of persecution which he advocates. Whether any other scheme for preserving to the Government their unquestionable right of a *consultative* voice in the discussion of the affairs of the Church could have been devised, it is not our business to inquire. We deal only with facts. The movements of the Church of *England* machinery exist as they did when a Warburton dedicated his work to a Chesterfield; but the movements of the State machinery of the *British Empire* have been so altered and enlarged, that the wheels do not tooth and cog into each other. The union between England and Scotland occasioned indeed the first dislocation; but in Warburton's time the wheels were still so close  
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to each other, that no great irregularity was perceptible. The legislative changes of the modern period have been quite enough to consummate a complete and conspicuous revolution in all these matters. The English Houses of Parliament, the English Constitution, no longer exist. They have merged in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as the Supreme Legislature, the organ and exponent of the general Constitution of the British empire. The rule of our present Constitution is the uncompromising repudiation of religious tests, and the abandonment of religious ascendancy.\* The House of Commons *need* not, necessarily, contain one single member of the Church of England; nor the House of Lords more than the bishops,—for the lord chancellor, though he must not be a Romanist, may, as we have before observed, be a Dissenter. All alliance between the conscience of the Parliament of the British empire and the Church of England is therefore entirely dissolved. No minister, whatever his private conviction may be, can restore that alliance. If Roman Catholics and Dissenters, sitting in that Parliament, are competent to legislate, either directly or indirectly, upon the faith or discipline or ritual of the Church of England, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that members of the Church of England, sitting in the same Parliament, are competent to legislate upon the faith or discipline or ritual or no ritual of the Church of Rome or of the Protestant Dissenter. If the Presbyterian in Parliament has the power to alter one word in a Rubric, the Anglican in Parliament may compel the Presbyterian to submit to have the whole mass-book of the Common Prayer ‘said in his lug.’ If a Wesleyan member in Parliament has the power to unsurplice the priests and deacons of the Church of England, the member of the Church of England may hang the cope upon the shoulders of the Conference.

The Constitution of the British empire may protect, and is bound to protect, the Church of England; but the theoretical union between the Church of England and the British Parliament is now maintained only by the presence of the bishops. This link—cherished and venerated and supported by the faith and affection of the most numerous and influential part of the entire community—may long continue sufficient to enable Parliament to maintain the Anglican Church in all her temporal and legal rights and privileges; but further the power of Parliament

\* We have not entered into the questions connected with the colonies. But the religious statistics of the Canadian legislatures will show the impossibility of adopting any of the *alliance* principles to such communities:—

UPPER CANADA.—Church of England, 25; Church of Scotland, 10; Church of Rome, 2; Methodists, 1; Independents, 1; Religion not known, 3.

LOWER CANADA.—Church of England, 9; Church of Scotland, 3; Church of Rome, 28; Religion not known, 2.

over the Church does not—according to the spirit of our *reformed* British constitution—extend.

We have employed very plain and homely language in these pages, but there are cases in which we cannot realize men and things as they are, except by discarding conventional decorum, and speaking out—and this is one of such cases. There are great inconveniences in the present absence of any power of spiritual legislation, but they would be very bearable if we would recollect the wisdom which, in the supplication against heresy and schism, includes also hardness of heart. The duty of the Church is so to examine and discipline herself as to become competent, when the season shall arrive, to accept the liberty of resuming her canonical powers. In the meanwhile let her heed the warning given by Infinite Love—‘In returning and in rest shall ye be saved. In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength;—and ye would not.’

After this article had been made up for the press we received the ‘*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*,’ 25th February, 1845, containing an able paper entitled ‘A Difficulty attending the Revival of Convocation.’ The ‘difficulty’ is the unfitness of Parliament, constituted as it now is, to legislate for the Church,—and the absence of any coercive power in the Church, unless with the aid of Parliament; upon which the writer makes the following observations :—

‘If this be the case with regard to the law as it affects the *laity* at the present day, what shall we say of the *clergy*? Are we to take for granted that *they*, at least, will exhibit the due submission to the Church’s commands, if no *civil* sanction be imposed? The Editor fears that such an expectation would be far too sanguine. He might state several reasons for this apprehension, but shall trouble his readers with a single fact. They are aware of the position of the Church in Scotland—how she is separate from the State, and destitute of temporal wealth and *legal* authority: they are also aware how this disadvantage has been taken hold of, and how clergymen of the English Church, in violation of every moral obligation which should influence them, avail themselves of this absence of *legal* penalty to insult their bishops—to scorn the canons of the Church,—and, on pretence of their English orders, to create a schism within the sphere of their former ministration. And this happens not on their part only; for they can with truth boast of the countenance afforded them by many clergymen, who, in the peculiar sense in which the phrase is used in the present day, are styled “the first men in the Church of England.”\*

\* ‘One of the promoters of the late schism at Glasgow has written in the following terms to the Rev. Robert Montgomery :—“I can solemnly assure you we have the heartfelt sympathy of many of the first men in the Church of England.”—*Vide Ecclesiastical Journal* for December last, p. 89.’

'Here, then, is the position in which we are placed. All friends of the Church allow that Convocation is the only remedy to quiet our present distracted condition—a condition which shows that the plainest, the simplest, and most harmless directions of the Church are disobeyed, in consequence of the frantic spirit of party that is abroad. Should Convocation, however, in order to meet this emergency, be revived without some alteration in the present state of the law, and should it propose measures to put an end to this scene of disorder, every particle of the proposed remedy must be analysed in the crucible of our heterogeneous Legislature, if it is intended that it should have any legal efficacy. If, on the other hand, in natural apprehension of such an ordeal, the Church should venture to appeal to the consciences of her children by the force of her own divine commission, she will be told by those who are accounted the highest legal and constitutional authorities, that *purely ecclesiastical enactments are not binding on the laity in law.*

'This is the difficulty which the Editor has desired to bring into notice: from it, as far as he can see, there is no escape, and in any plan of ecclesiastical procedure at the present day this difficulty must be confronted.'

The tenor of these observations, much as they deserve respect, shows that the writer has not appreciated the real obstacles to the measure which he advocates; and let us here remark, once for all, that if the Church is to be reprimed, it must be by a radical reform, in the true sense of the word—not according to the pseudo-radical principle of subverting from above, but by rebuilding from below. Should the subject engage the attention of the legislature, before it be too late, they must begin with the parish vestry. When our present system of parochial law was established, *statute-parishioner* and *member of the Church* were, in the eye of the law, convertible terms. Now the parishioner may have no other connexion with the Church excepting through the medium of the rate-collector; and the primary assemblies of the Church are (there is no may be in the case) always mixed with and sometimes almost wholly composed of her implacable enemies. It will be impossible ever to reunite the parish to the church, unless by restricting all parochial powers which concern the church to communicants of the Church of England—communicants, not merely nominal members. How this condition is to be reconciled with the payment of church-rates we shall not here discuss; but one thing is certain, that the re-organization of the parish vestry upon canonical principles is indispensable in order to enable both the clergy and the laity to know and fulfil their several privileges and duties as members of the Church to which they belong.



ART. VI.—*England and France: a Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the present Time. To which are now first added: Remarks on Lord Orford's Letters—the Life of the Marquise du Deffand—the Life of Rachael Lady Russell—Fashionable Friends, a Comedy.* By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. A New Edition. London, 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

WE rejoice in the publication of this excellent and useful essay, as the avowed production of Miss Berry, because the value of its original remarks upon the society of both countries, in which she has so long moved as a member at once admired and beloved, is greatly increased by the authority of her name, a name never to be pronounced without the respect due to talents, learning, and virtue. We place in the front of our criticism that which all rightly constituted minds must regard as the highest panegyric, that she who has experienced and enjoyed the pleasures of fashionable as well as literary intercourse more and longer than any living author, has passed through both the frivolities and the corruptions of her times, in Paris as well as in London, without a shadow of a taint either to her heart, her feelings, or her principles. The historian of society in her own as well as in former periods, the fond admirer of genius whatever form it assumed, and the partaker with a keen relish of all the enjoyments which the intercourse of polished life affords, she has never shut her eyes for a moment to either the follies that degraded or the vices that disfigured the scene, nor has ever feared to let her pen, while it described for our admiration the fair side of things, hold up also the reverse to our reprobation or our contempt. It was a great omission in our journal never to have an article on any of the former editions of this 'Comparative View'—though we have more than once quoted it as an authority. It now appears, however, with not a few improvements—and with the addition of some other pieces partly published before in separate forms, partly new to the world.

The difficulty of giving a sketch of society in any country, still more of exhibiting a comparative view of it in more countries than one, most of all in tracing its varying forms through successive stages of its history, needs hardly be stated or illustrated in any detail. The artist who would execute such a delineation must bring to the task not only a very extensive knowledge of the sciences, the arts, the letters that flourished in the community at different periods, but an intimate acquaintance with the human character, and what is not quite synonymous, an acquaintance

with men both in action and seclusion. But, above all, whoever would undertake this task will feel a vast proportion of his materials wholly wanting in all the books that can be written and read; and must draw conclusions from the facts recorded, reasoning according to probabilities, and guided by a nice and familiar knowledge of mankind and of the world. Accordingly, in this branch of history or of moral painting there is hardly any work, the gossiping of numberless memoirs excepted, that can be cited to satisfy a curiosity naturally raised by the great interest of the subject. The few pieces or rather fragments that we could name are exceedingly slight, much affected by prejudice and personal feeling—altogether unsatisfactory. That Miss Berry has entirely succeeded in accomplishing so arduous a work, and has left no room to lament blanks and deficiencies, we shall not undertake to affirm. But it is quite undeniable that she has presented us with a sketch of great power; the result of various and accurate learning, instinct with deep but sober reflection, ever exhibiting a love of justice and of virtue, nor deformed by affectation any more than it is tinged with unworthy prejudice. The sex of the author, as well as the nature of the subject, naturally suggests a comparison with Madame de Staël; and it is a high praise to say that though the latter might have written such an Essay as this with more passages of striking eloquence, and a greater variety of original thoughts, might have shown more imagination, and declaimed more roundly, her page would have wholly lacked the sober judgment, the careful attention to the truth of her representations, which makes Miss Berry so safe a guide; while it would have abounded in mere conceits, far-fetched fancies, extravagant theories, wholly unsuited to the dignity of the inquiry as destructive of all its uses.

The most honourable characteristic of these volumes we have noted; their unexceptionable tendency, their perfect purity in all respects. But they who set a higher value upon talents than upon virtues will be charmed with the sagacity and temper of the observations, with the fine perceptions, the acute penetration of which the delicacy and quickness of the female mind seems alone capable; while the style is pure, easy, and wholly unaffected, showing the familiarity of the writer both with the study of good models and with the habits of good society. It is not among the least recommendations of the work that though apparently dealing with a general and even abstract subject, nothing can be more entertaining and even amusing; which is owing, no doubt, to the judicious union of *belles-lettres* with philosophy, the copious admixture of anecdote, personal and literary, the avoiding of all tiresome dissertation, and, above all, the shunning of political argumentation.

argumentation. Many years have passed since we have taken up a more readable book to enliven the appointed dulness of our ordinary labours.

Desirous of presenting our readers with a sample of the manner as well as the lively matter of this work, we meet with one at the threshold. Nothing can be more appropriate than the design, nor happier than the execution of the comparison or simile with which it opens. Here are the first three paragraphs of the Introduction:—

‘In considering and comparing the manners and habits, the opinions and prejudices, of England and France, it is remarkable that two nations so contiguous, so long and so intimately connected, and having always, either as friends or as enemies, seen so much of each other, should still continue so essentially dissimilar.

‘Like country neighbours, of uncongenial characters, we have never, during our hereditary and necessary intercourse with each other, continued long upon good terms, and have generally fallen out when any attempts have been made to increase our intimacy or unite us more closely.

‘Even when upon the most friendly footing, we have neither of us disliked hearing our neighbours abused, their peculiarities laughed at, and their weaknesses exaggerated, and have seldom been disposed to do them justice, except when we conceived that we had humbled and worsted them.’—vol. i. p. 1.

Miss Berry begins by taking a brief view of the state of England and France in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, and as much of the state of society in both countries as is necessary before entering on the proper subject of her work, the history of its changes after the era of the Restoration. The comfort of the people at large in England, the general diffusion of moderate wealth and enjoyment of ease, without the modern contrast of superabundant riches and squalid poverty: the insulation of the country from the continent, with which all the connexion of travel and foreign residence, so usual in former ages, had ceased in consequence of religious differences: the austerity of religious feelings and demeanour in the bulk of the nation, and the relaxed morality of the prominent section of the patrician order, all afford a marked contrast to the lofty refinement of manners which distinguished the nobles as a class in France, including all the landed proprietors of any account—the freedom from restraint whether of religious or moral ties which all polished society enjoyed—and the wretched poverty of the great body of the people, the cultivators of the soil, the dealers in merchandizes, the handicraftsmen, the few who exercised anything like manufacturing industry; in a word the *gens taillables et corvéables*, as they were wittily and



truly called in reference to the state-taxes they paid and the feudal burthens they endured.

The work properly begins with a compendious account of English society after the Restoration. It presents a still greater contrast than even that of France to the republican times which immediately preceded. The extreme severity of the fanatical days, in which asceticism was blended with religion, and made almost the test of faith, had been united to levelling opinions and rebellious conduct. The destruction of the Commonwealth, which its excesses and the misconduct of its chiefs had brought about, also left the democratic party in the lowest state of discredit; and the Restoration at once eradicated all the rigorous observances of the Roundheads, and set the fashion of the day universally in favour of the Cavaliers; introducing a loose morality, an elegant life, and a free intercourse with the continent, long interrupted; but especially an intercourse with France. Miss Berry makes Buckingham figure largely in the scene; indeed lets him occupy rather a disproportioned space in her narrative and description. The entertainment, however, received from his humours, and especially from his controversy with the Irish Friar, sent by the Duke of York (James II.) to convert him, form a very agreeable ingredient in the composition. Upon the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima*, we think she has judiciously selected as the most striking proof of the immoral and indecorous state of society the scene in which the judges who had a day or two before condemned Algernon Sidney to die, exhibited themselves in a drunken debauch at a city marriage, attended by the mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen, and many of the nobles. At the same time our author most justly remarks that the indecent and licentious manners of the great in the metropolis by no means indicate those of the people at large. The regard for religion was still maintained among the venerable gentry who seldom stirred from their provinces, and even in towns generally among the middle and humbler classes; their moral habits were assailed, but not overcome or changed; and the ancient virtue of the rural gentry, clergy, and yeomanry, as well as the tradesmen, remained entire, to overthrow the tyranny of the restored family under the next reign, and to save, with the liberty and religion, we may truly add, the monarchy of England.

Then follows a full and interesting account of society in France during the same period; but rather than abridge or analyse it, we shall extract the judicious and correct statement which our author gives of a very important subject—the differences of the French and English national character, as exemplified in the civil

civil and military transactions of the two countries in these times of trouble.

‘The difference of national character is perhaps nowhere more strongly marked than in the motives and conduct of the contemporary civil wars of France and England. The Fronde was directed entirely against individual character—our Rebellion against principles of government. Both may be said to have failed in their object, the one by the establishment in power of Cardinal Mazarin, the other by the Restoration of Charles II. But the war against principles had served to develop the human mind, and to throw light on the real end and only true means of government. The war against individual character had debased the mind, and given expansion, only, to private pique and hatred. It took away all dignity of motive, and all shame of abandoning or supporting leaders, except as they rose or fell with the wheel of fortune. The Parliament of Paris, after having put a price on the head of Mazarin in 1653, publicly harangued him as the saviour of the state in 1660, without any other change in circumstances than his having established his authority. By this conduct they lost the power ever to do more than make useless remonstrances against measures, which they had neither the right to oppose, nor the virtue to control.

‘But the Parliament of England, which had defended five of its members from the King himself in person, when coming to seek their punishment in 1642, preserved and developed within it the seeds of that power, which, in 1676, voted the exclusion of the only brother of the reigning King from the succession to the throne, and, in 1688, spoke the voice of the nation in declaring that brother for ever an alien to that throne, of which he had proved himself unworthy.

‘Nor is the difference of the two national characters less remarkable in the conduct than in the motive of their civil commotions.

‘With us, the troops were enlisted, not as the follower of such or such a leader, but called on to defend by arms, in the last resort, a solemn league and covenant between the governors and the governed, which they had all individually sworn to observe and to maintain. The few followers who surrounded the standard of the unfortunate monarch, when first erected against such opponents, proved how entirely a conviction of the identity of their *own* rights, with those they were called on to assert, was necessary to bring them into action.

‘The great Condé, and the still greater Turenne, while enlisting troops, throwing themselves into fortresses, and making treaties with Spain to expel a powerful minister the moment he opposed their individual pretensions, appear to the unprejudiced eyes of posterity merely employing a morbid activity to get possession of power, which they knew no more than their opponent how to use. All idea of bettering the condition of the country was alike out of the question on either side. Nor were these leading personages, in fact, better informed of their real interest and real duties, or less vulgarly ignorant of every principle of civil liberty, on which they supposed themselves acting, than the lowest follower of their camp.’—vol. i., p. 108—111.

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It is no small praise to Miss Berry, that in these passages she anticipated so much of what has since been exhibited and expounded more fully in the historical pages of M. de St. Aulaire and Lord Mahon.

The sketch which is subjoined of the female society in the two countries is exceedingly entertaining, and fully proves the contrast between the two to be in this particular much greater than even that of their respective statesmen, and courtiers, and churchmen. The Duchess de Longueville here, of course, occupies a large space: in fact she is treated of with disproportioned fulness, and even minuteness, as Buckingham had been in the English chapters.—The same want of keeping may be charged upon the length of the dramatic criticism, and the comparative view of the Irish and English theatres; but it has a redeeming virtue in the accuracy of its description and the unbiassed fairness of the judgments pronounced. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable portions of the work before us.

The era of the Revolution and the subsequent reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Brunswick princes, afford the materials for copious and interesting sketches, both of a general kind and of individuals whose eminent qualities affected the state of society; and here our principal fault with this essay is to be found. The account is quite accurate, and is both distinctly and luminously given, of the low state into which the arts fell under princes so little capable of appreciating their value as our illustrious deliverer and his very submissive but little significant consort, and her dull though worthy sister, with whom we may justly in this particular class the two first Georges. The description of society, too—correct, unenlightened, unrelieved, unvariegated, sombre—is well, if it is somewhat succinctly given; and it forms a great contrast to the political features of the age, full of what the newspaper language of our day—borrowed from novels, and mixed with slip-slop, anything but English—terms ‘stirring,’—marked by public violence, by foreign wars and civil strife, and even in peace full of factious broils and tainted with parliamentary corruption. ‘*Plenum variis casibus, atrox præliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.*’ But our objection lies to the individual portraiture and to the principle upon which the author has confined her pencil to those traits which she conceives alone belonged to their social intercourse. Thus, she appears to have thought that we had only to contemplate the great writers of the English Augustan age (as it is called, we think with her, somewhat affectedly), in respect of their character, and especially their manners and their currency as members of society; their good or bad lives might influence it by way of example; their social powers might diversify



it and variegate its aspect; but their immortal writings she seems to consider as almost wholly foreign to her purpose. Hence it is that hardly any note is taken of Pope, while of Swift an elaborate and most unfavourable character is given, entering into his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa with much particularity; while for aught that appears in her pages, Pope might never have written the '*Dunciad*' or translated Homer, nor Swift given to the world the immortal '*Travels of Gulliver*.' Indeed, but for a stray allusion to the '*Essay on Man*,' rather in reference to Bolingbroke, its suggester, than to its author, neither Pope might have been supposed a poet or an author at all, nor Swift anything but an Irish parson and an ill-user of two unfortunate women. This silence on authors as such is, moreover, not sustained consistently and throughout; for the greatest pains are bestowed upon dramatic writers, the stage, and its actors, as if society took much of its colour from this department of literature, and none at all from other compositions, except in so far as their authors mixed in social intercourse; and, indeed, another exception is made in favour of Bolingbroke, whose whole character, literary and political, as well as social, is somewhat largely dwelt upon. We hold it to be quite clear that there is the greatest fallacy in this classification. Swift's personal manners and demeanour in company could exercise very little influence on society at large; his concealed habits, whether amorous, or avaricious, or capricious, could exercise none at all; while his writings must needs have produced, as they still do produce, a great effect upon the intellect, the taste, the language, and, generally, the condition of England.

The French history and description during the period to which our remarks are applicable—the latter portion of Louis XIV.'s, the Regency, and the whole of his successor's reign—is rich in various instruction and amusement. The account of the Regent's licentious life is, perhaps, too little relieved with the set-off which should have been admitted of the vast benefits conferred upon his country and upon Europe by his steady love of peace and his excellent administration—the results of his great and, indeed, brilliant talents. But, in general, the whole of this part of the work is executed with ample knowledge of the subject, as well as with most exemplary fairness. The account of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Maintenon is admirable; the lesser figures of the group, both in their time and in that of his grandson, are given with spirit and with truth. So are the Voltaire and the Rousseau—if a little too much is made of the more than half-mad, more than half-bad Jean Jacques. One only error we can think the author has fallen into. She catches at a publication by  
Voltaire's

Voltaire's *valet de chambre* (Longchamps), in order to expose, not so much his master's weaknesses as those of his celebrated, but very unamiable friend Madame du Chatelet. Now, this is really a kind of evidence so tainted that in the courts of literature it should be held inadmissible, as in the courts of law it is, generally speaking, held unworthy of credit. The peace and the safety of 'Social Intercourse' depends upon this rule being held nearly inflexible; and we lament that the able and just historian of that intercourse should have committed a breach of it, probably through inadvertence to the principle which we have just ventured to lay down.

The author approaches to our own times, and gives a strongly-drawn, though not at all exaggerated picture of the Revolution in 1789. We gladly cite a passage in which profound sense is conveyed in striking language:—

'No wonder that a proud and high-spirited people should wish to shake off any part of the weight of degradation which fell on the whole nation during the three long years of the Reign of Terror. No wonder that they wish to confine the atrocities and the follies (for they remained inseparable) which stain this disgraceful period to a few individuals, sold to foreign influence, and the general acquiescence of the country to a combination of circumstances. This combination will be found to resolve itself into what we have already mentioned as the more than efficient causes of the national disgrace,—the previously degraded political existence of a people remarkable for the quickness and mobility of their feelings, and the talents and ambition of the middle orders of society, who, unprepared by any previous education for the exercise of civil liberty, found themselves suddenly in possession of absolute power. This quickness and mobility of feeling, which often originated, and in every instance increased the evils of the Revolution, was likewise the cause of those sudden and momentary returns to humanity which sometimes illumed the blackest periods of its history. Some bold reply, some flash of heroism, struck the giddy minds of their murderous mobs, or more murderous juries, and gave them back for a moment to mercy, although not to common sense.

'The same habits of thoughtlessness came to the aid of their oppressed victims. In the crowded prisons and houses of detention, where the fatal sledges came every day to take a part of their inhabitants to the certain death then implied by trial before the revolutionary tribunal, the remaining inmates diverted their attention from their own impending fate, and from that of their companions, by making epigrams on their persecutors, by music meetings, by singing, and every other amusement of which a large society was capable.

'This animal courage, for surely it deserves no better name, has been celebrated by their writers more than it would seem to deserve. One of their historians, the most devoted to what was then nick-named liberty, himself an agent and a victim of the demagogues of the day, after coolly reporting contemporary horrors, seems to be insensible of the character  
he



he imposes on his country, when he says, "Le peuple, prisonnier ou non, mais asservi sous une tyrannie épouvantable, sembloit jouir avec ses chaînes. On le forçoit, pour ainsi dire, à rire de son esclavage."\* A nation which plays with its chains, and laughs at its own slavery, has much to learn and much to suffer before it can be capable of freedom. Had we laughed at ship-money, and satisfied ourselves with epigrams on the five members of the House of Commons demanded by Charles I., he would have reigned in uncontrolled power. Had we taken Cromwell's major-generals and military division of the country as a joke, we, like France, might have been liable to the prolonged establishment of a military despotism. Had we trifled and diverted ourselves with the awkward strides of James to arbitrary power, we should never have attained the honour of resisting that power, which all but crushed Europe under the iron arm of Buonaparte.'—vol. i. pp. 327–329.

Although in all other parts of her work Miss Berry has cautiously avoided political matters, she possibly may be thought to have made one exception to this rule of abstinence imposed upon herself, in giving a sketch of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, of the policy which the former supported, and of the personal qualities and social habits of the latter. This account is by no means to be charged with partiality beyond what the writer's honest opinions would naturally, almost unavoidably occasion, for nothing can be more free, indeed more severe, than her condemnation of Mr. Fox's dissipated life, and its fatal effects upon his public influence and his whole success as a candidate for the direction of state affairs. Yet are there such errors in the view of Mr. Pitt as cannot be ascribed to difference of political party, but must be set down to the score of mere mistake. Thus besides saying that he was prime minister at the age of twenty-three (vol. i. p. 343), whereas he was nearly in his twenty-sixth year, that is, he was within a month or two of being twenty-five complete, she represents him as never having seen anything of the continent, his travels being confined to the road between Downing-street and Holwood (ib., p. 345); whereas he had resided many months in France, where he and Mr. Wilberforce travelled together, visiting the court and the capital after a considerable sojourn at Rheims. He was then of matured age and faculties, having been in Parliament some years, and filled for some months the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne's government. No one can doubt that he was more likely, with his sober temperament and reflecting habits, in such circumstances to profit much more by his continental excursion than his great rival did by a longer residence in Italy, when only seventeen, and immersed in the dissipation begun at his

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\* Dulaure, *Esquisses Historiques*, tome iv. p. 69.



first visit to the continent with his father when only fourteen, and before he had left Eton. But again our author is wholly wrong in supposing that Mr. Pitt was himself friendly to an anti-revolutionary war with France. It is certain that he dreaded the effects of that both there and here, nor would he have been driven to it but for the atrocious acts of the Convention in contempt of the rights of independent nations, combined, perhaps, and co-operating with the all but universal feeling so strongly excited in this country, and especially in the upper and middle classes, of alarm for the safety of our institutions, menaced by the anarchy of Paris. Whoever studies Lord Malmesbury's 'Correspondence and Diaries' will concur in this opinion: we refer to a previous article in this number of our Review. As for the failure of so many coalitions and plans of hostility against the new republic, surely the untried nature of the crisis, in which Mr. Pitt consulted for England and for Europe, makes it exceedingly rash to pronounce that either Mr. Fox or any other statesman would have had better success; while all must admit that the policy of holding out against France and keeping alive the sacred fire of national independence in Europe, which he pursued steadily under good fortune and under bad, never cast down by multiplied reverses, nor dispirited even by the defection of his well-subsidised allies whose battle he was fighting, merits the praise of the impartial historian, as it merited the success which finally crowned his system.

The Consulship and Empire are described faithfully and graphically. We have only room for one extract more, giving a curious account of society during the short and insecure, though necessary peace of Amiens. We rather cite this, because it is the report of an eye-witness, and it describes a state of things now not believed to have survived the Republic, properly so called:—

'The exaggerated and impossible equality of the democratical republic of 1793—the profligate and degrading manners of the Directory—the newly acquired power and efforts of Buonaparte to establish a better order of social life—the remnant of the old nobility, who, intrenched in the recesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, had carefully preserved every prejudice, and (as has been justly observed) had neither forgotten nor learnt anything; all these discordant elements, at the peace of Amiens, formed strange and irreconcilable discrepancies in society; while every party still believed its force so nearly poised, that all had hopes of reassuming the dominion they had successively lost. The Republican forms of language, and its calendar, were still in use—were still those of the Government, and of those employed by it. You were invited on a *Quintidi* of such a *Décade* of *Ventose*, or of *Prairial*, to a dinner,

or

or an evening meeting; and you were received in an apartment which bore no mark of change from former monarchical days, excepting the company it contained;—the women in the half-naked costume of Directorial fashion, or the Grecian tuniques and Grecian coiffures of more recent days;—the men in civil uniforms of all sorts, and all colours of embroidery, with which the Directory (to separate themselves from the *bonnet rouge* and the *carmagnole* of the Republicans) had thought proper to decorate themselves and all those put in authority under them. Among these figured the brilliant military costumes of the conquering generals, who had many of them risen from the ranks by merit which fitted them more for distinction on a field of battle than in a drawing-room: the manners of their previous life forsook them not in their peaceful capacity, and the habits of a guard-room followed them into the saloons of Paris.’—vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.

Let us add, what, with all that we before knew, or thought we knew of the subject, we confess was quite new to us. ‘No man, whatever his poverty or station in life, would condescend to wear the livery of another, and no servant in Paris would accompany his employer, for the term of *master* had ceased, otherwise than by walking at his side.’—*Id.* p. 46.

We have left ourselves no room to dwell on the accounts of the Bourbon Restoration, or the chapter on the Revolution of 1830, further than to point out a great exaggeration, the only one we have found in these pleasing and instructive volumes, where mention is made of the proceedings to which the reaction gave rise, after the Hundred Days had been closed with the fight at Waterlloo, and the second occupation of Paris had been effected by the allied forces. It is marvellous to find such a statement as that which represents (vol. ii. p. 89) the Assembly of 1815 and 1816 ‘under its constitutional king as almost rivalling the judicial cruelties of the revolutionary tribunals, and the agents it employed, their violence.’ ‘Almost’ is certainly a wide word, and of very great power and application, if it can be used to bring the deeds of that Assembly, little as we are disposed to be its panegyrists, under the same class with the wholesale murders of 1794, when fifty or sixty victims were condemned to death in a day, and the Carrières, the Collots, the Billauds, made the rivers flow with blood, and pointed the civic artillery against the second city of France.

The Life of Rachael Lady Russell is the most important piece added to this edition; it is a republication. The comedy of ‘The Fashionable Friends,’ acted for some nights and withdrawn, is published now for the first time; as is the ‘Defence of Lord Orford’ (Horace Walpole) against the attacks of a critic in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ whose knowledge of that celebrated person was as correct as his information respecting the history of the sciences;

sciences; representing the author of the best letters in our language, one of its most powerful tragedies, one of its most original romances, as a person 'whose thoughts were made up of affectation, and would be reduced to nothing were that taken away,' and asserting, as a thing admitted, that France received directly from us all great discoveries in physics, metaphysics, political economy; the country of Lavoisier, Berthollet, Clairaut, D'Alembert, La Grange, Laplace, Quesnai,\* having made none. The defence of her deceased and steadily attached friend by Miss Berry does honour to her heart. If she leans too exclusively to the favourable side, we cannot quarrel with that in the lady who herself will always form the most delightful feature in the retrospect of Horace Walpole's career. His approbation of her is a grand redeeming point—it is in his letters to her that we have the most agreeable glimpses of his inner man. It is a passage in both their lives which beautifully exhibits the high sense of honour in the one, and may justly give pause to all who have thought with unmixed severity of the other, that when the Earl laid his coronet at her feet, she refused to be a countess because their ages were so unequal, and that he continued his respectful devotion to her after this offer had been declined.

The republication of the *Life of Madame du Deffand* leads us only to observe that the friendship for Lord Orford, that lady's oldest and most attached associate, also prompted this Essay in all probability—certainly blinded its amiable writer to many an unamiable trait in that clever, hard, selfish person's character, more especially to her detestable treatment of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, of which no adequate defence, or even explanation, is or can be given.

We need not sum up our review of this interesting work by general reflections, having prefaced it with a general description of its merits. But the reader who may have honoured us with a perusal of these pages will now be better prepared to admit that our eulogy was not founded on fanciful notions, or on any other ground than the great and rare merits of the book, as well as of its accomplished and virtuous author.

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\* The father of the new system, to whom Adam Smith had intended to dedicate his 'Wealth of Nations.' Miss Berry, however, is herself rather unlucky in classing Chaptal as a discoverer (vol. i. p. 304), and in describing 'the analysis of air, begun by Priestley and Black, as first applied to aërostatics in France.' (*ib.*)



ART. VII.—*The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt.* 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1845.

TEN years ago, all the counters in all the circulating libraries in England were littered with trash known under the general title of Fashionable Novels. They came out in shoals, like the herring or mackerel in a plentiful season; they swarmed like the frogs in Pharaoh's palace; nothing else was written, nothing else was published; and if anything else was read, it was by secluded persons who lived a hermit-life under the shadow of their own book-shelves, and who were rarely in the habit of 'inter-changing ideas' with the outward world. The volumes produced during the continuance of this great plague of London, were of very various degrees of merit: some were tolerable; some excited curiosity; some were so foolish that they appeared written as a hoax upon the reader—April-fool books for the whole season; while in some few the warm bright rays of genius shone, wasted, like a sunbeam in a coal-cellar. After a while the supply exceeded the demand: a rising spirit of discontent manifested itself; the flame of love for the fashionable novel began to flicker; and publishers showed alarm. At length there arose a general clamour of rebellion. The world refused to be fed any longer on rout-cakes and supper-wafers, or to sit in '*boudoirs*,' attending to what Lord A. said to Lady L., especially as it appeared that fashionable conversation (like the crater of Vesuvius in '*L'Homme Blasé*') had 'nothing in it.' Every one was dissatisfied; but no one knew what to read instead, and like a starved silkworm on a dried mulberry-leaf, the world 'moved its head to and fro' in pitiful uncertainty. Then people did, what discontented people are very apt to do: they talked of 'old times.' Gentlemen spoke of works of merit popular in *their* day, and ladies (cautious even in their sorrow) mentioned interesting books they thought they recollected seeing when they were children (quite little children), in their parents' hands. There was an hour of sluggishness and indecision even among publishers; after which, that estimable body of men rallied, and following strictly the Scriptural injunction of standing in the way and considering 'which were the old paths,' they brought out '*Thomson's Seasons*' as a new book, in a cover as blue as the sky of the lazy poet's Summer; and the '*Vicar of Wakefield*,' rendered, if possible, more charming than ever by the addition of Mulready's perfect drawings, including his memorable frontispiece of '*Choosing the Wedding Gown*.'

The stream, once turned, flowed back strongly into its natural channel. A tacit acknowledgment was made of the obvious truth,

truth, that books which treat only of the manners of classes and the surface of society, must be as fugitive as their subject-matter, while works which rest their interest on the passions of the human heart, are books for all time;—weeds lying on the waves, and pearls lying under, we dive for the treasure, and the trash floats by.

Among the divers, to whose skill we owe the acquisition of many pearls of price, must be classed the translators of the present day. Frederica Bremer's Swedish novels, full of nature, and of that strong quiet feeling which reminds us of our own Miss Austen, were eagerly welcomed by the expectant public—one half of whom were dying of famine, and the other half of ennui or satiety. We ourselves laid down the new copies of 'Paul and Virginia,' and 'Robinson Crusoe' (which we had bought in a fit of despairing thirst for a little light literature), to smile over the charming 'Bear,' and delight in his uncouthness. The quaint, striking, semi-real 'Amber Witch' ('the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known') rose like a star out of darkness; translated by a young writer, whose hereditary claim to distinction in the path of German literature, all England will gratefully acknowledge; and waking up forgotten dreams of a persecution, which, luckily for the mesmerists of our own time, is completely out of fashion. God forbid that Miss Martineau and Lord Morpeth's 'Jane' should be cut short in the onward struggle towards mysterious knowledge, by condemnation to the stake and faggot; or that the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend should march to execution in either a gown or a surplice painted over with flames not reversed!

These translations, which are daily increasing in number, have had the effect eloquently attributed by Canning to steam-power—that of 'creating unexpected neighbourhoods, and new combinations of social relation.' Foreign languages are no longer a bar to our knowledge of foreign works: the patience of the translator, like the magician's spell, flings wide the pages hitherto sealed from our eyes; interpreters have risen up between us and our fellow-workmen in the world's great Tower of Babel. Amongst the rest, the world certainly owes much gratitude to Mary Howitt, for giving us a written interpretation of 'The Improvisatore,' by Hans Christian Andersen; a work originally composed in the Danish language: the language in which Hamlet spoke and thought—that melancholy 'Prince of Denmark,' whose doubtful existence Shakspeare's glorious dream has taught us to look upon as a familiar reality.

In a very learned preface to a very charming book ('Poems in the Dorset Dialect, by Mr. W. Barnes'), we are told, that 'the modern

modern Danish and Swedish are so much like English, that some sentences of those languages, as uttered by a Dane or Swede, would be intelligible to an Englishman who might not have learnt them ; and two examples are given :—

*‘Hans mad var græshopper og vild honning—*

His meat was locusts and wild honey ;

*Han sagde til dem, følger efter mig—*

He said to them, follow after me.’

But no language so closely resembles another, either in vocabulary or in construction, as not to require considerable skill and judgment in rendering the sense as the author intended it should be taken—without any appearance of constraint—any leaning to that patchwork style, arising out of the use of words unfamiliar in our own language, but which assimilate themselves to expressions used in the tongue we are translating, and which more especially force on the mind the fact that it *is* a translation we are reading.

That skill and that judgment Mary Howitt has shown. The ‘*Improvisatore*’ speaks no ‘broken English :’—the stream of translated eloquence comes fresh from Chaucer’s ‘pure well of English undefiled.’ We feel that we are introduced to the real thoughts and sentiments of a new genius—on that point there can be no mistake : yet the English book might be read through as an original—and no greater praise can be given to a translation.

The scene of the ‘*Improvisatore*’ is laid in Italy : \* like Mad. de Staël’s ‘*Corinne*,’ it combines with a thread of personal adventure, descriptions of scenery, observations on art, explanations of what we have no term for, unless we call it *artist-feeling*, and of the struggle so often unsuccessfully made by genius to overcome the external accidents of worldly position. A friend of ours, an old dabbler in literary genealogy, told us that ‘*Corinne*’ was grandmother to the ‘*Improvisatore* ;’ perhaps she was ; there is, at all events, a starched high-flown grandmotherliness in her pages, when compared with her descendant, which makes the Italian grandson (to our fancy) a much pleasanter companion. There is not, in all the book, one sentence that wears such an owlsh face of false wisdom as this :—‘*Quand la passion se rend maîtresse d’un esprit supérieur, elle sépare entièrement le raisonnement de l’action, et pour égarer l’une, elle n’a pas besoin de troubler l’autre.*’ Nor any of the doleful self-possession which makes *Corinne* exclaim—‘*Dans ce moment même où je me conduis comme une personne si passionnée, j’aperçois cependant les ombres du déclin dans l’éloignement.*’ Nor is there (a fact

\* It is a pity that so many of the Italian names are mangled ; but at whose door this should be laid we cannot tell.



for which we heartily thank Heaven) any character like that French abstract-idea-of-an-Englishman, the moody Oswald. The rose in the garden, by the artificial rose in a fine lady's hair—the gushing of the forest-spring, by the tutored fall in an ornamental pleasure-ground—such is the difference between our old French chaperon and our young Danish companion. It is impossible to read ‘*Corinne*’ without admiring the talents of the woman who invented, composed, and published it. It is impossible to read the ‘*Improvisatore*’ without wondering how much or how little of that warp and woof of fancy and reality is ‘an ow’re true tale.’

That the Author was at least well able to put himself, in all respects, in the place of his imaginary hero, is shown by the Preface to Mrs. Howitt’s translation, where his own romantic history is given at some length. One single sentence (the first) will serve as an abridgment of the whole account, and contains in itself, as it were, the *seed* of the book before us:—

‘Hans Christian Andersen is one of those men who, from their earliest youth, have had to keep up a warfare with circumstances; a man like Burns and Hogg, who seemed destined by Fate to end their lives unnoticed in a village, and yet, through an instinctive sense of their destined pre-eminence in the beautiful regions of art and literature, and sustained by an irrepressible will, have made themselves a part of the great world.’—vol. i. p. 1.

So much for the Author: of his authorship we shall only say, that for vividness and reality of detail, for breadth and boldness, too, in the description of scenery, and for skill in conveying the impression made on a fine mind and earnest heart by all that is beautiful in nature, and true in art—he stands without a rival among recent writers of romance. Extracts can give but a very imperfect notion of his skill and power—but we must do what we can—and we shall begin with a scene in the catacombs, which occurs in the childhood of the *Roman* hero (the future ‘*Improvisatore*’), and in company with a young *Danish* artist, who lodges at the house of little Antonio’s poor and widowed mother:—

‘Our lodger, the young painter, took me with him sometimes on his little rambles beyond the gates. I did not disturb him whilst he was making now and then a sketch; and when he had finished he amused himself with my prattle, for he now understood the language.

‘Once before, I had been with him to the *Curia Hostilia*, deep down into the dark caves where, in ancient days, wild beasts were kept for the games, and where innocent captives were thrown to ferocious hyænas and lions. The dark passages; the monk who conducted us in, and continually struck the red torch against the walls; the deep cistern in which the water stood as clear as a mirror—yes, so clear that one was obliged to move it with the torch to convince one’s self that it

was

was up to the brim, and that there was no empty space, as by its clearness there seemed to be: all this excited my imagination. Fear, I felt none, for I was unconscious of danger.

"Are we going to the caverns?" I inquired from him, as I saw at the end of the street the higher part of the Coliseum.

"No, to something much greater," replied he; "where thou shalt see something! and I will paint thee, also, my fine fellow!"

Thus wandered we farther, and even farther, between the white walls, the inclosed vineyards, and the old ruins of the baths, till we were out of Rome. The sun burned hotly, and the peasants had made for their waggons roofs of green branches, under which they slept, while the horses, left to themselves, went at a foot's pace, and ate from the bundle of hay which hung beside them for this purpose. At length we reached the grotto of Egeria, in which we took our breakfast, and mixed our wine with the fresh water that streamed out from between the blocks of stone. The walls and vault of the whole grotto were inside covered over with the finest green, as of tapestry woven of silks and velvet, and round about the great entrance hung the thickest ivy, fresh and luxuriant as the vine foliage in the valleys of Calabria.

Not many paces from the grotto stands—or rather stood, for there are now only a few remains of it left—a little and wholly desolate house, built above one of the descents to the catacombs. These were, as is well known, in ancient times, connecting links between Rome and the surrounding cities; in later times, however, they have in part fallen in, and in part been built up, because they served as concealment for robbers and smugglers. The entrance through the burial-vaults in St. Sebastian's Church, and this one through the desolate house, were then the only two in existence; and I almost think that we were the last who descended by this, for shortly after our adventure it also was shut up; and only the one through the church, under the conduct of a monk, remains now open to strangers.

Deep below, hollowed out of the soft puzzolan earth, the one passage crosses another. Their multitude, their similarity one to another, are sufficient to bewilder even him who knows the principal direction. I had formed no idea of the whole, and the painter felt so confident, that he had no hesitation in taking me, a little boy, down with him. He lighted his candle, and took another with him in his pocket, fastened a ball of twine to the opening where we descended, and our wandering commenced. Anon the passages were so low that I could not go upright; anon they elevated themselves to lofty vaults, and, where the one crossed the other, expanded themselves into great quadrangles. We passed through the Rotonda with the small stone altar in the middle, where the early Christians, persecuted by the Pagans, secretly performed their worship. Federigo told me of the fourteen popes, and the many thousand martyrs, who here lie buried: we held the light against the great cracks in the tombs, and saw the yellow bones within. We advanced yet some steps onward, and then came to a stand, because we were at the end of the twine. The end of this Federigo fastened to his button-hole, stuck the candle among some stones, and then began to

sketch the deep passage. I sat close beside him upon one of the stones ; he had desired me to fold my hands and to look upwards. The light was nearly burnt out, but a whole one lay hard by ; besides which he had brought a tinder-box, by the aid of which he could light the other in case this suddenly went out.

‘ My imagination fashioned to itself a thousand wonderful objects in the infinite passages which opened themselves, and revealed to us an impenetrable darkness. All was quite still—the falling waterdrops alone sent forth a monotonous sound. As I thus sat, wrapped in my own thoughts, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter, who heaved a strange sigh, and sprang about, but always in the same spot. Every moment he stooped down to the ground, as if he would snatch up something—then he lighted the larger candle and sought about. I became so terrified at his singular behaviour that I got up and began to cry.

‘ “ For God’s sake, sit still, child ! ” said he—“ for God in heaven’s sake ! ” And again he began staring on the ground.

‘ “ I will go up again ! ” I exclaimed—“ I will not stop down here ! ” I then took him by the hand and strove to draw him with me.

‘ “ Child ! child ! thou art a noble fellow ! ” said he ; “ I will give thee pictures and cakes—there, thou hast money ! ” and he took his purse out of his pocket, and gave me all that was in it : but I felt that his hand was ice-cold, and that he trembled. On this I grew more uneasy, and called my mother : but now he seized me firmly by the shoulder, and, shaking me violently, said, “ I will beat thee if thou art not quiet ! ” Then he bound his pocket-handkerchief round my arm, and held me fast, but bent himself down to me the next moment, kissed me vehemently, called me his dear little Antonio, and whispered, “ Do thou also pray to the Madonna ! ”

‘ “ Is the string lost ? ” I asked.

‘ “ We will find it—we will find it ! ” he replied ; and began searching again. In the meantime the lesser light was quite burnt out, and the larger one, from its continual agitation, melted and burnt his hand, which only increased his distress. It would have been quite impossible to have found our way back without the string—every step would only have led us deeper down, where no one could save us.

‘ After vainly searching, he threw himself upon the ground, cast his arm around my neck, and sighed, “ Thou poor child ! ” I then wept bitterly, for it seemed to me that I never more should reach my home. He clasped me so closely to him as he lay on the ground that my hand slid under him. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and found the string between my fingers.

‘ “ Here it is ! ” I exclaimed.

‘ He seized my hand, and became, as it were, frantic for joy ; for our life actually hung upon this single thread. We were saved.’—vol. i. pp. 52-58.

The following wonderfully real description leads us on to the peculiar turn displayed by the obscure little chrysalis of a poet :—

‘ When, after the visit, we returned home, it was somewhat late, but  
the



the moon shone gloriously, the air was fresh and blue, and the cypresses and pines stood with wonderfully sharp outlines upon the neighbouring heights. *It was one of those evenings which occur but once in a person's life, which, without signalizing itself by any great life-adventure, yet stamps itself in its whole colouring upon the Psyche-wings.* Since that moment, whenever my mind goes back to the Tiber, I see it ever before me as upon this evening ;—the thick yellow water lit up by the moonbeams—the black stone pillars of the old ruinous bridge, which, with strong shadow, lifted itself out of the stream where the great mill-wheel rushed round—nay, even the merry girls who skipped past with the tambourine and danced the saltarello.

‘ In the streets around Santa Maria della Rotonda, all was yet life and motion ; butchers and fruit-women sat before their tables, on which lay their wares among garlands of laurel, and with lights burning in the open air. The fire flickered under the chestnut-pans, and the conversation was carried on with so much screaming and noise that a stranger, who did not understand a word, might have imagined it to be some contention of life and death. An old friend, whom my mother met in the fish-market, kept us talking so long that people were beginning to put out their lights before we set off again, and as my mother accompanied her friend to her door, it had now become as silent as death in the streets, even in the Corso ; but when we came into the square di Trevi, where there is a beautiful cascade, it seemed, on the contrary, quite cheerful again.

‘ The moonlight fell exactly upon the old palace, where the water streams out between the masses of foundation-rock which seem loosely thrown together. Neptune’s heavy stone mantle floated in the wind, as he looked out above the great waterfall ; on each side of which blooming Tritons guided sea-horses. Beneath these the great basin spread itself out, and upon the turf around it rested a crowd of peasants, stretching themselves in the moonlight. Large, quartered melons, from which streamed the red juice, lay around them. A little square-built fellow, whose whole dress consisted of a shirt and short leather breeches, which hung loose and unbuttoned at the knees, sat with a guitar, and twanged the strings merrily. Now he sang a song, now he played, and all the peasants clapped their hands. My mother remained standing ; and I now listened to a song which seized upon me quite in an extraordinary way, for it was not a song like any other which I had heard. No ! he sang to us of what we saw and heard, we were ourselves in the song, and that in verse, and with melody. . . .

‘ Upon the steps of the little church we discovered, in the meantime, an acquaintance—our Federigo, who stood with a pencil and sketched the whole merry moonlight piece. As we went home he and my mother joked about the brisk Improvisatore—for so I heard them call the peasant who sung so charmingly.

‘ “ Antonio,” said Federigo to me, “ thou, also, shouldst improvise ; thou art truly, also, a little poet ! Thou must learn to put thy pieces into verse.”

‘ I now understood what a poet was : namely, one who could sing  
2 L 2 beautifully

beautifully that which he saw and felt. That must indeed be charming, thought I ; and easy, if I had but a guitar. . . .

‘ From this time forth everything was sung. I lived entirely in fancies and dreams. In the church, when I swung the censer, in the streets amid the rolling carriages and screaming traders, as well as in my little bed beneath the image of the Virgin and the holy-water vessel. In the winter-time, I could sit for whole hours before our house, and look into the great fire in the street, where the smith heated his iron and the peasants warmed themselves. I saw in the red fire a world glowing as my own imagination. I shouted for joy, when in the winter the snow of the mountains sent down to us such severe cold that icicles hung down from the Triton in the square : pity that it was so seldom. Then, also, were the peasants glad, for it was to them a sign of a fertile year : they took hold of each other’s hands, and danced in their great woollen cloaks round about the Triton, whilst a rainbow played in the high-springing water. . . .

‘ I will now hasten on to the circumstance which placed the first hedge of thorns between me and the paradise of home—which led me among strangers, and which contained the germ of my whole future.’—vol. i. pp. 66-72.

This was a projected visit, in the month of June, to the famous Feast of Flowers. On his journey with his mother he encounters one of those old women so dear to all novelists, and so entirely belonging to them ; for whereas old women in real life are feeble in body, and often not very strong in mind—this is a race of imaginary old women, fleet, powerful, majestic, gaunt, rulers of destinies, and, above all, prophetesses of great things. Fulvia, the particular old woman in question, prophesies that—

“ That broad hat will not shadow his brow when he stands before the people, when his speeches sound like music, sweeter than the song of nuns behind the grating, and more powerful than thunder in the mountains of Albano. The seat of Fortune is higher than Monte Cavi, where the clouds repose upon the mountains among the flocks of sheep.”—vol. i. p. 81.

Then follows this most picturesque passage, of ‘ Wild Sports in the South : ’—

“ And may not I, too, mount with him into the chariot of Fortune ? ” asked my mother, half in jest, but uttered at the same moment a loud cry, for a large eagle flew so near us down into the lake that the water at the same moment splashed into our faces from the force with which he struck it with his great wings. High up in the air his keen glance had discovered a large fish, which lay immovable as a reed upon the surface of the lake ; with the swiftness of an arrow he seized upon his prey, struck his sharp talons into the back of it, and was about to raise himself again, when the fish, which by the agitation of the waters we could see was of great size and almost of equal power to his enemy, sought, on the contrary, to drag him below with him. The talons of the bird were

so firmly fixed into the back of the fish that he could not release himself from his prey, and there now, therefore, began between the two such a contest that the quiet lake trembled in wide circles. Now appeared the glittering back of the fish, now the bird struck the water with his broad wings, and seemed to yield. The combat lasted for some minutes. The two wings lay for a moment still, outspread upon the water, as if they rested themselves; then they were rapidly struck together, a crack was heard, the one wing sank down, whilst the other lashed the water to foam, and then vanished. The fish sunk beneath the waves with his enemy, where a moment afterwards they must both die.'—vol. i. pp. 82, 83.

Such of our readers as never saw the Feast of Flowers will be able to conjure up a vision of it when they read the book. The gay scene, however, ends darkly.

'The sun burnt hotly, all the bells rang, and the procession moved along the beautiful flower-carpet; the most charming music and singing announced its approach. Choristers swung the censer before the host, the most beautiful girls of the country followed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, and poor children, with wings to their naked shoulders, sang hymns, as of angels whilst awaiting the arrival of the procession at the high altar. Young fellows wore fluttering ribands around their pointed hats, upon which a picture of the Madonna was fastened; silver and gold rings hung to a chain around their necks, and handsome bright-coloured scarfs looked splendidly upon their black velvet jackets. The girls of Albano and Frascati came, with their thin veils elegantly thrown over their black plaited hair, in which was stuck the silver arrow; those from Velletri, on the contrary, wore garlands around their hair, and the smart neckerchief, fastened so low down in the dress as to leave visible the beautiful shoulder and the round bosom. From the Abruzzi, from the Marshes, from every other neighbouring district, came all in their peculiar national costume, and produced altogether the most brilliant effect. Cardinals, in their mantles woven with silver, advanced under canopies adorned with flowers; monks of various orders followed, all bearing burning tapers. When the procession came out of the church an immense crowd followed. We were carried along with it,—my mother held me firmly by the shoulder, that I might not be separated from her. Thus I went on, shut in by the crowd; I could see nothing but the blue sky above my head. All at once there was sent forth a piercing cry—it rang forth on all sides; a pair of unmanageable horses rushed through—more I did not perceive: I was thrown to the earth, it was all black before my eyes, and it seemed to me as if a waterfall dashed over me.

'Oh! Mother of God, what a grief! a thrill of horror passes through me whenever I think of it. When I again returned to consciousness, I lay with my head in Mariuccia's lap; she sobbed and cried: beside us lay my mother stretched out, and there stood around a little circle of strange people. The wild horses had gone over us, the wheel had gone over my mother's breast, blood gushed out of her mouth—she was dead.'—vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

After



After some doubt and discussion among the few friends of the helpless child, and an attempt on the part of a lame beggar (who is unfortunately his uncle) to claim him, together with a purse of twenty scudi bestowed by the nobleman whose carriage-wheel had crushed the unfortunate mother, he is sent to the Campagna under the care of a herdsman and his wife. This sad phase of his life is closed ; and it closes with one of those sentences so simple and so prosaic which yet bring sudden tears to one's eyes :—

‘ As we went across the Piazza Barberini, I could not help looking up to my mother’s house ; *all the windows stood open, the rooms had new inmates.*’—vol. i. p. 106.

In the dull life of the Campagna—where the kind herdspeople, his hosts, inhabit a patched-up antique tomb at no great distance from the Tiber—the little dreamer struggles vainly against the weariness which oppresses him.

‘ When the rainy season was over, the heavens showed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near to the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica ; many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but nevertheless, those had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-like in the look of the buffalo—the strange red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs, awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the speed of a horse, their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention. I scrawled figures in the sand to represent what I had seen, and, to make this the more intelligible, I sang it all in its own peculiar words to its own peculiar melody, to the great delight of old Domenica, who said that I was a wise child, and sang as sweetly as the angels in heaven.

‘ The sun burnt hotter day by day ; its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna. The stagnant water infected the air ; we could only go out in the morning and evening ; such heat as this I had not known in Rome upon the airy Monte Pincio, although I well remembered then the hot time when the beggars prayed for a small coin, not for bread, but for a glass of iced water. I thought in particular about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and showed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds ; my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these ! The sun burned perpendicularly ; my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew, with the speed of arrows, round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller’s suffering in the burning deserts of Africa.

‘ During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world’s sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night or else in the early hours of morning ; the unhealthy atmosphere and the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood ; not a single drop  
of

of anything cold could be had for refreshment ; every marsh was dried up ; warm, yellow water, flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber ; the juice of the melon was warm ; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half boiled ; and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon,—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze ; every evening and morning *Domenica* looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night ; the *sirocco* alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months.

‘At the sun’s rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air ; but a dulness, a deathlike lethargy produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. This and all kind of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life ; they fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings ; the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman who, in the hot summer days, groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the *Campagna*, where every breath which he draws is sulphurous, poisonous fire ; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame.

‘September brought with it milder days ; it sent out also *Federigo* one evening to make sketches of the burned-up landscape. He drew our singular house, the gallows, and the wild buffaloes. He gave me paper and pencils, that I might also draw pictures, and promised that when he came next time he would take me with him for a day to Rome, that I should visit all my friends who seemed really to have quite forgotten me ;—but *Federigo* forgot me also.

‘It was now November, and the most beautiful time which I had yet spent here. Cool airs were wafted from the mountains, and every evening I saw in the clouds that rich colouring which is only found in the south, and which the painter cannot and dare not give to his pictures. The singular, olive-green clouds, on a grey ground, were to me floating islands from the garden of paradise ; the dark-blue, on the contrary, those which hung like crowns of fir-trees in the glowing fire of the evening heaven, seemed to me mountains of felicity, in whose valleys the beautiful angels played and fanned cool breezes with their white wings.’—vol. i. pp. 113-117.

From this stagnant existence he is by and bye rescued by an accident which occurs to the nobleman already mentioned. The Prince, who is a bit of a savant, loses his way when botanizing, and is pursued by a buffalo to the ruinous tomb in the *Campagna* ; and the *Eccellenza*, with his daughter *Francesca* and her bridegroom *Fabiani*, undertakes eventually to educate and patronise  
little

little Antonio. It is impossible to omit the discourse of the herdsman's wife at her parting with the boy:—

“It is now for the last time,” said the old mother, “that we two, whilst my eyes are yet open, shall go together over the Campagna! Thy feet will tread on polished floors, and on gay carpets; these old Domenica has not: but thou hast been a good child; thou wilt remain so, and never forget me and poor Benedetto! Oh, God! yet can a dish of roasted chestnuts make thee happy? Thou shalt sit and blow up the reeds, and I will see God's angel in thy eyes, when the reeds burn, and the poor chestnuts roast; so glad wilt thou never more be with so small a gift! The thistles of the Campagna bear yet red flowers; upon the polished floors of the rich there grow no straws, and the ground is smooth, one falls so easily there! Never forget that thou wast a poor child, my little Antonio. Remember that thou must see and not see, hear and not hear; then thou wilt get through the world. Some day, when our Lord has called away me and Benedetto, when the little child which thou hast rocked goes creeping through life with a poor partner in the Campagna, thou wilt, perhaps, then go past in thy own chariot, or on a fine horse; halt thou before the old tomb-chamber where thou hast slept, played, and lived with us, and thou wilt see strangers living there, who will bow themselves deeply before thee. Haughty thou wilt not be, but think upon old times, think upon old Domenica! Look in at the place where the chestnuts were cooked, and where thou rockedst the little child. Thou wilt think upon thine own poor childhood, thou heart's darling child!” With this she kissed me, and clasped me closely to her breast and wept: it seemed to me as if my heart would break.

‘Our return home and her words were to me far more distressing than our parting even somewhat later; then she said nothing, but only wept; and when we were outside the door she ran back, and took down the old half-blackened picture of the Madonna, which was pasted behind the door, and gave it to me; I had kissed it so often—it was the only thing which she had to give me.’—vol. i. pp. 135, 136.

And so closes the second phase of the eventful life!

We cannot approve of the licence which the Danish romancer allows himself in making his little hero's patron no other than the head of the great house of Borghese—*eo nomine*. Andersen could not have done this, if he had foreseen the European success of his book—on which it is a most unfortunate blot. The Prince, however, places Antonio in a sort of monastic seminary, under a tutor whose names are, we dare say, purely fictitious—*Habbas Dadha*: and in the course of the pupil's criticism on the pedagogue, we find many most amusing things—for instance, the following:—

‘In later years I have often reflected on poetry, that singular divine inspiration. It appears to me like the rich gold ore in the mountains; refinement and education are the wise workmen who know how to purify it.



it. Sometimes purely unmixed ore-dust is met with, the lyrical improvisation of the poet by nature. One vein yields gold, another silver; but there are also tin, and even more ordinary metals found, which are not to be despised, and which sometimes can, with polishing and adorning, be made to look like gold and silver. According to these various metals I now rank my poets, as golden, silver, copper, and iron men. But after these comes a new class, who only work in simple potter's clay—the poetasters—yet who desire as much to be admitted to the true guild.'—vol. i. p. 139.

The time and the opportunity were now come for that first passion of the youthful heart—friendship, and the young Improvisatore, like others, attaches himself to one who seems drawn as his exact contrast.

'Among all the scholars no one stood higher, either by abilities or birth, than Bernardo, the life-rejoicing, almost dissolute Bernardo. It was his daily jest to ride upon the projecting spout high above the fourth story, and to balance himself upon a board between the two corner windows under the roof. All the uproars in our little school kingdom were attributed to him, and that mostly with justice.

'Bernardo had his determined opinion in everything; and when, among his school companions, he could not make his word effective, his hands came to his service, in order to inoculate his sap-green ideas upon the back of the refractory; he was always, therefore, the dominant spirit.'—vol. i. pp. 148, 149.

Their friendship, nevertheless, progresses steadily, till Bernardo—having gained a prize for speaking a poem, which, in fact, was Antonio's—leaves college in a fit of disgust, and, being well connected, becomes a brilliant subaltern in the Papal Guard.

They after a time become rivals in the affection of Annunciata, a beautiful singer, and the supposed daughter of an old Jew in the *Ghetto*: the result is a sort of forced duel, half an accident; and Antonio, supposing he has killed his former friend, without being preferred by the lady, flies in anguish from Rome.

Here the love-passages of the book begin—and here we leave them. The fairy Galante, who appeared to Alcidonis in *Les Quatre Flacons*, has said all that can be said on the subject of variety:—

'Il y a trois sortes d'amour, la passion, le goût, et la fantaisie. Tout l'art d'être heureux consiste à bien placer ces trois nuances. Pour cela, voici quatre flacons dont vous seul pouvez faire usage. Ils sont différens de couleur. Vous boirez du flacon pourpre, pour aimer éperdument; du couleur de rose, pour effleurer le sentiment et le plaisir; du bleu, pour le goûter sans inquiétude et sans ivresse; et du blanc, pour revenir à votre naturel.'—*Marmontel, Contes Moraux*, tome i. pp. 175, 176.

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The least original portion of the work is necessarily that which carries our poor Antonio through these adventures. In love, as in death, there is equality: many a man's heart has been broken—and woman's too—who had no eloquent words to describe their life-struggle; and the love that is prefaced by intellectual dreaming can be *but* love, when all is said. These episodes, however, partake of the picturesque freshness and truth which constitute the principal charm of the book. Annunciata with her gifts of melody and beauty; Flaminia, the young Abbess, with the 'pious gentle countenance;' Santa (who, we regret to think, is, as the Irish express it, '*called out of her name*');—Maria-Lara, that 'union in partition,' seen twice in his life under such different circumstances, that to the last her identity is doubtful: all pass before us, not as shadows, but realities; and if in one instance a startling picture be drawn of temptation, at least there are none of the confused notions of morality common in the *novellettes* of our gayer neighbours, the French: there is no excuse or palliation: Santa stands before us confessed 'the beautiful daughter of Sin.'

After a very striking picture of the Pontine Marshes, we stumble once more on Federigo—the Artist of the Catacombs—the Dane had been for some years in his native regions—but had returned under that heart-sickness for Italy, which so many foreign artists never get the better of.

'He knew perfectly how to seize upon the poetically beautiful in everything; he became doubly dear and interesting to me, and was the best angel of consolation for my afflicted heart.

"There lies my dirty Itri!" exclaimed he, and pointed to the city before us. "You would hardly credit it, Antonio, but in the north, where all the streets are so clean, and so regular, and so precise, I have longed for a dirty Italian town, where there is something characteristic, something just for a painter. These narrow, dirty streets, these grey, grimy stone balconies, full of stockings and shirts; windows without regularity, one up, one down, some great, some small; here steps four or five ells wide leading up to a door, where the mother sits with her hand-spindle; and there a lemon-tree, with great yellow fruit, hanging over the wall.

"Yes, that does make a picture! But those cultivated streets, where the houses stand like soldiers, where steps and balconies are shorn away, one can make nothing at all of!"—vol. ii. pp. 13, 14.

Antonio, encouraged by the Dane, and really obliged to find some means of livelihood for himself, presently reaches Naples, and there determines to 'come out' as an Improvisatore. Before taking this decided step, however, he writes to his princely patron at Rome to announce his intention; and after some pause he receives a reply:—

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‘I recognised the Borghese arms and the old Eccellenza’s handwriting. I hardly dared to open it.

“Eternal Mother of God!” I prayed, “be gracious to me! Thy will directs all things for the best!”

‘I opened the letter and read:—

“Signore,—Whilst I believed that you were availing yourself of the opportunity which I afforded to you of learning something, and of becoming a useful member of society, all is going on quite otherwise; quite differently to my intentions regarding you. As the innocent occasion of your mother’s death, have I done this for you. We are quits.

“Make your *débüt* as improvisatore, as poet, when and how you will;—but give me this one proof of your so-much-talked-of gratitude, never to connect my name, my solicitude for you, with your public life. The *very great* service which you might have rendered me by learning something, you would not render; the *very small* one of calling me benefactor is so repugnant to me, that you cannot do anything more offensive to me than to do that!”—

‘The blood stagnated at my heart; my hands dropped powerless on my knees; but I could not weep; that would have relieved my soul.

“Jesus Maria!” stammered I; my head sank down on the table. Deaf, without thought, without pain even, I lay immovably in this position. I had not a word with which to pray to God and the saints; they, also, like the world, seemed to have forsaken me.”—vol. ii. pp. 43, 44.

He appears, however, and succeeds—succeeds splendidly—on the great stage of Naples. His account of his own inspirations may be of service to those who affirm that the best poetry is all imagination, without foundation on real events and feelings. As well might they disbelieve in the existence of the seeds from which the flowers spring, because the stalk, leaves, and blossoms only appear above ground!

‘The subject which was given *furnished recollections out of my own life*, which it was only needful for me to relate. I was to improvise of Tasso. *He was myself; Leonora was Annunciata*; we saw each other at the court of Ferrara. I suffered with him in captivity; breathed again freedom with death in my heart, as I looked from Sorrento over the billowy sea towards Naples; sat with him under the oak at the Convent of St. Onofrio; the bell of the Capitol sounded for his coronation feast, but the angel of death came and first placed upon his head the crown of immortality.

‘My heart beat violently; I was engrossed, was carried away by the flight of my thoughts. Yet was one more subject given to me—it was “The Death of Sappho.” *The pangs of jealousy I had felt—I remembered Bernardo*; Annunciata’s kiss upon his brow burned into my soul. Sappho’s beauty was that of Annunciata; but the sufferings of her love were my own. The ocean waters closed over Sappho!

‘My poem had called forth tears; the most extraordinary applause resounded



resounded from all sides, and after the curtain had fallen I was twice called for. A happiness, a nameless joy, filled my soul—and yet seemed to oppress my heart till it was ready to break; and when I had left the stage, amid the embraces and congratulations of my friends and acquaintance I burst into tears, into violent convulsive sobs.’—vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

It is, indeed, obvious throughout, that wherever Andersen excites our admiration highly, he is only reviving fragments of his own past life.

Antonio is presently taken into favour again, and returns to Rome to live with his noble patrons: nothing can be more ably described than his residence under that splendid roof: it is not too much to say that this chapter equals the picture in Crabbe's ‘Patron.’

‘The Palazzo Borghese was now my home. I was treated with much more mildness and kindness. Sometimes, however, the old teaching tone, the wounding, depreciating mode of treating me, returned; but I knew that it was intended for my good. . . .

‘I was considered as an excellent young man of talent, out of whom something might be made; and, therefore, every one took upon himself my education. My dependence permitted it to those with whom I stood connected; my good nature permitted it to all the rest. Livingly and deeply did I feel the bitterness of my position, and yet I endured it. That was an education.

‘Eccellenza lamented over my want of the fundamental principles of knowledge: it mattered not how much soever I might read: it was nothing but the sweet honey, which was to serve for my trade, which I sucked out of books. The friends of the house as well as my patrons kept comparing me with the ideal in their own minds, and thus I could not do other than fall short. The mathematician said that I had too much imagination, and too little reflection; the pedant, that I had not sufficiently occupied myself with the Latin language. The politician always asked me, in the social circle, about the political news, in which I was not at home, and inquired only to show my want of knowledge. A young nobleman, who only lived for his stud, lamented over my small experience in horseflesh, and united with others in a *Miserere* over me, because I had more interest in myself than in his horse. . . . The first dancer in the city despised me because I could not make a figure in the ball-room; the grammarian, because I made use of a full stop where he placed a semicolon; and Francesca said, *that I was quite spoiled, because people made so much of me*; and for that reason she must be severe, and give me the benefit of her instruction. Every one cast his poison-drop upon my heart: I felt that it must either bleed, or become callous. . . .

‘No beast is, however, so cruel as man! Had I been rich and independent, the colours of everything would soon have changed. Every one of *them* was more prudent, more deeply grounded, more rational than I. I learned to smile obligingly where I could have wept; bowed

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to those whom I lightly esteemed, and listened attentively to the empty gossip of fools. Dissimulation, bitterness, and *ennui* were the fruit of the education which circumstances and men afforded me. . . .

‘I who, with my whole soul, had clung to mankind, was now changed, like Lot’s wife, into a pillar of salt. *This gave rise to defiance in my soul. There were moments when my spiritual consciousness raised itself up in its fetters, and became a devil of high-mindedness*, which looked down upon the folly of my prudent teachers, and, full of vanity, whispered into my ear, “Thy name will live and be remembered when all these are forgotten, or are only remembered through thee, as being connected with thee, as the refuse and the bitter drops which fell into thy life’s cup!”

‘At such moments I thought on Tasso, on the vain Leonora, the proud Court of Ferrara, the nobility of which now is derived from the name of Tasso; whose castle is in ruins, and the poet’s prison a place of pilgrimage. I myself felt with what vanity my heart throbbed; but, in the manner in which I was brought up, it must be so, or else it must bleed. Gentleness and encouragement would have preserved my thoughts pure, my soul full of affection; every friendly smile and word was a sunbeam, which melted one of the ice-roots of vanity;—but there fell more poison-drops than sunbeams. . . .

‘This education lasted for six years, nay seven, I might say, but that about the close of the sixth year there occurred a new movement in the waves of my life’s sea. . . .

‘My residence in Naples, all the recollections of it, were as a beautiful, paralysing Medusa’s head. When the sirocco blew, I bethought myself of the mild breezes of Pæstum, of Lara, and the brilliant grotto in which I had seen her. When I stood like a school-boy before my male and female educators, came to me recollections of the plaudits in the great theatre of San Carlo. When I stood unobserved in a corner, I thought of Santa, who stretched forth her arms after me, and sighed, “Kill me, but leave me not!” They were six long, instructive years; I was now six-and-twenty years old.’—vol. ii. pp. 174—182.

All this reaches its climax in the history of what he thinks a master-piece—a great poem.

‘About this time I had just finished a great poem—“David,”—into which I had breathed my whole soul. Day after day, through the last year, spite of the eternal educating, the recollections of my flight to Naples, my adventures there, and the severing of my first strong love, had given my whole being a more determined poetical bent. There were moments which stood before me as a whole life, a true poem in which I myself had acted a part. Nothing appeared to me without significance, or of every-day occurrence. My sufferings even, and the injustice which was done to me, was poetry. My heart felt a necessity to pour itself forth, and in “David” I found material which answered to my requiring. I felt livingly the excellence of what I had written, and my soul was gratitude and love; for it is the truth, that I never either sang or composed a strophe which appeared to me good, without turning  
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ing myself with child-like thanks to the eternal God, from whom I felt that it was a gift, a grace which he had infused into my soul! My poem made me happy; and I heard with a pious mind everything which seemed to be said unreasonably against me; for I thought—when they hear *this*, they will feel what an injustice they have done me, their hearts will warm towards me with twofold love! . . .

‘When I first stepped forward in San Carlo, my heart did not beat more violently than now, as I sat before these people. This poem, I thought, must entirely change their judgment of me—their mode of treating me. It was a sort of spiritual operation by which I desired to influence them, and therefore I trembled.

‘A natural feeling within me had led me only to describe that which I knew. David’s shepherd life, with which my poem opened, was borrowed from my childhood’s recollections in the hut of Domenica.

‘“But that is actually yourself,” cried Francesca; “yourself out in the Campagna.”

‘“Yes; that one can very well see,” said Excellenza. “He must bring himself in. That is really a peculiar genius that the man has! In every possible thing he knows how to bring forward himself.”

‘“The versification ought to be a little smoother,” said Habbas Dahdah. “I advise the Horatian rule, ‘Let it only lie by—lie by till it comes to maturity!’”

‘“*It was as if they had all of them broken off an arm from my beautiful statue.* I read yet a few more stanzas—but only cold, slight observations met my ear. Whenever my heart had expressed naturally its own emotions, they said I had borrowed from another poet. Whenever my soul had been full of warm inspiration, and I had expected attention and rapture, they seemed indifferent, and made only cold and every-day remarks. I broke off at the conclusion of the second canto; it was impossible for me to read any more. My poem, which had seemed to me so beautiful and so spiritual, now lay like a deformed doll, a puppet with glass eyes and twisted features; it was as if they had breathed poison over my image of beauty. . . .

‘They had mistaken both it and me, but my soul could not bear it. I went out into the great saloon adjoining where a fire was burning on the hearth; I convulsively crumpled together my poem in my hand. All my hopes, all my dreams, were in a moment destroyed. I felt myself so infinitely small; an unsuccessful impression of him in whose image I was made.

‘That which I had loved, had pressed to my lips, into which I had breathed my soul, my living thoughts, I cast from me into the fire; I saw my poem kindle up into red flame.’—vol. ii. pp. 187—192.

Flaminia, the young abbess (grandchild of the Prince), comforts him in this hour of mortification:—

‘She then inquired from me how it was to be a poet; how one felt when one improvised; and I explained to her this state of spiritual operation as well as I could.

‘“The thoughts, the ideas,” said she; “yes, I understand very well that



that they are born in the soul, that they come from God : we all know that ; but the beautiful metre, the mode in which this consciousness expresses itself, that I understand not."

"Have you not," I inquired, "often in the convent learned one or another beautiful psalm or legend which is made in verse ? And then often, when you are least thinking about it, some circumstance or another has called up an idea within your mind, by which the recollection is awoke of this or that, so that you could, then and there, have written them down on paper ; verses, rhymes, even have led you to remember the succeeding, whilst the thought, the subject, stood clearly before you ? Thus is it with the improvisatore and poet—with me at least ! At times it seems to me these are reminiscences, cradle-songs from another world, which awake in my soul, and which I am compelled to repeat."—vol. ii. pp. 196, 197.

We have already expressed our resolution to meddle with none of the scenes of love in this book. We are tempted, certainly—but we shall be firm. In fact, we perceive that our allotted space would scarcely admit of further extracts ; but we must not refuse ourselves one more Italian picture :—

"I now saw the gondola for the first time—long and narrow, quick as a dart ; but all painted coal-black. The little cabin in the centre, covered over with black cloth : it was a floating hearse, which shot past us with the speed of an arrow. The water was no longer blue, as it was out in the open sea, or close upon the coast of Naples ; it was of a dirty green. We passed by an island where the houses seemed to grow up out of the water, or to have clung to a wreck ; aloft upon the walls stood the Madonna and the child, and looked out over this desert. In some places the surface of the water was like a moving green plain—a sort of duck-pool, between the deep sea and the black islands of soft mud. The sun shone upon Venice : all the bells were ringing ; but it looked, nevertheless, dead and solitary. Only one ship lay in the docks ; and not a single man could I see.

"I stepped down into the black gondola, and sailed up into the dead street, where everything was water, not a foot-breadth upon which to walk. Large buildings stood with open doors, and with steps down to the water ; the water ran into the great doorways, like a canal ; and the palace-court itself seemed only a four-cornered well, into which people could sail, but scarcely turn the gondola. The water had left its greenish slime upon the walls : the great marble palace seemed as if sinking together : in the broad windows, rough boards were nailed up to the gilded, half-decayed beams. The proud giant-body seemed to be falling away piecemeal ; the whole had an air of depression about it. The ringing of the bells ceased, not a sound, excepting the splash of the oars in the water, was to be heard, and I still saw not a human being. The magnificent Venice lay like a dead swan upon the waves.

"We crossed about into the other streets. Small narrow bridges of masonry hung over the canals ; and I now saw people who skipped over me,

me, in among the houses, and in among the walls even; for I saw no other streets than those in which the gondolas glided.

“But where do the people walk?” inquired I of my gondolier; and he pointed to small passages by the bridges, between the lofty houses. Neighbour could reach his hand to neighbour from the sixth story across the street; three people could hardly pass each other below, where not a sunbeam found its way. Our gondola had passed on, and all was as still as death.

“Is this Venice?—The rich bride of the sea?—the mistress of the world?”—vol. ii. pp. 233—235.

We shall not see many more life-drawn pictures of the real Venice—the Venice of ‘Shakespeare’s, Otway’s, Schiller’s, Radcliffe’s art’—and Byron’s and Andersen’s. The magnificent railroad and aqueduct, carried on a series of granite arches across the Lagune, will come into use in the course of the next few months, and revolutionize the whole scene as effectually as Napoleon’s great military way did the passage of the Simplon.

We cannot allude to this subject without indulging ourselves in a brief extract from some letters lately published by the first of our living poets in reference to a proposed railway along the peaceful shores of Windermere—where the innovation would be fatal to so many charms of Nature, and bring with it none of those compensations, which the warmest lover of either natural scenery or historical and poetical associations must needs admit into his contemplations, when considering either what has been effected as to the Alpine passes, or what is all but accomplished in the case of ‘the Sea Cybele.’\*

Mr. Wordsworth’s sketch of the old Simplon is perhaps a gem from that great poem of which ‘The Excursion’ itself is but a fragment:—

‘Will the reader excuse a quotation from a MS. poem in which I attempted to describe the impression made upon my mind by the descent towards Italy along the Simplon before the new military road had taken place of the old muleteer track with its primitive simplicities?

‘Brook and road

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy pass,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow step. The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,

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\* Letters reprinted from ‘The Morning Post.’ Kendal, 1845, pp. 23.

The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.'

1799.

'Thirty years afterwards I crossed the Alps by the same Pass: and what had become of the forms and powers to which I had been indebted for those emotions? Many of them remained of course undestroyed and indestructible. But, though the road and torrent continued to run parallel to each other, their fellowship was put an end to. The stream had dwindled into comparative insignificance, so much had Art interfered with and taken the lead of Nature; and although the utility of the new work, as facilitating the intercourse of great nations, was readily acquiesced in, and the workmanship, in some places, could not but excite admiration, it was impossible to suppress regret for what had vanished for ever. The oratories heretofore not unfrequently met with, on a road still somewhat perilous, were gone; the simple and rude bridges swept away; and instead of travellers proceeding, with leisure to observe and feel, were pilgrims of fashion hurried along in their carriages, not a few of them perhaps discussing the merits of "the last new novel," or poring over their guide-books, or fast asleep. Similar remarks might be applied to the mountainous country of Wales; but there, too, the plea of utility, especially as expediting the communication between England and Ireland, more than justifies the labours of the engineer. Not so would it be with the Lake District. A railroad is already planned along the sea coast, and another from Lancaster to Carlisle is in great forwardness: an intermediate one is therefore, to say the least of it, superfluous.

'How far I am from undervaluing the benefit to be expected from railways in their legitimate application will appear from the following lines published in 1835, and composed some years earlier:—

‘STEAMBOATS AND RAILWAYS.

'Motions and Means, on sea, on land, at war  
With old poetic feeling, not for this  
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!  
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
Of future good, that point of vision, whence  
May be discovered what in soul ye are.



In spite of all that Beauty must disown  
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
 Her lawful offspring in Man's Art ; and Time,  
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,  
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
 Of Hope, and welcomes you with cheer sublime.

' I have now done with the subject. The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, *be* selfishness, then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district *merely*, but, as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who coming hither shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy. And as for holiday pastimes, if a scene is to be chosen suitable to them for persons thronging from a distance, it may be found elsewhere at less cost of every kind. But, in fact, we have too much hurrying about in these islands ; much for idle pleasure, and more from over activity in the pursuit of wealth, without regard to the good or happiness of others.

' Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,  
 Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,  
 Intrenched your brows ; ye gloried in each scar :  
 Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,  
 That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,  
 Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,  
 And clear way made for her triumphal car  
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold !  
 Heard ye that Whistle ? As her long-linked Train  
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view ?  
 Yes, ye were startled ;—and, in balance true,  
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,  
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you  
 To share the passion of a just disdain.'

ART. VIII.—*Vacher's Parliamentary Pocket-book: containing correct Lists, and Information essential to every one engaged in Parliamentary Business.* London, *infra*. 1845.

THE conduct of the present parliamentary Opposition (to parliament they are confined), the tail of what was the great Whig party, has been more than once the subject of our remarks. Their predecessors, widely as we differed from them, we were always disposed to treat with the respect which their importance in the state, if not their services to it, imposed and justified. For the existing race of *soi-disant* Whig statesmen, whom their few supporters out of doors treat with little deference, whom the rest of the country look upon as a knot of political jobbers, it is difficult even to affect an outward show of observance. But that they have sufficient numbers in parliament to make themselves heard and sometimes felt, we are by no means disposed to deny. They can always trouble the current of the national councils by talk; they can occasionally appeal to the wild passions of the multitude out of doors; they can take advantage of accidental opportunities to embarrass the government, by siding with the Radical faction, which scorns them, and which, though little represented in one House and not at all in the other, gives nevertheless the regular Opposition whatever seats it possesses for popular constituencies. It becomes therefore a duty to watch the conduct of such a party, and all the more if it should be found acting without any fixed principles, covering over its sordid views with the semblance of opinion, and shaping its course, professedly, by the polarity of a political creed—really, by that convenient needle which, wide as its oscillations may be, always *dips to self*.

Of this party's conduct in various emergencies of the state we have heretofore treated. Many of its follies and many of its crimes we have exposed. We are now to note one misdeed, one line of conduct, not easy to classify in either of these divisions, for it partakes largely of both; and we note this the rather because of the tendency of such proceedings to ruin all public principle and to sap the foundations of all political virtue.

An amiable poet and eminent Whig authority was wont, when he mingled more in general society, to lay down one rule or test for ascertaining whether any man's conversion on matters of church or of state was sincere or was interested. 'Mark,' he would say, 'if the alleged apostate is tolerant or is bitter towards those whose side he has quitted. If he is angry, be sure that his mind is ill at ease; his conscience vexes him, secreting, as it were, the gall which he distils on his former associates, and blackening them to

excuse himself.' There may be some doubt as to the universal truth of this maxim, though in general we may admit it. But there is another about which we can have no doubt at all. Would you know whether any man or any party have taken up certain opinions—have put forward certain principles—from sincere conviction, or only assumed them in order to play a factious game and to cover over the nakedness of their interested movements with the garb of a political creed—observe well if they rejoice to see their adversaries making any sort or semblance of approach to any doctrine or line of policy heretofore recommended by themselves. If they do, you may then give them credit for a real attachment to their professed creed. But if you find them impatient of the very shadow of such support, vexed that their own views should even be supposed to find favour from others, then be quite sure that their whole professions are hollow, that they cared never a rush for all they were affecting to hold most sacred, that they only made pretence of their principles in order to keep their forces together, and help them, possibly by popular support, to obtain all they really cared about—a triumph over their antagonists and an opportunity of displacing and of—succeeding them. We will not stop to prove the truth of a position which seems all but self-evident, but we will go on to illustrate its practical application.

We may begin our particular instances, as we have our general remarks, with one in which the great Whig party of former times behaved respectably, as a contrast to the proceedings of the little Whig party in the present day. If indeed we went back to the violent scenes of faction at the end of the American war, doubtless we should find precedents for even the worst of the late transgressions; though in the former period the offences were those of great men and on a large scale, and now we have only to contemplate the petty delinquencies of puny natures. But we go not so far back, and we prefer an occasion of which the history is yet fresh in the remembrance of most readers. We allude to the Roman Catholic question, carried with great skill, his characteristic firmness, and his wonted success, by the Duke of Wellington, as all—even those who most lamented and still lament his course—were and are ready to confess.

The Whigs had for many long years been the zealous patrons of emancipation. By degrees their minority in parliament had been, by the gradual accession of several of their opponents, changed into a small majority. The public voice was, however, still against them; the aristocracy by a great majority, the clergy almost universally, the law in general, were opposed to the repeal of the penal statutes in the unqualified form which the  
Whig



Whig party had always propounded as the only safe and effectual mode of carrying the great change into execution. To the auxiliary efforts in parliament of those Whig leaders who have long since left the party, the success of the proposition was mainly to be ascribed. No men, therefore, had more right to feel jealousy than they had, should an attempt be made to exclude them from a share in the gratitude of the Roman Catholic body, when the measure should be carried.

Now it is but justice to ask, what in these circumstances was the conduct of the old Whig party? Even the authority of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel could not reconcile us to their policy of 1829; but we are willing to admit that the Whigs of that day were consistent—they—at least the leaders—did not appear to grudge their adversaries the great measure which they were bringing forward with a force that ensured success—nor attempt to embarrass that success—nor were they, as far as we recollect, forward to remind them *who* had so long supported it, and *by whom* it had been so long resisted. They lent it a hearty support, and Lord Grey, in giving vent to his exultation, eulogised the 'hero of a hundred fields' by whom it had at length been achieved.

It is not for us to dive into the *motives* of adversaries, but we must admit that their *conduct* in this respect was a striking contrast to the daily practice of their successors in these later times, and especially since the Melbourne Ministry were thrown out of place—power, or any semblance of power, they had long ceased to hold. As a test of the conduct of public men and of the tendencies of political parties which so deeply interest the community in which they act, we cannot do better than devote a little of our attention to the illustration of this position.

Nothing can be more vehement than the outcry now raised by the Whigs upon the principles of free trade generally, but more especially on free trade in corn and other produce forming the subsistence of the people. The conduct of the party upon this great question is most remarkable, and we think most discreditable.

When Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1833 and 1834, more than once brought forward the question of repealing the corn-laws, he met with no encouragement from his friends in the Government. On the 30th April, 1833, he laid fourteen elaborate resolutions before the House of Lords, and was prevented from then debating them by Lord Grey, who gave a very plain indication of the strong feeling which he had against the principles of the noble mover—desiring the postponement of the question. Accordingly, it was postponed; and on the 14th May the debate was resumed, and Lord Ripon, as the organ of his colleagues, gave an unqualified

qualified and an uncompromising opposition to Lord Fitzwilliam's resolutions, peremptorily refusing not merely the repeal, but the revision of the corn-laws. In this course all the Whigs connected with the Government in either House of Parliament entirely concurred. A vain attempt was long afterwards made to represent the corn-law as having been an open question under Lord Grey's administration. The most unqualified contradiction was given to this flimsy *misrepresentation*, both by Lord Ripon and others; so that the subordinates of that administration who are now—heaven save the mark—leading statesmen, must either admit that their opinions in 1834 were in favour of the corn-laws, or confess their not over scrupulous *honesty* in then sacrificing their opinions to their places. As for Lord John Russell, he had unfortunately committed himself by an address to the electors of Huntingdonshire, in which he declared his alarm lest the Tory Ministers of 1822 might sacrifice the sacred rights of the landowners to the unworthy body of the manufacturers. His advice to the farmers is so cogent in itself and so curious as coming from *him*—anything well-reasoned and Conservative coming from *him*!—that we repeat the extract we made from his Lordship's Huntingdon address in our article of June 1841—

‘There is a party amongst us, however, distinguished in what is called the science of political economy, who wish to substitute the corn of Poland and Russia for our own. Their principle is, that you ought always to buy where you can buy cheapest. They repeat, with emphasis, that the nation pays a tax of 25,000,000*l.* yearly to the growers of corn. They count as nothing the value to the country of a hardy race of farmers and labourers. They care not for the *difference between an agricultural and manufacturing population* in all that concerns morals, order, national strength, and national tranquillity. Wealth is the only object of their speculation; *nor do they much consider the two or three millions of people who may be reduced to utter beggary in the course of their operations.* This they call diverting capital into another channel. Their reasonings lie so much in abstract terms, their speculations deal so much by the gross, that they have the same *insensibility about the sufferings of a people* that a general has respecting the loss of men wearied by his operations.

‘It is to these men, I suspect, that our ministers are about to give up the question of trade in corn. I would, therefore, advise you to watch narrowly any new measure of legislation respecting corn. *Their cabinet is apt to be carried away by any wind that comes across them. Political economy is now the fashion; and the farmers of England are likely, if they do not keep a good look-out, to be the victims.*’

We cordially say *ditto* to Lord John of Huntingdon—and do not think that he ever made a better figure than during that lucid interval in which he played the part of a country-gentleman.

In this state of either active advocacy or patient endurance of those



those corn-laws continued the Whigs all through their administration, never moving one step towards the repeal, discouraging all attempts in that direction, nay opposing every motion made against those laws with all their voices from 1835, when Lord Melbourne began his short ministry—and yet more long than glorious—and while holding possession of the Government without any of its powers, through the influence of a mere Court intrigue, but yet able to have displayed his good will towards the repeal of the corn-laws had he been so minded. So minded, however, he was not. On the contrary, he scrupled not to declare the man insane, utterly deranged in his mind, who should advise the abrogation of the laws which for the purposes of protection (not revenue) *prevent the produce of less taxed countries from overwhelming our heavily burthened agriculture*;—for such is, in one word, the whole essence of the case. So continued the Melbourne Whigs, the Russells, the Palmerstons, the Clanricardes, the Clarendons, the Barings, Laboucheres, Macaulays, with *et cetera* the first, *et cetera* the second, and *et cetera* the third. All were against any revision of these laws, all let their notions of free trade sleep, lest, by their awakening, the sweet slumbers of office should be broken. But, alas, the spring of 1841 arrived, with a political aspect as cold and blighting as the natural temperature of the present season; and *then*, the sweet slumbers of office being wofully disturbed *aliundè*, these high-principled and consistent Whigs discovered, forsooth, that the state of things which had gone on, contrary to all rule, all principle, all precedent, for some years, and had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy as well as insurrection, could endure no longer; it had reached its appointed though inexplicably postponed period; and in the desperation of the moment, with their dissolution staring them in the face, appalled by the 'grim feature,' little prepared to render an account, trembling at their impending fate, these drowning dwarfs with a convulsive grasp seized hold of the corn-law repeal, and instead of saving themselves, went down, with the ridicule of having caught, almost literally, at *straws*. They raised for the first time the cry of cheap bread, and exhibited a little *Peel* penny-roll contrasted with a great *Russell* quartern-loaf, to influence and infuriate the mob; and reckoning on, aye and rejoicing in, a bad harvest which might help this appeal to the hungry multitude, they proclaimed themselves the advocates of free trade, and denounced their adversaries as those who would—'for a class interest'—tax the food of the people. The history of faction in its worst times presents nothing to surpass—perhaps nothing to match the profligacy of this movement—this low, yet perilous trick. But it would have been useless without another misdeed almost as unprecedented.



dented. They dissolved the Parliament with an absolutely certain knowledge that the general election must at once bring in their adversaries with a large majority; and dissolved it for the openly avowed purpose of obtaining some dozen or dozen and a half of seats by the influence of office, which, had the Conservatives dissolved, must have been lost; therefore they made the Queen dissolve in order that her new Ministers might meet with every possible embarrassment in carrying on her Government, and that they, its adversaries, might have the more force to thwart and to oppose her service. We exposed all these fraudulent stratagems at the time—(See *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxviii. p. 503, &c.) We now only refer to them as an appropriate prologue to the part the Whigs have been playing ever since.

Their line was then taken; they became advocates of Corn-law Repeal; Free Trade was once more their rallying cry. Their principles were those of unlimited or almost unlimited freedom of importation, and all contributions to this patriotic fund were to be thankfully received. They avowed this on quitting office; and expressing a *hope* that the new Government would lean towards the now strongly-declared Whig principles of a liberal commercial policy, they vowed that nothing would give them more pure delight, more heartfelt joy, than to see any, even the least of these now favourite opinions, countenanced by the policy of their successors.

It must, however, be confessed that their features did not exhibit the promised aspect when in the next Session of Parliament some measures were introduced, which, in a kind of sulky bewilderment, they seemed half anxious and half ashamed to claim as their own. This Journal, at the time, utterly refuted these Whig pretences, and defended the Government measures, on the ground of their being in fact consistent with, and conducive to, the maintenance of a fair and rational protection for domestic interests. We then believed, and we are now convinced, that the new scale of duties was much more protective than the former—which was liable to all kinds of evasion and jobbing,—and of this we have the most indisputable practical evidence—for the great autumnal supply of foreign corn, of which a large proportion used to find its way in at almost nominal duties, sometimes of only 1s. per quarter, has, under the new scale, paid not, we believe, less than 15s., and frequently as much as 20s. We find in the public accounts that, in the second week of September, 1841, there was a total importation of 1,796,760 quarters of foreign and colonial corn, which paid a duty of only 97,845*l.* (about 1s. per quarter); while, in the corresponding week of 1843, there came in 588,927 quarters, at a duty of 400,052*l.*!—a more than *sixfold* proportion  
of

of protection on the greatest import of the year ;—and, still more remarkable, we find that the total import of the *year* 1844—1,381,875 quarters (less by 400,000 quarters than one *week* of 1841)—paid an average of 19 shillings ! Here, then, is solid, steady protection ; and 17*s.* or 18*s.* per quarter came into the public Treasury, instead of being divided between jobbers and speculators at home and abroad.

But to our present argument it is of no consequence whether the measures of 1842 did or not deserve the support of people holding our own—as we sometimes hear them called—old-fashioned opinions ; we are now only looking at the conduct of the Whigs, who had called out for measures in the liberal direction—who had pretended to be the champions on principle of liberal policy—who had described the raptures into which any approach towards their views would straightway throw them : and casting our eyes back at the actual exhibition of their feelings, we must admit that their aspect on what they with one voice described as an approximation made to these principles by their adversaries, now become their successors, may possibly have been intended by its convulsions to betoken pleasure, but gave the ignorant observer rather the impression that it was writhing under the agony of pain—as if, instead of good wholesome wheat, they had got a mouthful of the *Sardonic herb*.

Nothing, on the other hand, could be plainer than their delight at seeing the ministers embarrassed by such of their Conservative supporters as were offended at any alleged concessions to what they called their own policy. The joy which had been promised to brighten the Whig countenance on any glimpse of approach towards Whiggish measures, was gloomily expressed, and shed but a lurid light over the sour features of men pining in the chilly atmosphere of placeless patriotism. But it burst forth most radiant, it glowed and even burnt fiercely, when there were seen any opponents to the new measures among the ministerial ranks. There was then no ambiguous aspect—no ‘smiles like daggers.’ You plainly saw the sincerity of joy. Those who were present in the House of Lords represent the ecstasies of the worthy Whigs as quite touching, when the Duke of Buckingham gave a dissent—though measured, moderate, and not unfriendly—to the sliding scale and tariff of his official friends. But this exultation scorned all bounds when Lord Stanhope and the Duke of Richmond more fiercely assailed the ministers. In the other House, appeals were actually made by the Whigs to the Conservatives, to step forth and oppose the minister who—said these honest, zealous Whigs—was abandoning the Conservative faith—evidently (*proh nefas !*) a convert to orthodox Whiggism. Lord Palmerston



Palmerston (16th February, 1842) taunted the Government with the 'expressive, he would call it the eloquent silence of their *supporters*.' To these agricultural supporters he evidently addressed his remarks when he described the ministers as 'having now broken ground, and set out to *come over*.' Mr. Baring (the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom Sir R. Peel and H. B. have embalmed to deathless renown as sitting on an empty coffer by the pool of despair angling for a budget)—Mr. Baring, with less candour than became his general character, seemed only anxious to see them opposed, for he 'challenged the agricultural members to come forward and redeem the pledges they had given on the hustings';—that is he defied them (indeed he used the very word) to come forth and oppose the minister to whom he was expressing *in words* his thanks for the new measures. Nay, when Mr. Christopher, an influential country gentleman and a steady Tory, moved to raise the importation duty from 20s. to 25s. payable on wheat falling below 51s. the quarter, both Lord Palmerston and Mr. Baring voted against the 20s. duty of Sir Robert Peel, for the 25s. duty of Mr. Christopher—just as *we* might have done.

It was observed throughout all these debates, that the chief rage of the Whigs was directed—not so much against the ministers—these, indeed, they could not easily forgive for anything that could be taken or mistaken for an approach to their own policy; but—chiefly against the hapless agriculturalist, not because he opposed the ministerial scheme, clinging fast by the Corn Laws, the subject of their ceaseless attack, their loud and vehement mouth-enmity—but exactly because he did *not* oppose the minister, and did *not* sufficiently defend the least outwork, real or supposed, of those Corn Laws which they, the Whigs, affected to assail as one vast mass of iniquity. They never could forgive the country gentleman for not rebelling *totis viribus* against his old allies in office. They had hoped to see all who dreaded a relaxation of the mercantile code, rally in fierce hostility to the minister as soon as the small but necessary, and really protective change of the sliding scale was announced. Bitter was their disappointment when they found the Duke of Buckingham, the 'Farmer's Friend,' as he is justly called, dissent from the measure without breaking with the Government. But when they saw the Tariff brought forward and could hear not a cry raised against it—when there seemed no prospect of a large secession from the ministerial ranks,—when the agricultural interest did not respond to the Whig interest, by declaring open war against the Conservative Cabinet that had dared to do something asserted by the Whigs to be in the right direction—  
then



then the Whigs were truly in despair ; for all that was left them was the dull, cold, thankless, and as we have said—we may be allowed to repeat what they never cease to feel—*placeless* task of supporting what they had claimed as their principles, swelling the ministerial majority—and thus leaving themselves more remote than ever from the chance of ever again misgoverning the country.

This is a hasty glance at their proceedings in the Lower House ; but among the Whig Peers it was the same thing, with perhaps the single exception of Lord Lansdowne. One might have expected something like satisfaction from Lord Clarendon, so nearly connected with a gentleman who has earned from the hapless, and when he rises, hopeless House of Commons, the more just than complimentary cognomen of the Corn Law Bore ; but we find Lord Clarendon (19th April, 1842), blandly in tone, but with more of bitterness than of accuracy, taunting the Ministers with ‘ abandoning all their positions,’—describing all their speeches as now composed of concessions—but concessions to whom—to the ultra-protection-men ? No such thing ; but to himself, Lord Clarendon, and the Free Traders—and with most courteous irony felicitating his adversaries in having now discovered that the old protection system was excessive. Then he, too, like his friends, colleagues, and relations in the Lower House, makes his appeal to the agricultural interest and tries to work on the fears of the country gentlemen—asking them how they can think themselves secure for five, or four, aye or even three years with *such* a Government,—and demanding if they can now doubt that the whole protective system had received its death-blow. The Bill, he told them, ‘ contained no principle of finality ; it had germs of further *improvement*.’ In short, he endeavoured to alarm his auditory by prophecies of what he affected to desire.

So too a more active, and less diplomatic agitator in the Upper House, the Marquis of Clanricarde, took the field, much in the candid spirit of public principle and entire disregard of selfish interest, which might have graced the member of a parliament which a good historian, albeit a poet, described as—

‘ Half a bow-shot from the College,

Half the globe from sense and knowledge.’

Lord Stanhope had made an attack, extremely unmeasured, though with hereditary talent, and no doubt with perfect honesty, upon the Government for their new Corn Law Scale and their Tariff, and had concluded with moving an amendment. The Irish Marquis, not deterred by finding himself associated with the Dukes of Buckingham and Cleveland, Lords Winchelsea and Beaumont, the extreme protection party—the Irish Marquis, being a zealot of free trade, gives this motion his support—his adopted leader,

Lord

Lord Stanhope, having avowed his wish by carrying an amendment on this Money Bill, to throw it out, and having announced his intention when the Tariff came up, of moving its entire and absolute rejection. On the Sliding Scale he moved to restore the old rates on the important articles of barley and oats. Of the seven who voted with him, we conclude the Marquis must have been one—but our reason is possibly an insufficient one—for we only know that he spoke for him. Afterwards (5th July, 1842) when Lord Stanhope carried his threat into execution, and more sternly than before attacked the Tariff, the Marquis ('First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea'), who had, say the bystanders, mightily enjoyed the honest and home-speaking Earl's attack on the 'Free trade measures of the ministry,' expressed concern at being under the necessity of differing with him. He then carped at the whole Tariff, but declared that it was a concession, and asserted that the Government had come round to the Whig doctrines. He gave the whole credit to the Opposition; and complacently reverted to the time when liberal measures were proposed by the Whigs and resisted by the Conservatives. Not condescending, in the fervour of Irish logic, to distinguish between a change proposed with a view to destroy, and a change intended and calculated to confirm and consolidate—he adopted the Whig cry that the Tories had turned Whigs—and *for this* the Irish Whig denounced the Tories!

There is another device invariably practised by the party whose conduct we are endeavouring to describe, and which is of a piece with the rest—it is indeed one of the means they use to inflame the jealousy of the agricultural interest,—and generally of the respectable body whose sense of danger to the established institutions of the country not unfrequently leads them—an error as we should say on the safe side—to be alarmed where, after all, there may be really no cause for apprehension. The Whigs affect to cry up measures in themselves ordinary enough and sometimes of little general import, as novelties, as innovations, as great concessions, as large steps towards that reforming and unsettling policy in which they delight, but never delight so much as when they, the Whigs, are out of place and can make at a small cost, and with no responsibility, their inflammatory appeals to the mob. To this they generally add a prediction that more will come anon, and they endeavour to frighten the Conservative party with visions of further innovations as obviously to be expected from a pseudo-Conservative Government. The settling the smallest account—the paying the justest debt—is represented as an engagement to concede future and unlimited claims; and they attempt to terrify us poor Tories with the assertion that whatever



is done is only an *instalment*. Now we confess that in these tactics the Whigs have had their usual success—that is, they have done the very reverse of what they intended. We, and we suppose most Conservatives, have never felt that we were safer than when the Whigs are so kind as to tell us that we are in imminent danger.

We have been hitherto looking back to 1841 and 1842; but the year now rolling over our heads is not without its glories in the like kind.

The Lord Chancellor—observing the inconsistency and anomaly of our law by which Jews are excluded from holding any office in a corporate *town*, while they may be justices, and sheriffs, and lieutenants of *counties*, excluded by the mere words of the recently enacted declaration ‘On the true faith of a Christian’—brings in a Bill to repeal these words in the case of persons of the Jewish persuasion. According to the Whig creed, of course, any possible recognition of the claim of human beings to equality of civil rights irrespective of religious tenets, must be a laudable step. Of the measure immediately in question, and limited as it is to a case newly created, no Tory even seems to disapprove. All are inclined to concur in so reasonable a measure, and to admit the wise and temperate manner in which it had been introduced. All, or nearly all, indeed, express their opinion that—notwithstanding the vast change that has been brought about in respect to the general relations of Church and State—the power of legislation ought not to be opened to the members of a class who are not merely a religious *sect*, but who regard themselves as an independent and ubiquitous *people*—but to this proposed measure even the Bishop of London made no longer any objection, though he had opposed it a few years ago. All was passing harmoniously—Lords Lansdowne and Brougham had given the ministerial Bill their support, commending both the measure of the Lord Chancellor, and his manner of proposing it. This, however, satisfied not the last coronetted addition to the Whig aristocracy, the Lord Campbell, who having been Chancellor in Ireland for a week or two between the sentence and the execution of the Melbourne Government, on that account makes it a rule, admitting of no exception, to speak upon every one question of every one kind which comes before the House into which he has been—with a double peerage—*pitched*.\* The Commons never would hear him; but the even more patient and long-suffering nature of the Lords is said to be mightily tried by this perpetual Peer. Accordingly on this occasion he spoke as usual, and he spoke

\* See for the motives of this extraordinary transaction the Quarterly Review, vol. lxviii. p. 499.



the true language of all his school of Whigs. He lavishly praised the Bill; and he foretold that next session his noble and learned friend, the Lord Chancellor, would come down with another and a larger measure for admitting the Jews into Parliament; and he then parodied the speech which the Chancellor had that night delivered, describing as how he next year would find out so and so—would say so and so—would propound so and so—for the larger and objectionable measure—being just exactly what he had said in bringing forward the smaller and unexceptionable one. Whereupon Lord Colchester, an honest tar, who has a natural antipathy to sail under false colours, observed that the speech just delivered almost made him oppose the Bill—Lord Redesdale, with his quiet good sense, expressed nearly the same inclination—and the Bishop of London, reluctantly avowing renewed alarm, withdrew his so recently ~~intimated~~ acquiescence.

Unhappily Lord Campbell had observed, alluding to what he affected to call the fair hostility of the Bishop, that there were two ways of opposing, one open, manly, honest—the other circuitous, covert, and underhand. This led the Lord Chancellor to remark that his noble and learned friend had not only described two several kinds of hostility, but also illustrated his description by an *example*—having just given such a circuitous, underhand, covert opposition as had well nigh thrown out the measure which he pretended to approve and support. There seems to have been no reply made to a remark which, however home it went, was wholly incapable of being met or parried.

But while yet we write, there come upon us thick, threefold proofs and illustrations of the factious proceedings of this party, and their utter carelessness at heart about the principles which in their mouths they so loudly support. A motion is made by one of the agricultural body which Sir James Graham opposes, because, though the point is small and in itself nothing, it breaks in upon the whole financial policy of the Government. Another of the landed interest expresses, however, that much of the Right Honourable Baronet's speech had afforded consolation to the body whom he represents. This is more than Whig patience can endure. So up gets Lord J. Russell, their leader, and asks, 'What was there to console the agricultural interest in the Right Honourable Secretary's speech? (*Cheers from the Opposition.*) Did he support protection to that interest? Did he prohibit the importation of foreign cattle or Canada corn? (*Cheers from the Opposition.*) Nothing of the kind. (*More cheers.*)' And then his Lordship went on to show that Sir James Graham's mode of protecting agriculture was only increasing the incomes of the  
manufacturer,

manufacturer, the trader, and the consumer, and that he (Sir James Graham) was no friend of protection, but directly the reverse. Now, if this were true, Lord John Russell ought—according to the principles he now professes, instead of censuring and taunting the Right Honourable Secretary—to have zealously supported and honestly applauded him. But consistency or even fair dealing is not, we fear, to be expected from Lord John Russell on these subjects. As, for instance, he, on this occasion, went on to read a passage from Lord Ashburton's speech thirty years ago against protection. This really, coming from Lord John Russell, is a little '*too bad*.' Had the noble Lord forgotten his own letter (which we have just re-quoted) to the Huntingdon electors not thirty, but twenty years ago, in which he bids them distrust a Government—the Tories—who are disposed to favour the Manufacturers at the expense of the Land?

We will not sully our pages with any notice of the rancorous apostacy which endeavours to find shelter amongst the Whigs from the contemptuous repudiation of the Tories. We only bring ourselves to allude to it, because we have been told that some of the Whigs appeared to relish this garbage. This, indeed, would be a powerful, though too disgusting an illustration of the rest of our argument; but ill as we are disposed to think of the Whigs, we hesitate to suspect them of such degrading political affinities. They have already sins enough of their own to answer for; and we, therefore, recur simply to the general position with which we set out, and to which our illustrations have been applied, by asking of the candid observer to apply the test of honest purpose and sincere opinion given in the outset of this article; begging him to say under which of the two descriptions the Whigs of the present day fall—whether he can 'give them credit for a real attachment to their avowed doctrines'—or whether he is not driven to conclude that 'their professions are hollow, that they only make pretence of holding as sacred opinions about which they care not a rush, but which they outwardly profess in order to obtain an advantage over their adversaries, and gain an opportunity of displacing and of—succeeding them.' The poet has painted this party's wild caprice and fickleness—

'Quod petiit spernit; repetit quod nuper amisit;  
Æstuat et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;  
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.'

Or, to take an amplified translation from the speech of one who must well have known them,—'Spurning,' said Lord Brougham, 14th March, 1843, 'Spurning thus the objects of which they had formerly been enamoured—longing for the very things they had  
cast

cast away—boiling over with impatience at seeing their own opinions adopted, their own principles worked out, their own measures executed—changing all through very caprice—pulling down because others had built up—building up because they had pulled down—making their whole lives one scene of inconsistency, self-repugnance, contrariety, and contradiction to the course of all ordinary conduct and all the received order of life—but most of all inconsistent with and repugnant to themselves.

With this description of those statesmen, by one who had full experience of them, and has now for some years been only an observer of their course, we do not interfere; and to it we have nothing to add—but our satisfaction at seeing the indefatigable zeal and activity with which Lord Brougham resists and exposes this '*progeniem vitiosiore*' of Whiggery—together with our thorough conviction that their tactics, tricks, and deceptions are understood and appreciated rightly by all those classes of the community on whom the safety of any Conservative Government must always depend. That great and intelligent Landed Interest—out of which all the prosperity and all the glory of England have grown, as the oak does from its native soil—is not to be deceived and swerved from their interest, their principles, and their safety, by such juggling as we have exposed, nor prepared to make an irreparable breach in the walls of our citadel—

'Talibus insidiis, perjurique arte Sinonis!'

ART. IX.—*The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.* By Eliot Warburton, Esq. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1845.

WHEN the Persian ambassador in London saw Storr and Mortimer's shop, encumbered with its piles of jewellery, and gold and silver, he declared at once and decisively that the King of England was a mere nominal sovereign—a phantom—an empty pageant; for, said he, 'if your Shah had in him a vestige of royal power, would he not naturally seize the immense treasures so coolly displayed before him in open day by these two insolent merchants?' And now it would seem that if England, on the death of Mehemet Ali, should be so inert, or so squeamish, as not to seize and occupy the famous land of Egypt, her virtuous abstinence will be viewed by Mr. Warburton very much in the same light as that in which the Persian ambassador regarded King George for sparing the silversmiths' shop. We shall presently endeavour towards showing that our national honesty, in leaving the



the possession of Egypt to its misbelieving owners, may possibly be justified even upon the humble and popular ground of expediency: but first we must speak of Mr. Warburton's book. It is an account of a tour in the Levant, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. The author frankly calls his work the '*Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel*;' and, to say the truth, the Romance is so well imagined, and the Reality so well told, that we can hardly affect to distinguish the one from the other. The book is vastly superior to the common run of narratives, and is indeed remarkable for the colouring power and the play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. The writing is of a kind that indicates abilities likely to command success in the higher departments of literature. Almost every page teems with good feeling; and although that '*catholic-heartedness*' for which the author takes credit permits him to view Mahometan doctrines and usages with a little too much of indifference, yet, arriving in Palestine, he willingly becomes the good pilgrim, and at once gives in his adherence to the '*religion of the place*' with all the zeal of a pious, though much hurried, Christian. The book, independently of its value as an original narrative, comprises much useful and interesting information, derived from the labours of others, and collated in a manner the very reverse of pedantic. Amongst these materials, and strongly contrasted with the graver and more learned portion of them, is a clever and charmingly madcap letter from Mr. Walpole: it is just what a midshipman's writing should be.

Mr. Warburton's views upon various subjects are thrown out somewhat lightly; but in these portions of his book we do not read him as if he were solemnly conducting a discussion with a view of persuading his readers: it strikes us rather that he uses the seeming argument as a mere vehicle for lively and sparkling composition. Amongst the views thus hazarded is the one to which we have referred respecting the occupation of Egypt:—

'Is the Porte,' asks our author, 'once more to extend its hateful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, in order that they may interrupt our commerce here, as they have been allowed to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?

'Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte; but endeavour to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges, of

freedom. Let her lay aside all double-dealing and mock-modesty—as disreputable in the case of nations as of individuals—and boldly assert her “right of way” through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

‘English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the fellah a free man; English principles would teach him honesty and truth: and as to the comparative advantage of Turkish or English politics, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross.’—vol. ii. p. 46.

We will not seriously inveigh against a suggestion put forward as a mere piece of chat in the course of a traveller’s narrative, but, thinking that the indulgence of national covetousness at the expense of friendly states is of itself an evil though never actually fulfilled, we would willingly chill this ardour for the spoliation of a Mahometan prince; and in order to inculcate moderation and good faith towards the Sultan, we know no better lesson than that which is to be taught by inviting a glance at the modern history, and the actual results, of French ambition in the Levant. Of course, this partial example of the difficulties and misfortunes that have frustrated the attempts of a particular nation will not of itself be conclusive against the adoption of a similar policy by other states. It will be auxiliary only, and not all-sufficient.

The old policy of Versailles, in reference to the affairs of the Levant, was conservative in its character, and so generally coincided with the views of England that events occurring on the further shores of the Mediterranean rarely furnished the two great rival kingdoms of the West with elements of discord. But all was suddenly changed when Buonaparte invaded Egypt, and coined a new phrase: the invasion failed—but the phrase still exerts its terrible energy; and as long as the relative strength of the great European powers shall remain divided in its present proportions, so long our navy estimates in every year to come will owe a great part of their bulk to the discovery of the ‘French Lake.’ It is to the Eastern shores of this famous water, and to their relations with France, that we now are turning our eyes. We will not look back to those remote and simple ages when the ‘Lake’ was distinguished by the barbarous appellation of the ‘Mediterranean,’ but will begin with the spring, ‘year six’ of the ‘one and indivisible Republic,’—a time superstitiously described in our almanacs as ‘1798.’

By the intermittent warfare from time to time recurring on the Hungarian frontier and the Lower Danube, the Ottoman empire, though harassed, and now and then thrust back to the foot of the Balcan, had not been made to feel the utmost prowess of  
even

even that half-foppish, half-warlike age which ended with the Brunswick Proclamation—still less of the mightier Europe that stood up braced and armed for the exigencies of the French Revolution. The originally small, but daring, minority of men who resolved to create a republic for France, and maintain it against all foes at home or abroad, thought themselves constrained by the fierce necessity of self-defence to throw away all the old fetters that interfered with the full developement of their energies. War had hitherto been a pastime, just dangerous enough to furnish excitement, but rarely menacing the actual existence of great states. Princes moving their armies had found themselves perpetually embarrassed by the supposed necessity of collecting great stores, and establishing magazines and hospitals on the line of march, for the sustenance and care of their soldiery: these troublesome and expensive duties were at once repudiated by revolutionary France; she furnished enthusiasm, heroes, and bayonets—all else was to come from her neighbours—from her foes, if possible; if not, from neutrals and friends.

In order to give full effect to the impetuous forces thus called into action, a commander was wanting who could direct without partaking the national enthusiasm. Frenchmen were too essentially a portion of the torrent to have the power of guiding it. France wanted a chief who could stand aloof from her in feeling, and yet give the nation full swing. Buonaparte had shown that he was the man. Associated with Robespierre's party, and even venturing a pamphlet in its support, he had never shared its fanaticism. At a subsequent period indeed he had so far lent himself to the government as to do it the favour of mowing down the insurgent Parisians with great completeness and skill: but his powerful intellect, and his inbred contempt of the French race, had saved him from becoming the obstinate partisan of any faction. Entrusted at length with the command of an immense gang, without jackets or shoes, but ready to fight for both, he had been able to make it into an army; and soon, the briskness with which he discomfited the periwigged lieutenants of the Aulic Council, no less than his unflinching firmness in plundering neutrals and allies, had raised his reputation to an intolerable height—to a height so great that the overshadowed Directory was glad enough to catch at any feasible plan for ridding itself of a too powerful servant. France at this time was at peace with continental Europe. England was the enemy of the young republic, and some persons conceived therefore that England should be the country to be attacked; but this scheme was quickly abandoned, as utterly wanting in originality, besides being dreadfully dangerous.



Now it happened that the youthful conqueror of Italy, fired by a history of Alexander the Great, had been poring over his maps, and had formed what the French gravely call 'some gigantic ideas.' The Americans say of a piece of news that it is 'important if true:' in a like spirit we English habitually comment upon these schemes for wide conquest, and are ready to call them 'gigantic,' if only we can see that they are practicable. But in France this condition of possibility is less rigorously insisted upon; and when Buonaparte fell to dreaming, there was no one at hand both able and willing to wake him. It seemed to him in these visions that his strength was cramped by the narrow bounds of Europe. He would be an Oriental conqueror; and, accordingly, he went to the Directory, and asked if he might give 'a sure blow' to England by attacking Asia and Africa? Yes, he might. The further he went the better the Directory would be pleased; and whether he formed a junction with Tippoo Sahib or with the Prince of Darkness they did not much care. He seems to have really had *carte blanche* to attack almost any defenceless state. Might he invade the Ottoman empire on the side of Egypt? Certainly; for the friendly relations subsisting between the Porte and the French Government rendered it likely that the attack would be wholly unexpected, and therefore, of course, the more sure to succeed. Might he, *en passant*, take Malta? The Directory faintly objected, that Malta had not only done no wrong, but had shown peculiar favour to the French by succouring their cruisers and merchantmen, and giving them opportunities for refitting: the scruple was soon overruled.

From the first conception of the Egyptian expedition up to the time of his failure before Acre, Buonaparte seems to have wavered between two very distinct plans: one was to use the Eastern enterprise as a mere *coup d'éclat* for the augmentation of his personal fame, and to return to France after a few months with the view of pushing his fortunes in Europe; the other plan to which he looked was that of allowing himself six years to become an Alexander the Great *à la Française*. The concentrated selfishness of his views, and the ludicrously French contrivances by which he proposed to compass his ends, are well characterized by his own words. When asked how long he should remain in Egypt, his answer was—'Either a few months, or six years: all depends on events. I shall colonize the country, and import thither artistes, workmen of all sorts, women, comedians, &c. I am only now twenty-nine; I shall then be thirty-five; that is no great age; if all succeeds, six years will enable me to reach India.' It seems, we think, clear that before the preparations for the expedition were complete, the strong sense of the possible Alexander had

had begun to disperse his illusory hopes of becoming an Oriental conqueror; and only a short time before the day of departure arrived he made another (his second) bold push for a seat in the Directory. The intrigue, however, failed; and with a somewhat ill grace, 'Buonaparte, member of the Institute' was fain to set sail for the East with a well-manned fleet, and a cloud of transports, carrying on board some 36,000 of infantry and unmounted cavalry, besides cooks, actors, dressmakers, and a small brigade of brother-savans.

Malta was seized. In due time the fleet reached the shores of Egypt: a disembarkation was effected without opposition, and in a few hours the French troops were conciliating the natives by killing their wives in the streets of Alexandria. The slaughter was stopped at last by the interference of an Osmanlee (probably a bachelor), who negotiated a convention for putting the French in quiet occupation of the city. The main body of the army now crossed the intervening tract of sand by a painful march, reached the Nile, and ascended its left bank to within a short distance of the Ghizeh Pyramids. Here Mourad had hastily collected his resources. He had dragged to the ground some artillery, but without carriages; and in order, therefore, to neutralize the effect of guns thus 'sitting in permanence,' nothing more was necessary than to keep a little out of their range: the Bey had also a vast rabble of thoroughly useless pedestrians: the only real force which he possessed was a mass of some 9000 well-mounted Mamelukes—men with no pretension to the qualities of regular cavalry, but agile and bold in their stirrups. With these he bore down on his foe. The French infantry, however, formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, and the savans in the centre, were not to be broken and crushed by a throng of irregular horse: on the contrary, they mowed down the Mamelukes like grass, and the whole remaining crowd of Egyptians was easily dissipated. Buonaparte adroitly called this affair 'The Battle of the Pyramids;' and a few days afterwards he crossed the Nile, established himself at Cairo, and wrote to Tippoo Sahib (then nearly succumbing under the Wellesleys) to say he was coming to help him with a countless host of warriors.

A people continually subjected to oppression will generally accept a change of tyrants with a good deal of pleasure in the first instance. It appears certain that until the yoke of the invader began to be felt, the French were not unwelcome in Egypt. Their rapacity, however, soon forced the Egyptians to sigh for even a Mameluke government. All the old machinery of extortion employed by the Beys was seized and adopted by Buonaparte,  
and

and was worked with a severity more sure and methodical than that which characterizes the procedure of an Eastern oppressor. The people were vexed, and ground down. In that there was nothing new; but it seemed to them hard to lie under the heels of those odd-looking and seemingly frivolous infidels, instead of the stately and high-mettled tyrants to whom they had long been accustomed.

The success of an Eastern conqueror must depend upon his power of influencing opinion beyond the sphere of his actual military occupation. The tracts over which he must carry his dominion are so vast in proportion to the space physically clutched by an army, that unless its commander can make great conquests by the mere weight of his character, he can make no conquest at all. Buonaparte felt this; and he tried very hard to gain a hold upon the Oriental mind. He failed: partly no doubt by reason of the naval and military reverses which his forces sustained, but partly, too, from a want of the requisite high-mindedness, and from a defective knowledge of the Eastern character.

First and chief amongst the reverses to which we allude was the destruction of the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir: the force with which this event operated against the fortunes of the invader, both by cutting off his resources and destroying the idea of his complete ascendancy, is too obvious to require illustration. But the event itself is told by Mr. Warburton with so much life and spirit, that we pause to extract his description:

'Having landed Buonaparte and his army, Brueys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. His vastly superior force and the strength of his position (protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the westward by the castle and batteries) made him consider that position impregnable. He wrote, on the strength of this conviction, to Paris, to say that Nelson purposely avoided him. Was he undeceived when Hood, in the Zealous, making signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them?

'Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay-to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous Bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor' [to swing], 'there must be room for an English ship to lie alongside' [on either side] 'of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and, receiving



ceiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the Zealous gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern alongside the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant, "Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furled her sails calmly—as a sea-bird might fold its wings—and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire burst from her bloody decks with a vehemence that showed how sternly it had been repressed till then.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore, but when the admiral came up he led the remainder of the fleet along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down after Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable Bay by the Frenchman's fire flashing fierce welcome as each enemy arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The Bellerophon, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic Orient, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the number of her own. But, before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire; and, through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralysed every eager heart and hand. During that dread pause the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks, her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length—with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles—the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene,—from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds—and the far-off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments in which that brave ship fell upon the waters. Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully; he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere, and at the same moment his crew recognised their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

'Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud

proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had* been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the Bay the tri-colour was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none" was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded-to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly—like an expiring hope—that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.'—vol. i. p. 45.

After the battle, Nelson, heroically trustful in the honour of a valiant enemy, restored to the French prisoners all their property, and sent them ashore, to the number of some thousands, upon their word of honour not to bear arms until regularly exchanged: he thus gave to the French commander an opportunity of soiling his name, and lowering (among strangers) the character of the Republic. The opportunity was not neglected, for Buonaparte at once set honour aside, and drafted into his regiments the men set free upon parole.

Admitting the vast effect necessarily produced upon the mind of the Orientals by the destruction of the French fleet, we still think that Buonaparte's failure (we speak always of his failure to win over public opinion) arose, in great measure, from his own errors of conduct. This is a salutary and pleasant deduction to make. It is delightful to see failure resulting from crime—to see that the guilty being who has just been condemned by all good men on account of his delinquencies must afterwards stand to be sneered at by the mere politician, because those very delinquencies were blunders in a temporal sense. If we try Buonaparte by the most worldly of all moral standards—namely, by the canon which tests—not the virtue, but the mere personal dignity of a man—we shall find him wanting even there; for not to him belonged those qualities which spring from a high self-respect. All his life long he boasted and lied. That he was callous to the *sin* of falsehood, we have hardly a right to wonder: that he never shrank from the *meanness* of the vice is a fact fatal to the completeness of his character as a hero—fatal, even, as we believe, in the end to his temporal success. The biographers of Napoleon love to tell how with the imperial diadem there came to him a taste for imperial pastimes—how he, who in his youth had spurned all sorts of recreation, could afterwards delight in the royal chasse, and listen to palatial music. But he never became too proud to soil his lips with falsehood. The General, the First Consul, the Emperor, and the 'Exile Sublime' (as M. Thiers

Thiers calls him), were fair rivals the one to the other in the craft and mystery of lying. In all commanders, no doubt, warlike feints, and even some sorts of political stratagem are fairly admissible; but it was in far humbler kinds of deception that Buonaparte indulged; and it is our conviction that by thus debasing himself before the Orientals he forfeited the power to rule them.

A sufficient acquaintance with the people of the East would have taught the Corsican Alexander that, in one who seeks to gain an influence over their minds, the most fatal of all possible mistakes would be that of exhibiting symptoms supposed to indicate fear, or doing any act of real or apparent self-humiliation. Now Buonaparte had scarcely set his foot upon the shore of Egypt when he committed both these errors. In his letters to the Grand Signor he contented himself with saying that the French had always been friends of the Sultan 'even before they renounced the Messiah;' but immediately upon possessing himself of Alexandria, and even before he could get at the day of the month according to the Mahometan calendar, he dictated his famous proclamation under date of the blank day of the month Muharsem, in the year of the Hegira 1215. This precious appeal to the Oriental mind contained the following passages:— 'People of Egypt! they will tell you that I come to destroy your religion. Believe it not! Answer that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes do, God, his Prophet, and the Koran. Cadis, sheiks, imaums, schorbadgis tell the people that *we are true Mussulmans*.\* Is it not we who have destroyed the Pope, who said it was necessary to make war with Mussulmans? Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta, because those madmen pretended it was the will of God that they should make war against Mussulmans?' And again—'All the Egyptians shall be called on to fill all the offices of state. The wisest, the most instructed, the most virtuous shall govern,—and the people shall be happy!'

The ill effect of this proclamation must have been greatly increased when Buonaparte submitted to the personal humiliation of joining in the Mahometan worship. He denied at St. Helena that he had ever gone so far, but upon this point he failed to win belief even from his apologists. Thiers says expressly, that

\* Thus the words are given by Thiers and other historians. According to Bourrienne, however, the words '*des vrais Mussulmans*' were preceded by '*amis*—' 'We are *friends* of the true Mussulmans.' The interpolation of this word would of course totally alter the purport of the sentence. It seems probable either that Bourrienne (the private secretary of the General) relied on his rough draught of the proclamation, or else that Buonaparte introduced the word '*amis*' in the French copies merely, with the view of concealing from Europe this shameful profession of faith.



'Buonaparte went to the great mosque, seated himself on cushions cross-legged, like the sheiks, and repeated with them the litanies of the Prophet, rocking the upper part of his body to and fro, and shaking his head. All the members of the holy College were edified by his piety.'

It would have been hardly possible to devise a line of conduct better fitted to inspire the natives with a contempt for their invaders. Frenchmen were understood in the East to be really Christians: the effect produced by the Encyclopædists and the revolutionary ferment upon the once religious mind of France was not of course understood or even heard of on the banks of the Nile; and certainly the whole population of Egypt (especially the Mahometans, who so closely associate apostacy and defeat) must have felt disdainfully towards the invader when they saw him thus faltering in his reliance upon bayonets, seeking a base safety in the renouncement of his father's creed, and pretending a humble respect for Mahomet and his rigmarole volume.

Then the promise to commit the government of the country to 'the most wise, most learned, and most virtuous of the Egyptians!' Why, the attempt to fill one's game-bag by promising the partridges a representative government would be equally successful. As to Buonaparte's schemes for gaining an influence over the natives by interesting and amusing them, these were all of a kind so thoroughly and exclusively French that their failure would have appeared at once absolutely certain to any one conversant with the East. Sometimes a fête would be given (as, for instance, on the 1st day of the Republican year VII.), at which 'the Mussulman flag was made to float along with the tricolour; the Crescent figured by the side of the Cap of Liberty; the Koran served as a pendant to the Rights of Man.' 'The Turks,' says Bourrienne, whom we are quoting, and who really seems to have had some insight into the Oriental character, 'were very insensible to these things.' On another occasion Buonaparte called the *savans* to his aid, and endeavoured to impress the people by a display of chemical experiments, which M. Berthollet was to perform in the presence of the assembled sheiks. The General waited to enjoy their astonishment; but the simple instinct of the Egyptians disconcerted all his attempts upon their marvelling faculties. The miracles of the Institute—the transformation of liquids—electrical shocks—galvanic batteries—all failed to produce the slightest symptom of surprise. The sheiks looked on with imperturbable coolness and indifference. When M. Berthollet had concluded, the sheik El Bekry said to him, through the interpreter—'All this is very well; but can you so order it as that I may be here and at Morocco in the same instant?' Berthollet answered (of course) with a shrug of

of the shoulders (*en haussant les épaules*). 'Ah! then,' said the sheik, 'you are not a complete magician.'

So slight was Buonaparte's influence over the minds of the Egyptians, that not many days after the Battle of the Pyramids, parties of Arab horsemen were boldly careering and cutting down French soldiers under the very windows of the Commander-in-Chief. Some few weeks afterwards the imaums from the top of the minarets, instead of calling the people as usual to their prayers, invited them to rise up and destroy the 'infidel dogs.' This call was heard; and the revolt of Cairo soon showed that the military successes of the Republican General had brought with them none of that spirit-quelling respect by which they are usually followed in the Eastern world. Buonaparte (whose military genius never perhaps showed itself more decisively than in the perplexing trial of a street battle) put down the insurrection most skilfully, and punished it with unrelenting ferocity. The wholesale massacre by grape and round shot, after continuing for two days and killing 5000 persons, was succeeded by the work of the executioner; and it is curious that in his mode of conducting these in-door operations Buonaparte followed the plan of his old patrons the Terrorists, whom he afterwards abused so industriously. In both cases the common and every-day orders were, not for the immolation of such and such victims, but for such and such a *number* of them; the head destroyer in both cases gave in his requisition fixing the quantity of human sheep that he wanted slain, and the task of selection was left to the mere working butchers. Several chiefs were killed daily, but it was not only Hadgi This, or Mustapha That, whom Buonaparte condemned to death; for besides the leaders, 'thirty head' (*une trentaine*) were executed every night. Many women were thus coldly slaughtered. The exact number of the merely obscure victims (the *trentaine*) is expressly stated by Buonaparte in his letter written to General Reynier, six days after the re-establishment of tranquillity. The executions are there spoken of as still continuing. It appears to us that Buonaparte's written account of the numbers thus put to death must be accepted as good proof; but it is fair to say that Bourrienne (deeming it almost impossible for his grandiloquent patron to make *any* unexaggerated statement) suspected that the General displayed some little ostentation in the account of his performances (*qu'il y mettait du luxe*).

Now and then, of course, opportunities for smaller massacres would occur. On one occasion a Frenchman had been destroyed near a village at some distance from Cairo. Buonaparte, still mimicking Eastern conquerors, would have his revenge, not simply on the guilty person, but on the unfortunate village to which

which he belonged. Its men were to be all killed; its women and children to be driven away like cattle. Of the women, some sank on the road in the pains of childbirth; some dying by grief, by terror, by weariness. Many children, too, fell down and died. The extirpating force returned; and at four o'clock in the sunny afternoon a string of donkeys that formed part of its train wound along into the principal square of Cairo. There the party stopped—the beasts were unladen—the sacks, when detached from the pack-saddles, were untied—and out were rolled whole scores of ghastly heads: some with beards thickly matted in gore—some youthfully smooth.

It is, we fear, but too true that the Oriental mind is deeply impressible by this kind of wholesale slaughter. Buonaparte then had fulfilled two of the great conditions by which Eastern dominion is attainable: he had achieved splendid and decisive military success—he had perpetrated the requisite amount of atrocities with unshrinking perseverance. Yet his fame was barren—his cruelty wasted. No masses of men declared for him—no fortified places surrendered to the magic of his name. His power stood always limited within the range of his guns.

Now to all who understand the character of the Orientals—who know that strange facility with which they bend under successful violence—the bare fact of a man's winning battles, and yet lacking influence, must seem a most rare phenomenon, well deserving to be explained and accounted for. Upon some of the causes to which this strange result is attributable we have already remarked; but of all the General's errors (with the single exception of his apostasy) there was none perhaps so fatal to his influence in the East as his practice of vain-boasting. He was grossly deceived when he supposed that he would find in the East a credulity comparable to that of the French. The Oriental possesses a quality easily confounded with credulity, but totally distinct from it. The weakness to which we point is a liability to be extravagantly impressed by a fact, and to deduce from it a greater brood of corollaries and consequences than the cooler judgment of the European would admit. The Orientals, for instance, see (a trifling matter may serve to illustrate national character)—they see an English traveller crossing the wilderness with his handful of ill-armed attendants; they see him maintaining his coolness, his wilful habits, and even perhaps enforcing compliance with many an odd silly whim—and all this in the midst of strange and armed tribes who are the terror of the peaceable natives: instantly they infer far more than the bare fact would warrant; they will not believe that a mere firman from a sultan, or a mere safe-conduct from a chief, could warrant all this assurance—and they therefore impute



impute to the self-protected stranger either some infernal aid, or else the possession of unknown temporal resources that guard him completely from danger. So, again, they see a man sprung from small beginnings become, they know not how, the commander of an army; they see him so wielding his force as to confound his enemies, and bring down to the dust some ancient dynasty of kings—dazzled and stupified, they bow their pliant necks before all this exhibited strength, and acknowledge in the conqueror a being whom none can resist—a 'Man of Destiny'—a 'King of Kings'—a 'shadow of God upon earth.'

But in neither of these instances is the effect produced by talking. In both it is the witnessed *fact* that lays hold of the Oriental mind. If either the traveller or the conqueror were to say of himself that which the natives would otherwise be ready enough to say of him—if the traveller were to bawl out that he is powerfully protected,\* or the conqueror that he is an irresistible hero—the spell, so far from being thus worked effectually, would be utterly broken. Buonaparte's false nature, and his habit of lying to Frenchmen, carried him headlong into this error. He knew that the Orientals in all ages had been played upon, and he thought that false words (as in France) were the proper tools for deceiving. He accordingly maintained and enlarged his accustomed system of misrepresentation respecting military matters. He did more. He wanted to be thought an invincible hero: a man specially marked out by Providence and Fate for the conquest of the East, and therefore—with a *naïveté* vastly amusing—he began to say of himself just that which he was so anxious for the wondering nations to say of him. Gravely, therefore, and pompously he announced himself to the assembled sheiks of Cairo as the 'Man of Destiny,' to whom was plainly committed the empire of the East. No one saw the sheiks smile: their beards and moustachios would veil any little play of countenance to which they may have yielded—but, in truth, the Oriental is little prone to the indulgence of humorous scorn. He looks upon weakness and folly as qualities to be freely taken advantage of rather than to be laughed at. So, then, with serious delight, rather than in a spirit of ridicule, the sheiks must have heard this announcement. From such vapouring they would rapidly infer that the commander thus pressing vain words into his service could not stand, serenely relying upon his military resources; and, moreover, that he was wanting in that pride and sense of personal dignity which they associate with the character of a predestined conqueror. Freely, therefore, and gladly enough

\* Sagacious and experienced dragomen attending upon travellers in the Ottoman empire will never display the firman except in a case of extreme necessity.

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they would now pretend to honour him with the flattering nickname of Sultan Kebeer (Sultan Fire), because they could presently go off to the baths, and there delight their friends with sly and quiet allusions to the weakness of 'Sultan Smoke.'

No vain-boaster like this is the true Eastern conqueror: he hears his praises sung—not from his own proud lips, but by the voice of prostrate nations. His words are few, ambiguous, pregnant with fate, as the words of an oracle. Of his very frown he is so sparing that, when it comes, its import is death, the razing of a city, the devastation of a province. Not to save half his army, nor all his stores, would he endure to be an utterer of bootless threats, lest men begin to whisper, and say that there are bounds to his power. When this sort of hero advances in Eastern lands, the terror of his name stalks darkly before him—the strong places fall as he comes—the armies of his foe break and crumble—Panic sweeps them away in its blast; and whole tribes of warfaring men desert their ancient chiefs that they may follow in the train of a conqueror. No wonder-working renown of this kind was achieved by Buonaparte. When he had passed the Desert at the head of all his disposable forces, he found that he could no more procure undisputed occupation of the miserable fortresses lying on the southern frontier of Syria than if he had commanded a mere corporal's guard. He was absolutely forced to 'besiege' that wretched El Arish, and gravely 'sit down' before Jaffa.

The bare name of Jaffa recalls to every mind the fate of the prisoners there taken. The massacre of those men was at first believed—was afterwards treated as a mere squiresque story, incredible except to minds confounded by the din of war, and stupified by country air. Its truth is now beyond doubt, and the grounds suggested as excusing its perpetration have failed. For the crime there is no palliation: for the chief criminal it is only to be said that his guilt was shared amongst the members of the council of war, who all joined with him in an unanimous vote for the massacre. We advert to this frightful act, not on account of its mere atrocity, but because it was perpetrated under circumstances which bring it within the scope of our observations on Buonaparte's want of faith in dealing with Orientals. The facts stand thus:—When the assault had succeeded, and the town was in the hands of the French soldiery, Buonaparte sent his own aides-de-camp, Eugène Beauharnois and Croisier, into the town, with orders to 'appease the fury of the soldiery'—(or, as they stated in the presence of Buonaparte, and with his assent, to 'appease the carnage')—'to see what was going on, and come back and give him an account.' These officers found that a large portion of the garrison,

garrison, consisting chiefly of Albanians, had taken refuge in a mass of buildings formerly used as caravanserais: they therefore went thither, each carrying on the arm his aide-de-camp's scarf. The Albanians cried out from the windows, and said that they would surrender if their lives were guaranteed them; if not, they would defend themselves to the utmost, and would shoot the two aides-de-camp. Beauharnois and Croisier, thus menaced, acceded to the terms offered, and brought back the Albanians, to the number of 4000, as prisoners of war. In two days these men felt in its bitterness the folly that they had committed in trusting to the word of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp. They were brought out in mass upon the beach, with their hands tied behind them,—and into this living and human heap the French troops poured their volleys. All were slain except some few, who, in the agony of coming death, contrived to burst the cords that bound them. These rushed down into the sea, and swam out to the coral rocks which rose above the water at some distance from the beach. The French soldiers—hitherto the mere instruments of their leader's crime—now personally took upon themselves the guilt of fresh treachery and innocent blood. They called out to the prisoners on the rocks, and made them a sign well known in the country implying peace and forgiveness. The wretches, thus enticed, returned to the shore,—then were shot.

False men are strangely slow to learn that they have forfeited the privilege of creating belief by word of mouth. Buonaparte still thought that he might promise and vow with success. Some few hours after committing the hateful treachery just related, he repeated his solicitations and promises to Djezzar Pasha, then commanding at Acre. Buonaparte had written to this man before he quitted Egypt, but the fierce old 'butcher' (for that is his interpreted name) had met his advances with insult and utter disdain. Yet the mock Alexander—thus scorned and defied—had so scanty a knowledge of the Oriental character, and had so little of the heroic pride and self-respect which might have served him instead of knowledge, that now, at Jaffa, and on the 10th of March, he wrote to the old Turk a sort of begging letter, pressing him to become his 'friend.' It is, perhaps, almost necessary to know the Oriental character in order to appreciate the exultation with which this proof of weakness must have been received by the Pasha. Djezzar may, probably, have had some difficulty in making his people believe that a letter, involving a political blunder so enormous, was actually genuine; but, supposing that he could succeed in getting the authenticity of the document well credited, its influence in inspiring the garrison with resolution must have been immense. Buonaparte's appli-  
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cation was treated, of course, with towering disdain. The unfortunate Frenchman who bore the letter was decapitated—his body given to the fishes—his head kept for amusement; and the fraternizing General now found that, in order to get a glimpse of his long-sought 'friend' Djezzar, he must condescend to sit down before Acre, and patiently open his trenches.

There was much slovenliness, ill management, and want of vigour in the conduct of the siege. Just at first, too, Buonaparte had nothing but field artillery; but such of the heavy guns as had escaped the English cruisers at length arrived, and a breach was effected. Meantime, however, an event had occurred which, under ordinary circumstances, would have ensured the fall of the place without an assault. The Turks, collecting an army of some 15,000 cavalry, and a like number of foot, had crossed the Jordan. With a single division Kleber encountered this force, and, throwing his troops into squares, he found himself able to baffle and shatter the masses of cavalry that came down, pouring round him for six successive hours. At the end of that time Buonaparte came up with fresh divisions, and attacked the Turkish reserves, as well as their front and one of their flanks. Kleber deploying took the offensive, and a brilliant victory was gained—a victory rendered decisive and bloody by Murat's seizure of the only bridge which opened a way for retreat to the eastern side of the Jordan. Now it is a maxim in war that, when a besieging force encounters a relieving army and defeats it, the strong place, however great its resources, will almost certainly fall. But Buonaparte's vain boasting—his display of mean spirit in the application to Djezzar, and other like indications of weakness,—had so entirely deprived him of the hero's prestige, that not even victory, splendid though it were, could now carry power along with it.

At this time the French commander, though displaying less than his usual vigour and ability in the conduct of the siege, was fertile enough of 'gigantic projects' for taking advantage of the expected capture when effected. 'I shall find in the town,' said he, 'the treasures of the pasha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I'll raise and arm all Syria, so indignant at the ferocity of Djezzar. I'll march on Damascus and Aleppo. I'll swell my army as I advance in the country with all the malcontents. I'll announce to the people the abolition of slavery and the tyrannical government of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with armed masses. I'll upset the Turkish empire. I'll found in the East a new and grand empire which shall fix my place in posterity; and perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated *en passant* the House of Austria.'



Austria.' Now we believe it would be difficult to assign any limit to the capabilities of a well-disciplined French army rapidly marched through countries without any other defence than that which Asiatic hordes can furnish; but the most superficial acquaintance with the subject would enable any man to see that Buonaparte's prospects of gaining a moral influence over the people were completely illusory. His notion, for instance, of advancing his cause by the abolition of slavery was ludicrous. The measure of course would have been viewed as confiscation by the owners of the slaves; and who would have been the people to profit by the proposed manumission?—Why, a number of black domestics, more fat than pugnacious, and thoroughly unused to arms as well as to freedom, besides a few women from Georgia and Circassia, already rooted to the harems of their owners by all the ties that can make home dear to wives and mothers. It is amusing, too, to see that at this period Buonaparte, having failed to win the respect of the Mahometans, showed some little hankering after the before-despised Christians; but chiefly he seems to have relied upon the Druses, for he fancied that their ambiguous religious position, as men neither good Christians nor good Mahometans, must dispose them to fraternize affectionately with his armed philosophers. Fancy the sympathy between a portly Druse of the Lebanon and a grimacing member of the Institute! And here we may remark (for the topic is not so trivial as it sounds) that the manner and personal appearance of the Frenchman must always obstruct him seriously in his attempts to gain an influence over the Orientals. All Europeans, no doubt (we of course treat Turkey as Asiatic), labour to some extent under this inconvenience; their ugly prim dresses, their quick anxious movements, their comparatively awkward gait and humble bearing are fitted to draw upon them the contempt of a people who habitually display their self-respect by the external signs of decorous dress, and calm dignified manner. But a Frenchman is the superlative of all this uncomeliness. As we should show to a child a convict at work in his gaol dress, and say, 'that it is to be wicked'—so a bigoted Mussulman, if he wished to inspire his boy with an early hatred and contempt of Europe and Christianity, would pick out the smartest Frenchman he could find in the streets of Pera and say, 'My child, look there!—if ever you were to forget your God and the Prophet, you might come to look like that!' But even supposing that there were no antipathies of this sort to conquer, still nothing could be more vain than to suppose that because Buonaparte's loose conscience enabled him to sham any form of worship he chose, he could therefore procure a religious following either from the Mahometans, or the Christians,

or the Druses. It is a phrenzy, and not a cold lie, that gathers together an army of fanatics.

A more immediate prospect, which cheered the Republican General whilst waiting for the result of his siege, was the ready surrender of Damascus. He was to have the keys of that place the moment he had hoisted the French flag on the citadel of Acre. Of course he was. It is a proverb in Syria, founded upon the constant result of the many tussles for that country, that whoever wins Acre, wins not only Damascus, but all the cities and all the plains of Syria and Palestine. But Buonaparte's vanity, and limited knowledge of the people with whom he was dealing, quite blinded him to the emptiness or waggery of the offer.

A sufficient breach was at last effected, and now the result of the siege would chiefly depend upon the valour and obstinacy of the contending forces. Buonaparte, therefore, in his despatches to Egypt, treated the capture of the place as certain, and even named the day on which it was to receive the republican flag. He was ignorant of the staunch courage which the Ottoman soldier displays when fighting hand-to-hand in the breach. The truth is, that in such situations a brave man for once enjoys those opportunities of displaying individual heroism, from which in the open field he is so often and so provokingly debarred by the European system of discipline. Then too the besieged had their energies directed with admirable skill and judgment by Philippeaux; and, moreover, they found a good comforter in Sir Sydney Smith, who, landing a number of his officers and men, inspired the whole garrison with something of the cheery spirit and boldness that belong to the English seaman. Seven assaults were made, and all failed: at the eighth assault, so many as two hundred Frenchmen gained a footing within the works, and reached the pasha's garden, but not being supported with that vigour and promptitude which could alone bring about success, they were cut to pieces. This was Buonaparte's last attempt. 'That man,' said he at St. Helena, speaking of Sir Sydney, 'made me miss my destiny.' However, there was no help for it: the General could not afford to lose more men, and must perforce renounce the Empire of the East. He retreated; and his discomfiture, in the judgment of the natives, brought heavy disgrace upon the French arms. Many a man in Syria, to this day, who never heard of Napoleon the Emperor, yet remembers the vanquished foe of old Djezzar Pasha. However, the General's power of falsifying rose with the occasion: the disgrace sustained was so great, that triumphant indeed must be the tone of the address to the army:—

'Soldiers!'

'Soldiers!' said this document, 'you have accomplished your destiny: after having, with a handful of men, maintained the war in Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty standards, and six thousand prisoners, razed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, Caffa, and Acre (!), we are about to re-enter Egypt: the season of disembarkation commands it. A few days more, and you would have taken the pasha in the midst of his palace; but at this moment such a prize is not worth a few days' combat.'

So the soldiers were to believe that, by having perforated a small aperture in the walls of Acre, they had 'razed' its fortifications, and that they had really achieved the grand object of the siege, though they failed to carry the breach! One of the French chroniclers, however, pretends that there were several men in the army so highly gifted in point of good sense and sagacity that they actually detected the falseness, and even the absurdity, of this address.

The elaborate lying of the bulletin was not the only consolation of the retreating General. Before the retrograde movement commenced, Buonaparte had imagined a new atrocity: following up the now familiar line of policy adopted by the French, he determined that if he could not hurt his enemies, he would at all events hurt neutrals or friends. It does not appear that the people of the country along the coast from Acre to the Desert had ever seriously harassed or vexed the march of the French troops. The garrisons, indeed, manned by Osmanlis and Arnaouts, had held out, and the warlike and bigoted population in the neighbourhood of Naplouse had given some trouble—but it was not on these that the vengeance was to fall. 'I'll destroy everything,' said Buonaparte, 'home to the commencement of the Desert. I'll make it impossible for an army to pass in this direction for the next two years. It (*i.e.* an army) does not live in the midst of ruins.' The season of the year (for it was May, the time of ripe grain immediately preceding the harvest) but too well favoured this campaign against the fruits of the earth. Destroying parties were organized with as much regularity and system as if they had been formed for foraging: they were armed with torches. Every village—nay, every poor labourer's hut lying upon the condemned tract of country—was destroyed; and across the whole belt of fertile soil that runs parallel with the sea-shore the yellow fields blazed. And day by day this vast conflagration moved steadily on upon the left of the retreating columns; so that when Buonaparte once more set foot upon the verge of the Desert, he left the fair province that had fed his army for the last three months now smoking far and near with ruined homes, and black with the ashes of corn.



But whilst Devastation thus flanked the march of the French troops, the Plague stole into their ranks. This calamity is one that always develops a new source of difference between the Oriental and the European. The former meets the risk of infection with serene composure: the latter, believing plague to be propagated by contact, is perpetually seeking to shun the peril, and is therefore regarded by the Moslem as a poor fugitive miserably hoping to baffle the will of God by human shifts and contrivances. The habitual materialism of the Frenchman seems to render him even more alive than other Europeans to the importance of avoiding contact in time of plague. Upon the retreat from Acre this anxiety of the troops to avoid the touch of infected substances grew to such a height as to destroy the bonds of good comradeship. Many a poor fellow, as he lay writhing to death upon the ground, would cry out, piteously—'I am not a *pestifère*—I am only wounded;' and to convince his comrades of this, he would re-open his gashes, or even inflict upon himself fresh wounds. 'No one believed him. The men said—"He is done for" (*son affaire est faite*)—then passed on, felt to know if their own glands were free from the fatal swelling, and all was forgotten.' This abandonment of the sick and wounded must have been viewed with great scorn by the pursuing Turks.

Buonaparte's biographers make much of their hero's resigning his horse to the sick and wounded, and marching on foot. It is almost provoking to see that even this small piece of self-sacrificing heroism was a mere *coup de théâtre*. It was during the halt at Tentoura, on the 20th of May, that the order requiring all beasts of burthen to be given up for the sick and wounded was issued. When the General was about to move on, one of his grooms asked which horse he would ride: he answered by giving the poor servant a violent slash across the face with his whip, swore a fierce oath, and said that he should march on foot. He no doubt did so—perhaps for half an hour, perhaps for a day; but during the night-march of the 22nd (when the want of beasts of burthen must have been just as pressing as it had been on the 20th, and in all probability much more so) Buonaparte was fired at by a peasant. This event incidentally brings out the fact that the pretended magnanimity of marching on foot had not been persevered in, for we are expressly told that when the shot was fired the General was asleep on his horse.

Another favourite story of Buonaparte's biographers was that of his touching the swellings of the plague-stricken patients in the hospital of Jaffa. This is a fable. The General, indeed, entered the hospital; walked rapidly through the rooms, switching his boot-top with his riding-whip, and desiring that those who were strong

strong enough would get up and march, as the place would soon be occupied by the enemy. The plague-stricken patients were all too far gone to take the least notice of the speech addressed to them. There were not, it seems, more than sixty of them. An order was issued (it is hardly now matter of doubt) for administering to these patients 'a potion adapted to accelerate death.' A draught of this sort in the terse idiom of England would be called simply 'poison.' We, however, will not undertake to say that Buonaparte, in giving this direction, was not influenced by a motive which he thought humane. Moreover, it seems highly probable that his order was never complied with, and that the patients were left to their fate. There is much weight in the suggestion of Savary, who observes that the sick were all too far gone to take the potion voluntarily, and that *no Frenchman would have incurred the risk of infection by administering it.*

The remains of the army passed the Desert, and returned in miserable plight to Cairo. Buonaparte heralded his arrival by a bulletin so transcendant in its falseness that for a moment his very secretary refused the leap, and hesitated to write the dictated words. 'I shall bring with me,' said the discomfited General in this address—'I shall bring with me a quantity of prisoners, and of flags. I have razed the palace of Djezzar, the ramparts of Acre; there no longer remains one stone upon another; all the inhabitants have evacuated the town by sea. Djezzar is severely wounded.' Now every man in Egypt would know in a week that Acre was safe and sound; and every Oriental, comparing the words with the fact, would infer that the father of the lie was Fear.

In the following month the Osmanlis, encouraged by the failure of the French before Acre, landed at Aboukir under cover of the English guns, to the number of 15,000 or 16,000 men. They threw up intrenchments, and prepared to make war in their old-fashioned way. Buonaparte came down and destroyed the whole force.

Here was really a great and decisive victory: but the moment for the great adventurer's departure was now at hand. Mr. Warburton, after a few weeks of sailing and tracking on the Nile, owns to the irresistible longing which he felt for the blessed face of a newspaper. Yet compare the meagre news of the present æra with the events of the period we speak of. In these days the deprivation of our newspaper would keep us painfully doubting whether the Rev. Mr. Ward was, or was not, to be dressed as a freshman—would even condemn us to ignorance respecting the exact state of the great surplice controversy at Little Lower Churchington—but if a man were without recent tidings in 1799, he knew

knew not to whom belonged the ancient kingdoms of Europe. For ten months the French had lived without certain news from their country; but Sir Sydney Smith (the most courteous of foes) now presented to Buonaparte a file of the 'Frankfort Journal.' Italy lost! 'Les misérables!' cries Buonaparte (alluding to the Directory); and instantly sees how welcome now to humbled France must be the return of her most fortunate General. He secretly prepares the requisite means—issues false announcements of his purpose in descending the Nile—makes a false appointment with Kleber—leaves behind him a false promise to return—and slips away for ever from the shores of Egypt.

Kleber, disgusted at the cool escape of Buonaparte, and angry to find himself saddled with the duty of making the best of a very bad matter, commenced his administration by signing the Convention of El Arish, and provided for the deportation of the French troops to the shores of France, in French or Turkish vessels. The circumstances of this transaction so closely touch the subject with which we are dealing—namely, the good faith of nations—and are, in our view, so clearly stated by Mr. Alison, that we will give them in his words:—

'This convention was not signed by the British Admiral, Sir Sydney Smith; nor was he vested either with express authority to conclude such a treaty, nor with such a command as necessarily implied such a power. It was, however, entered into with his concurrence and approbation; and, like a man of honour, he felt himself as much bound to see it carried into effect, as if his signature had been affixed to the instrument. But the British Government had, three months before, sent out orders to Lord Keith, commanding the English fleet in the Mediterranean, not to consent to any treaty in which it was not stipulated that the French army were to be prisoners of war; and Lord Keith, on the 8th January, a fortnight before the Convention of El Arish was signed, had sent a letter from Minorca to Kleber, warning him that any vessels having on board French troops, returning home in virtue of a capitulation other than an unconditional surrender, would be made prisoners of war. The continental historians of every description are loud in their abuse of the English Government for what they call their bad faith in refusing to ratify the Convention of El Arish. The smallest attention to dates must be sufficient to prove that these censures are totally destitute of foundation. The Convention was signed at El Arish on January 24th, 1800, and Lord Keith's letter, announcing that the British Government would agree to no capitulation, was dated Minorca, January 8th, 1800, or *sixteen days before the signature of the treaty*. This letter was founded on instructions sent out by the English Cabinet to Lord Keith, dated December 17th, in consequence of the intercepted letters of Kleber, which had fallen into their hands immediately after Napoleon's return. Kleber no sooner received Lord Keith's letter than he resumed hostilities, and fought the battle of Heliopolis with his wonted precipitance, without  
once



once reflecting on the fact that the letter on which he founded so much was written not only long before intelligence of the treaty had reached England, but from Minorca, *sixteen days before the treaty itself was signed*. "No sooner, however," said Mr. Pitt in his place in Parliament, "was it known in England that the French general had the faith of a British officer pledged to him, and was disposed to act upon it, than instructions were sent out to have the Convention executed, though the officer in question had, in fact, no authority to sign it." Orders accordingly were sent out to execute the treaty, and they arrived in Egypt in May, 1800, long after the battle of Heliopolis; and Kleber had consented to a renewal of the treaty, when it was interrupted by his assassination at Grand Cairo on June 14th, 1800. Sir Sydney Smith had no authority to agree to the convention, nor was he the commanding officer on the station, in whom that power necessarily resided, but a mere commodore in command of a ship of the line and two frigates, Lord Keith being the head of the squadron in the Mediterranean. This conduct—in agreeing, contrary to their obvious interests, to restore the French a powerful veteran army, irrecoverably separated from the Republic at the very time when it most stood in need of its assistance, in consequence of a convention acceded to without authority by a subordinate officer—is the strongest instance of the good faith of the English Cabinet; and affords a striking contrast to the conduct of Napoleon soon after, in refusing to ratify the armistice of Treviso, concluded with full powers by his general, Brune, a proceeding which the French historians mention, not only without disapprobation, but manifest satisfaction.'—*Alison's History of Europe*, 5th edit. vol. iv. p. 561.

Lord Keith's instructions not to act upon the Convention signed by the French and Turkish commanders were instantly communicated to Kleber by his high-minded foe, Sir Sydney Smith.

'The spirit,' says Mr. Warburton, 'which dictated the British sailor's act was understood in the deserts—a voice went forth among the tents of the Bedouins and the palaces of the despot, that England preferred honour to advantage. Battles, since then, have been fought, and been forgotten—nations have come and gone, and left no trace behind them—but the memory of that noble truthfulness remained, and expanded into a national characteristic; and our countrymen may, at this hour, in the streets of Cairo, hear the Arabs swear "by the honour of an Englishman."'—vol. i. p. 55.

We do not distinctly understand whether Mr. Warburton means that the Arabs still remember and speak of this transaction, or whether he merely uses a form of speech indicating that an impression was produced upon their minds strongly favourable to the English character for honour. The latter view would probably be the correct one; for we confess we have not been so sanguine as to suppose that facts manifesting the honour and good faith of nations, are specifically understood and treasured up by the masses of the people in any country. Our steady hope of the  
reward

reward properly belonging to national honesty is not founded upon a belief that any signal act of good faith will be long or accurately remembered by the multitude, but rather upon this firm belief, namely, that a long series of treaties performed and promises fulfilled, in spite of temptation to break them, will always be vaguely summed up in the minds of the nations, until in the end a corresponding amount of confidence is engendered.

It has been seen that Lord Keith's instructions forbade all capitulation, except upon the terms of the French surrendering as prisoners of war. 'To such insults,' said the heroic and fiery Kleber, 'we will answer with battles and victories.' And he made good his speech. An army of 40,000 Ottomans had passed the Desert, and hung on the eastern frontier of Egypt. The French commander was obliged, therefore, to concentrate his troops; and as he did so, the futility of Buonaparte's attempts to influence the Egyptians was made manifest. Cairo rose, and forced its small garrison of Frenchmen to take refuge in the citadel. Other places followed the example; but meanwhile, on a fair moonlight night, the armies met near the ruins of Heliopolis, and Kleber gained by far the most brilliant victory that had been hitherto achieved by the French arms against the rude masses of the East. The victorious general followed up his military successes by an able civil administration; and a hard, yet steady and judicious pressure upon the resources of the country, soon enabled him to retrieve the financial condition of his army. Now, however, arrived instructions from England, based upon that high sense of honour which induced Pitt to ratify the merely implied approval of an English officer, even although that officer was wholly unauthorized to act. Kleber again signed the convention; but before he could give effect to its stipulations he was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman.

Menou, the new French commander, repudiated the convention, and prepared to measure his strength with a foe more troublesome than any whom the Republicans had hitherto encountered in the land of Egypt. The battle of Aboukir is vividly described by Mr. Warburton; but neither upon this nor upon the subsequent successes of the English arms can we now afford time to dwell. It is more within our purpose to remark that the prestige of French superiority, even over mere Orientals, was at length shaken; for a Turkish general was persuaded to act in the field with such an astonishing amount of common sense, that he absolutely gained a kind of victory over Belliard, and compelled a French general, with 6000 prime troops, to retreat before scimitars, shouts, and yataghans.

At length a final capitulation was signed. The French (more tenderly

tenderly used in treaty than in battle) were allowed to depart in peace; troops, artists, savans, and all, taking with them their arms and accoutrements, their collections of antiquities, and their famous drawings of Egyptian monuments.\* The guns which they were forced to abandon amounted in number to several hundreds; but in order that, on arriving at Toulon, they might have the air of bringing back their artillery with them, they stipulated for the right of carrying off ten field-pieces. Thus, in almost all the acts of the invaders, from the day when the expedition sailed from France under the name of 'The Left Wing of the Army of England,' up to the final capitulation of Alexandria, we detect the principle of deception.

The Convention of Alexandria must have counteracted, in great measure, the effect produced by our victories upon the public opinion of the East. Orientals habitually distrust the existence of a power which is exerted with anything like charitable, or even politic forbearance; and seeing that the Englishman had been induced to let his old foe escape so easily, they would hardly believe it possible that the latter could have been utterly beaten. If we had erected a handsome pyramid with the skulls of the French soldiers, and had sold all the savans as slaves, we should have conciliated more effectually the love and esteem of the Turks. Still, although our prowess had thus fallen short of perfection, we had done a good deal. The forced evacuation of Egypt by a French army, so lately holding it in military possession, was a fact for men's minds to dwell on. In time of profound peace and professed amity between the governments of the invading and invaded countries, a vast armament had landed on the shores of Egypt—the clear superiority of European discipline and European tactics had been displayed to the full—the invaders had shrunk from no sort or amount of expedient cruelty—they had spared no act of treachery—no form of falsehood, if only it seemed advantageous—they had debased themselves by renouncing their religion (or, if not their own, at least the religion of their forefathers) for the nonsensical forms of mere Orientals—their savans, too, had tried their little arts. And now—with their numbers diminished by nearly one-half, their artillery reduced to ten pieces, their character for invincibility and good faith reduced to nothing at all—they passed away to the West like a plague,

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\* All these curiosities and objects of art were to have been delivered up to the English by the terms of the Convention. The savans, however, stoutly rebelled against this provision. They declared that, if it were insisted upon, they would destroy all the articles in question, and would throw upon Lord Hutchinson the infamy of becoming a 'second Amrou;' and the English commander was so much alarmed or mystified by this threat that he actually surrendered the claim.



and, as though in compliance with the prayer of the Mussulmans, to 'infest the cities of Christians.'

The Ottoman empire now rested from French visitation; but before six years were over, the late General of the Republican army in Egypt had become the Emperor of the West; and when Sebastiani presented his credentials as ambassador at the Porte, he represented, to all seeming, the greatest of earthly potentates. His power, therefore, was great, and he knew how to make it tell. The diplomatist who represents a powerful European state at an Eastern court, must be something more than a mere rounder of periods and softener of phrases. Geographical distance is only one of the many causes which make it impossible to set down in London or Paris minute instructions that can be treated as strictly binding at the Sublime Gate of the Seraglio, or the Heavenly Ark of Tehraun; and where the Foreign Office is impotent to instruct, the ambassador must have power to choose. State events in the East, too, are sudden in their coming—grand in their consequences. By the test of a great emergency Sebastiani was tried, and he showed himself sagacious, decisive, intrepid—intrepid as though he were handling troops against some old-fashioned general, who issued his orders, like Cuesta, from out of a coach-and-six. The influence of Napoleon (we speak merely of his influence upon the court and councils of the Turks) was raised to a height that absolutely excluded the enemies of France from the friendship of the Sultan. The English ultimatum was therefore imperious, requiring the Porte to come to an immediate rupture with France, and to join the Anglo-Russian alliance. The Divan replied by a declaration of war; and Admiral Duckworth, with seven ships of the line and two frigates, boldly forced the Dardanelles, sailed through the Marmora, and brought up within sight of the Seraglio point. The city was at this moment defenceless, and the ships of the Sultan lay, tempting and easy of capture, in the Golden Horn. The Divan, feeling itself, as it were, in a glass-house, was vastly anxious to avoid being smashed, and fully disposed to give way. But Sebastiani, bold and sanguine, saw grounds of hope in the possible simplicity of the British commander. The full extent of a brave sailor's innocence in diplomacy could never be known until it was fairly tested; and 'good Sir John' might perhaps be amused by pretended negotiations until the preparations necessary for resisting an attack could be perfected. At all events the Turks might be persuaded to try the experiment. They tried it. In seven days the defences of the city and the duping of the Devonshire admiral were complete. An attack was no longer practicable.

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The fleet, returning through the Dardanelles, once more ran the gauntlet of the monster-guns; and before the British commander anchored again off Tenedos, his losses were 250 men killed or wounded; an opportunity of bursting the Franco-Ottoman alliance thrown away; and his character for common sense missing. This brilliant achievement of course raised Sebastiani to the very zenith of diplomatic glory, and proportionately attenuated the resources of British negotiators throughout all Europe. Sir Robert Adair's highly interesting Memoir of his Embassy shows how keenly the check was felt by him at Vienna.

Pretty closely upon this capital blunder there followed our ill-advised descent (March 1807) upon the coast of Egypt. The British force successfully established itself in Damietta and Alexandria; but a disaster sustained at Rosetta by a strong detachment of our troops so discouraged those in command that they were glad to sign an honourable convention providing for the restoration of prisoners and the evacuation of the country. Now, considering that at the time of planning the enterprise we were engaged in deadly struggle with an European potentate then fully a match for our strength, we are bound to conclude that, in the conception of this scheme for the invasion of Egypt, there was something of the frivolity which had characterized the French expedition of 1798. We had this, however, to say for ourselves, as honourably contradistinguishing us from the French—namely, that we were at war with the sovereign of the country which we chose to invade.

At this time the alliance between France and the Porte appeared to be firm as the hills. An ambassador was accredited by the Sultan to Napoleon, and he found him where best an 'emperor' beseems the purple—he found him in arms on the Vistula, in all the pride and strength that is implied by a line of operations as safe as the Champs Elysées, yet more than a thousand miles long. Napoleon, recurring to his favorite Oriental style, told the Ottoman, that sooner should his right arm quarrel with his left than he the Emperor of France with his brother the great Padishah. There is every reason to believe that at this moment Napoleon was sincere; but he thought no more of breaking inconvenient engagements with a Turkish ambassador than if he had spoken his promises to a mere turban and bundle of shawls, without a man in the midst of them. This was soon proved; and we shall presently see that, in a very few months from the utterance of the vow just quoted, the 'right arm' quietly agreed to the dismemberment and partition of the unfortunate 'left.'

In the character of a gifted, high-spirited parvenu (and our remark applies to the small social ambitions, no less than to the broad

broad arena of public affairs), a readiness to insult or deal sternly with the older and more feeble-minded rulers of the earth is often found strangely united with a susceptibility of being cajoled by them. The power and the weakness—the poison and its antidote—grow up together. Of this seeming anomaly in the human character Napoleon stands an example. Until after the battle of Friedland he had been the conqueror—the humbler of princes: now he mounted the raft on the Niemen; and lo!—great joy for the wily Alexander—great joy by and by for Europe—he showed his weakness, that weakness which afterwards reduced him from a self-trusting soldier to the mere son-in-law\* of a German sovereign. The Great Captain, in short, was cajoleable, and he who had been trampling so fiercely on the House of Brandenburg could at once be flattered and talked into meanness by the imperial craft of a Romanoff. Alexander affected to be irresistibly charmed, and even subdued, by Napoleon's style of talking—a style (so Count Munster described it) 'half lapidary, half quack-advertisement.' By thus seeming to be wheedled himself, the Czar absolutely wheedled Napoleon into engagements for the partition of the Ottoman empire. Contrive that your enemy shall betray his friends, and you gain a long march on him. And this march Alexander gained over Napoleon by persuading him to betray the Sultan. No obscurity now veils the secret arrangements of Tilsitt. Bignon, the appointed defender and diplomatic historian of Napoleon, seems to have thought it necessary to begin by wrapping up his hero's treason in a slightly nebulous phrase, and therefore, instead of saying at once that the dismemberment of the Grand Signor's dominions was decided upon, he tells us that the French Emperor was induced to extend towards the czar 'a certain tolerance in the direction of Turkey.' He is afterwards, however, compelled to give the eighth written article, which formally provided for the partition of the Ottoman empire, in the event of the sultan's refusing or delaying to accept Napoleon's mediation: and, finally, he admits that the emperors did in fact come to an unconditional agreement for dividing between them the whole of European Turkey, except the city of Constantinople and the promontory on which it is situate. In short, the fair provinces of the sultan, to whose government Napoleon had been swearing eternal friendship, were treated as diamond snuff-boxes, and quietly presented by emperor to czar, and czar to emperor, with assurances of 'high consideration.'

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\* The fatuity with which Napoleon in 1813 and '14 relied upon the aid of his 'beau-père' is made to appear very plainly in Caulaincourt's memoirs. But the most melancholy trait is that told by Bourrienne of the Emperor's coolly alluding to some room in the Tuileries as having been decorated in the time 'du Roi, mon oncle'—Louis XVI.—husband of poor Maria-Louisa's aunt!



Instantly (that is, even before he departed from Tilsitt), Napoleon despatched eager instructions to Marmont, in Illyria, and to Sebastiani, at Constantinople, preparatory to the seizure and enjoyment of the Western Pashalics. But an arrangement for the partition of the Turkish empire, without providing for the appropriation of Constantinople, was illusory. The sultan, retaining only the city itself and the promontory on which it stands, could not have preserved the envied site against the imperial holder of Bulgaria. The amity of the emperors had some duration, and seemed to be prolonged for a while by the conference of Erfurth; but Napoleon, finding at last that he had been duped (for 'tolerance in the direction of Spain' was no fair exchange for 'tolerance in the direction of Turkey'), gradually receded from his engagements. This was usual with him. When he made a blunder in war, he denied it; when he blundered in the making of a treaty, he broke it. No partition took place, and the sultan still held his own.

It might seem that because the magnificent gifts offered to the Czar by the French emperor consisted of another man's provinces, and because, too, those gifts were never actually handed over, therefore the concessions of Napoleon cost him but little. They cost him dear indeed. If the engagements of Tilsitt had never been entered into, of course the irritation occasioned by Napoleon's breach of them would never have been engendered. And this very irritation was the true virus of that protracted altercation that brought about in due season the fatal invasion of Russia. But Napoleon's ill faith in making the arrangements of Tilsitt, no less than his ill faith in evading them, was to the French emperor an element of destruction. The betrayal of the sultan brought its separate punishment upon the faithless ally. And thus it was that retribution came. When Napoleon was preparing for the invasion of Russia, that power, then at war with the Porte, was engaged with a vast portion of her military force on the Lower Danube. Her successes had been slow and insignificant, her failures mortifying, the loss of men occasioned by the insalubrity of the climate very great; and now that she was to be attacked in the heart of her empire by the great Napoleon in person, at the head of the whole western continent, her hitherto ineffectual efforts on the Danube would necessarily be paralyzed, and the Ottoman, with a very little more of vigour in the conduct of the war, might seriously humble his ancient enemy, recover lost ground, and retrieve the disgraces of half a century. Moreover, the vast seeming greatness of the French emperor at this period must have tended strongly to fascinate the Oriental mind. How then, and by what earthly means, could the Divan be persuaded to resist these attractive forces?—By reminding

reminding it of Tilsitt. There was nothing to set against the greatness of Napoleon's power, except the greatness of his treachery. The true tenor of the secret arrangements was carefully manifested and explained to the simple Turks; and these men, understanding how coolly their supposed ally had prepared to dismember their empire, were fired with an indignation so strong as actually to supersede the desire of gratifying national selfishness and old national hates. The Porte not only refrained from taking advantage of Russia's predicament by pushing the war with alacrity, but was actually induced to conclude a peace with the czar. Thus Russia was enabled to concentrate all her resources against the French invader. Troops from the Ottoman borders were rapidly drafted northward; and when Napoleon, retreating from Moscow, approached the banks of the Beresina, Tchitchagoff, with a force of some forty thousand men, now freely spared from the Danube, completed that terrible circle which turned the failure and embarrassment of the 'grand army' to absolute destruction.

The last great era of ambitious interference by France in the affairs of the Levant is that of 1840. The diplomatic strife of that and the preceding year was waged in two acts: first, the French abandoned the sultan for the sake of madly abetting Mehemet Ali against the four powers; and, secondly, they abandoned Mehemet Ali in order to return to their senses. The history of act the first long since received full noon-day light from Lord Palmerston's admirable despatch of the 31st of August, 1840; but the second phase of the business, and the coolness with which the promises of France to the Pasha of Egypt were made and broken, can never be so plainly made manifest as by quoting the very words of the two Frenchmen who, in 1840, successively held the portfolio for foreign affairs. The four powers had been holding stern language to Mehemet Ali, and had plainly warned him that, if he delayed the surrender of Northern Syria beyond the period fixed upon, they would wrest from him not only that territory, but Acre and Palestine too; and that, if he delayed yet further, they would put a period to his rule even in Egypt. The crafty old Pasha, thus menaced, naturally turned to his volatile protector, and wanted to know how far he might rely upon French aid. M. Thiers instantly despatched M. Walewski (a reputed son of Napoleon, and therefore hereditarily entitled to watch the state of the 'French Lake') with instructions to promise great things in the name of France—armed and arming. On the 25th of November, 1840, M. Thiers stood in his place in the Chamber of Deputies, and spoke these words:—'I proposed to the King, therefore, to arm not 400,000 but 630,000  
men

men of the line, and 300,000 of mobilized national guards. . . . This was what I said to the Pasha—"Do not pass the Taurus; cover well St. Jean d'Acre and Alexandria; demand the mediation of France, and if you can make the war last out—if you can prolong it till the spring—France will then, at the head of all her forces, negotiate for you, and will do so with advantage." . . . We thought it necessary to add a physical effect to a moral effect—that is to say, to send the French fleet to Alexandria [this was never done], and to make the French flag float on the walls of that town [nor this]. 'Yes, gentlemen,' said the same statesman, on the 28th, 'I would have demanded the modification of the treaty [the treaty of the 15th of July], and if it had been refused, although, as a statesman, I know perfectly well how terrible the word *war* is for a country, I would have cried war! war!—and I should have found an echo in France.'

These were not the words of a mere sub-editor of a war-crying journal, but of a man who had just delivered up the portfolio of foreign affairs, and who, not two months before, had power to engage for a mighty nation. But whilst M. Thiers was promising, the four powers were performing: they let slip the dashing Commodore Napier upon the coast of Syria. Thiers continued to promise, but he withdrew his fleet—lest (according to the authority of the Prince de Joinville) it should gain a 'deplorable victory' over the English, and left the four powers to have their own way on the 'Lake:' these, accordingly, proceeded to execute their treaty with what the French called a 'brutal' exactness. Sidon fell—Caiffa too, and Tyre—Beyrout fell. Acre—famous once more—received for two hours the fire of the allied fleet; but, at four o'clock, sudden darkness burst up through the sunshine—then hung aloft in the air, and canopied all the town. The armed vessels heaved and shook, for the bed of the sea was tremulously lifted beneath them. The principal magazine and the whole arsenal had blown up. 'By the explosion,' says Sir Charles Smith in his despatch, 'two entire regiments, formed in position on the ramparts, were annihilated, and every living creature within the area of 60,000 square yards ceased to exist.' Our seamen, they say, for a while stood silent, respectful in their demeanour,—as though this end of man's defences had been wrought from on High, or by the chaotic energies of Nature. The firing immediately languished—then ceased altogether;—and 'cruel, cold, formal man' was shocked into such forgetfulness of his old punctilios, that parleying, and flags of truce, and the downhauling of colours were neglected. No formal surrender took place; but the gates of the town stood open, and the allies were free when they chose to go in among the corpses and ruins.

Thus,



Thus, whilst Mehemet Ali was listening to M. Walewski's account of the numerous wonders which France could, or should, or would, or might have wrought in his favour, he found himself driven from out of all Syria by a series of those impressive phenomena which our neighbours so quaintly describe by the name of 'accomplished facts.' Meanwhile, France had found a sane minister, and she now coolly repudiated her engagements with the Pasha—as mere lover's vows made in the summer-time, and properly broken in autumn. 'France,' said M. Guizot, 'that did not go to war in order to hinder Poland from falling into the hands of Russia, cannot now do so in order that Syria may remain in the hands of the Pasha.' And again, in the Chamber of Peers, on the 18th of November,— 'We have done all for the Pasha, all that our influence could effect, and now we are asked to go to war for him, as if he were a near neighbour whose fate was connected with our own. Gentlemen, this is asking too much—this is impossible. We have, I repeat, done for him all that our influence could do; we were not bound to do more for him, and we cannot undertake to do more for an ally so distant and so uncertain. . . . . Gentlemen, do not talk now to France of conquests, of glory, of combat. Let her live in peace, rich, prosperous, and in the bosom of liberty.' And these prudent counsels were followed; but is it to be wondered at that, by a course of conduct such as that which we have described, the influence of France in the Levant should be grievously weakened? There are two distinct shafts, one after the other, down which human frailty may fall. A man may fall from innocence to crime, and may then find a lower depth by betraying his guilty comrade. France effected both these descents. She abandoned her ally the Sultan to make common cause with his rebellious vassal, and then in his direst need she abandoned her hoary accomplice. Every statesman knew that France, in breaking with the Sultan, had not only swerved from her formal engagements, but from the old course of policy which, in times of national sanity, she had always adopted. It was thoroughly necessary for her to retrace her steps; but unhappily the levity with which her minister had been pledging her in the opposite direction made it impossible for her to do so, and yet retain her fair name. For men number these things—vaguely, indeed, yet with enough of tenacity to preclude a new growth of confidence. It is vain to talk and say to a shrewd old soldier like Mehemet Ali that 'the ministry of the 1st of March' was displaced by 'the ministry of the 29th of October.' Mehemet Ali treated not with this or that administration—he treated with France: he was to have the support of a nation that promised to negotiate

negotiate for him at the head of 930,000 soldiers: he resists accordingly; and then he is told that second thoughts are best, and that his ally can do no more for him, because she is determined to 'live in peace, rich, prosperous, and in the bosom of liberty!' This abandonment of an ally—even although the engagements made with him had been lawlessly and rashly contracted—could not of course take place without bringing discredit on France. The moral damage which she sustained by throwing over the Pasha is thus set forth by the very man who had been pledging her:—'Do you know,' said M. Thiers, on the 25th of November, 1840, in the Chamber of Deputies, 'what will result from such a settlement? *France has lost all her influence in the Mediterranean*,—and this is not only a physical loss, but it is also a moral one; whereas if you had been willing, you might have got rid of the treaties of 1815. *Our influence in Europe is lost for ever.*'

After glancing at a passage of history like this, it is most gratifying to see and feel assured that, under the practice of our constitution, the honour of England in her dealings with foreign nations is not liable to be thus compromised by changes of administration, or stress of party politics. The admirable working of our political system in this respect may be well illustrated by the events of the very period to which we have been adverting. Rarely since the Revolution has there existed in this country a Government so wanting in Parliamentary support as that of 1840—never was a Government so powerless at home;—yet at that very period England was enabled to take a bold, decisive, and brilliantly successful lead in the affairs of Europe. This she did to the utter confusion of Thiers, who had all along fondly reckoned that the general weakness of the British Government must include a paralysis of the Foreign Office. The secret of England's strength, and of her then immense influence, lay in the perfect unanimity of all such of her statesmen as were really conversant with the affairs of Europe, and the high-minded patriotism which enabled them to keep their judgments upon the great concerns of the nation unwarping by party contests. The Duke of Wellington, on the 26th of January, 1841, reviewing in Parliament the events of the preceding year, 'expressed his approval of the course of foreign policy which had been adopted. He had long viewed with anxiety the dangers that were likely to result from the state of affairs in the Levant, and he rejoiced to think that those dangers would now be averted. . . . As to the late negotiations, he had attended carefully to the whole course of proceeding, but he could discover nothing which France could construe into a cause

of offence—he saw nothing on which a difference with France could be grounded; *nor could he discover any fault which had been committed on our part.* Not at all forgetting how much may be owing to the well-directed abilities of the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, we repeat that this unanimity of our chief statesmen was the main secret of the high and brilliant position occupied by England in 1840. But whence this unanimity among men opposed to each other in party strife? Was it fortuitous? No; it resulted from this—that the policy adopted by the minister of the day was not founded on the personal whim or newly-conceived opinion of any mere individual, but was, in fact, the old time-sanctioned policy of England. New events may, from time to time, necessitate variations in our system of foreign policy; whenever this happens there will probably arise divergences of opinion amongst our statesmen, and the usually consequent symptoms of national indecision; but we are happy to believe that whenever the traditions of the Foreign Office and the course of policy thence deducible can be closely followed, the minister of the day, working out that policy with zeal and ability, may reckon upon the support of all those British statesmen, no matter what their party, who are really initiated in the state-affairs of Europe. Foreign nations, too, know this: that engagements entered into by a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, however strongly disapproved by his successor, will yet be honourably performed. The Duke of Wellington was no strong approver of the Quadrupartite Treaty; yet when he accepted the seals of the Foreign Office, in 1834, he proceeded to execute its stipulations with ready promptitude and zeal.

Addressing ourselves, as we do in this article, merely to the relations of the Grand Nation with Eastern potentates, we cannot advert to the system followed by France on the more western coasts of the Mediterranean, except for the mere purpose of remarking that her exertions to gain influence in these quarters have been in some measure like to those which she has made in the Levant. How sounds the French name in Spain? The Peninsular War—the Trocadero—the unexcused evasion of France from the Quadrupartite Treaty, and her subsequent alliance with mere factions of the State—these are the headings under which modern history chronicles the obligations conferred on Spain by her magnanimous neighbour.

If we look to the Italian shores of the 'Lake,' we are instantly reminded of the unfortunate Ligurian, Roman, Cisalpine, and Parthenopean Republics—of Venice betrayed to Austria at the peace of Campo Formio—of pictures and statues seized by Napoleon, and restored by Wellington—of the enthusiastic insurgents  
of



of late years, men perpetually abetted, and never protected, by France. Again, turning to the African coast, we see how successfully the 'Grand Nation' with her vaudevilles and her razzias has ingratiated herself with the Algerines—how faithfully she has observed her engagement to abstain from territorial acquisitions.

Meanwhile, and concurrently with all this uneasy ambition, France has been losing the almost exclusive trade which she formerly enjoyed on the coast of Syria. The amount of her commerce in the Mediterranean is now surprisingly small, when considered with reference to her geographical position, and the industry and skill of her people.

And now, by all the blood shed—by all the treasure expended—by all the alliances repudiated—by all the treaties broken—by all the commerce lost for the sake of this coveted influence in the Mediterranean—what amount of solid power has been really acquired by France? In order to answer this question, we cannot have recourse to a much better authority than '*La Presse*,'—a paper understood to receive part of its wisdom from M. Lamartine, who has bestowed great attention upon all questions affecting the relations of France with the Levant. And thus it is that this journal, so lately as the 14th of last February, described and deplored the position of France upon the shores of her favourite sea:—'There is one phrase of Napoleon's which has often been repeated, but which is nevertheless true [how naïve!], and it is this—"the Mediterranean is a French lake." Assuredly this expression was just; and we may be allowed to believe, that if Napoleon had been allowed to remain longer on the throne, and had not been absorbed by inevitable diversions, he would have established it as a truth. Unfortunately he possessed neither the leisure nor the means; and since the fall of the Empire this legitimate wish has not only not been realized, but our influence is daily diminishing in the Mediterranean.'

We hope that our retrospect of those failures which have attended both French and English encroachments upon the territories of the Sultan may induce a belief that the non-seizure of Egypt by the British Government is an excusable piece of remissness. We are far from blinding ourselves to the absolute necessity of maintaining unquestioned and uninterrupted our right of passage to India by way of the Isthmus; but it is precisely because we recognize the importance of this privilege that we would repudiate all notions of territorial aggrandizement in the direction of Egypt. It is in Paris, and not here, that the idea of England's permanently enjoying a free transit by Suez has been perpetually associated with that of her seizing Egypt.

There is really no ground at all for supposing that unjust aggression upon the territories of the Sultan is a condition necessary to our maintaining the right of way. Happily for England, this privilege of free passage across every part of the Sultan's dominions has been granted and confirmed to her by a long series of treaties. The first of these was made so early as in the reign of our Queen Elizabeth; and its provisions have been formally ratified and liberally enlarged by numerous later treaties and conventions coming down to our own time. The articles entered into between the Sultan and Queen Elizabeth are recited verbatim in the subsequent treaty of 1675.\* By the first of these the shores and ports of all the territories under the dominion of the Sultan are opened to vessels bearing the English flag. The second article provides 'that the said nation' (England) 'shall likewise safely and freely go and come by land within the limits of our imperial dominions' (the Sultan's territories) 'without any injury, molestation, or impediment to the persons, cattle, estates, or effects of the said nation.' Both the treaty just quoted (that of Elizabeth) and the treaty of 1675 contain many anxious and carefully framed provisions for giving force and substantial value to the conceded privileges; and by the last-mentioned act it is formally stipulated that all future imperial mandates under the seal of the Sultan shall be absolutely void in such of their provisions as may clash with the words or spirit of the treaties. And these solemn engagements are not vain words, but have been acted upon with remarkable fidelity by the Ottoman Government and those in authority under it. We most of us remember the wise forbearance of Mehemet Ali, who, at the very time of our wresting Syria from his military occupation, was safely transmitting our Indian mails across the Isthmus of Suez. This instance, no less than the probabilities fairly deducible from an abstract view of the matter, justify us in inferring that any satrap of the Porte holding the government of Egypt—and whether independent or not—would find it vitally for his interest to keep us unmolested in our passage. His interference with that privilege, or even his failure to secure us from the interruption of others, would speedily work his ruin.

By constant and uninterrupted usage, therefore, no less than by strictly legal ownership, a privilege of free passage through all the Sultan's territories belongs to England. Our claim to go unmolested across the Isthmus of Suez is as clear by public law

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\* The style and titles of our merry King Charles II. are thus oddly set forth in the treaty:—'To the Glorious among the Princes of Jesus, revered by the High Potentates of the People of the Messiah, sole Director of the important Affairs of the Nazarene Nation, Lord of the Limits of Decency, and the Honour of Grandeur and Renown, Charles II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.'

as our right to cross the West Riding; and whoever interfered with the enjoyment of it would take upon himself those responsibilities which attach to an invader of the British dominions.

On the other hand, an invasion and seizure of Egypt, whether by England or by any other of the Great Powers, involves an European war, and this we are invited to brave for the sake of a privilege which we already enjoy unmolested! But, then, it is said that a state of confusion may arise upon the death of Mehemet Ali, and that therefore we must shape our policy with a view to the probable dismemberment of the Ottoman empire—that in short we must take time by the forelock, and begin to burn down our house at once in order to exclude the possibility of its being burnt down accidentally! This would be carrying precaution too far. The course which it behoves this country to take lies as clear to the sight of the practical statesman as to that of the political moralist: always in the long run is good faith expedient; but brought to bear upon our Eastern policy, it is no less plainly advantageous in its immediate and early results than in its ultimate consequences. We stand deeply pledged to maintain unpartitioned the territories of that very state under which we possess by treaty, and enjoy, in fact, the now precious right of free passage. Our duty, therefore, and our interest are one, and are simply this:—to avoid encroachment ourselves, and to prevent encroachment by others. We can be honest, and yet prosper. We can hold our own—not by snatching a province from our ancient ally, but by keeping his dominions entire.

Perhaps it is well for our country that the weight of France, necessarily so great by reason of her martial prowess and her immense military resources, has not been aggravated by the accession of that vast moral power which she would have inevitably gathered about her, if during the last half century she had respected neutral states—had pursued her foes with steady enmity, and had lent to her friends and allies a constant and faithful support. At all events, we can draw from the experience of our great neighbour a new confirmation of the ancient truth that honesty is the best policy; and when, whether it be in the Levant, or on the banks of the Indus, we are tempted to break faith with men because they are weak in the hour of battle—because they wear turbans, or turn their faces to Mecca—we may strengthen our old love of truth by a glance at the '*French Lake*,' for there and on its shores there broods a history most apt for teaching how halt, lame, and blind is the march of a nation that rests her ambitious hopes on violence and ill-faith.



## NOTE.

We have to apologize to the minister of Killearn, in Stirlingshire, for a very small, but to him justly offensive, misprint in page 139 of our last Number. The evidence as to Scotch pauperism which we there meant to comment upon—and we gave a correct reference to the page of the Blue Book—was that of the minister of Kiltarn, which parish is in Rossshire.

We have also to apologise to the trustees and physicians of the Exeter Lunatic Asylum, for an involuntary misrepresentation in an article of our Number for October, 1844. We are satisfied that we were wrong in stating (p. 441) that the gentlemen connected with that asylum opposed, in 1832, the parliamentary measure meant to place that receptacle, and all others of its class, under a regulation forbidding the admission of any inmate without an order and certificate of insanity. Our error was caused by our relying on an apparently clear and distinct statement in the 'Rules' of the Oxford Lunatic Asylum, 'printed by authority,' in 1836. We hasten to retract our misstatement as to the 'order and certificate' question; but we regret to add that the Exeter gentlemen did oppose the parliamentary measure on what we still regard as a point of still greater consequence. They opposed the proposition for subjecting their asylum to the general check of *visitation*. Without the power and practice of Visitation, we cannot see how there can be any permanent security for the good treatment of the unfortunate inmates of any lunatic asylum, of any class whatever: and we earnestly hope the benevolent persons who at present superintend the institution at Exeter may have, on reflection, perceived the wisdom of acquiescing in the Visitation clauses of the Lunatic Bill now pending—to which clauses we understand the Government means to give its warm support.

We were also mistaken in saying that the two lunatic patients who destroyed themselves after liberation (p. 440) were released under Mr. Gordon's Act. They had been released before that Act was passed.

These mistakes are explained and apologized for at more length in a pamphlet, which the chief author of the article in our October Number has put forth under this title, 'The Quarterly Review and the Weekly Committee of the Warneford Lunatic Asylum at Oxford.' His controversy with the Warneford Asylum we must leave to the pamphlets. We do not observe that our October article has been convicted of any even the smallest inaccuracy as respects this mad-house—except indeed that it was referred to by its original style and title of the *Oxford Lunatic Asylum*. It has, we now learn, more than once altered its designation. It was a few years ago the *Radcliffe*—it is now the *Warneford*—but it is still the same Asylum on Headington Hill *juxta* Oxford. Every one of the Reviewer's statements concerning it appears to be confirmed by the most intemperate *tract* recently issued under the signature of its committee-chairman—the Rev. Vaughan Thomas—whom we can congratulate on nothing but his dexterous manipulation of the change of name. We regret sincerely to find that this *Warneford* committee

avow their intention of opposing the Visitation clauses in the new Bill. It certainly puzzles us to account for their obstinacy on this point; but there is little doubt their efforts will be baffled.

We hope *that* Bill is safe: and since we have been forced to return to the subject of lunacy, we shall take the opportunity of saying a few words respecting another Bill now pending, which is of considerable importance, if it were but in reference to the unhappy class of the pauper insane.

The present *Law of Settlement* is felt to be oppressive in its operation on the poor, and complicated by all sorts of expensive technicalities in its administration, notwithstanding that some amendment was effected in 1834, by the abolition of settlement by hiring and service, and other changes. So far as we have been enabled to glance at the measure proposed by Sir James Graham, it seems calculated to mitigate essentially the existing evils. Its main feature, perhaps, is the proposal to substitute Union Settlement for Parochial Settlement:—and this proposition at least deserves to be weighed dispassionately. There is a very general and very reasonable cry for an enlargement of those narrow circles within which the present law fetters the labourer and the artificer. Parishes are unequal and arbitrary divisions: in the North of England they are very often not coincident with ecclesiastical districts. There are, we believe, in England and Wales between 14,000 and 15,000 of such small districts, from any one of which to any other of which a man may be forcibly removed. The number of Unions may be something above 600. To substitute the latter number for the former would seem to be at once a vast improvement; the labourer would still be chained, but his tether would be longer. It is, we fear, chimerical to hope for the abolition of all restriction on the movements of the labouring poor. If a local fund is to be safely administered, it must be administered mainly by the persons out of whose pockets it comes. To say to a body of farmers or manufacturers, ‘Draw for what you please on the Consolidated Fund and apply it in relief,’ would be only to offer a premium to jobbing and wasteful expenditure of every kind. The circle on which the burthen of the poor-rate presses might be made too large; we think it would be so if Settlement were in the County instead of the Parish: that circle may on the other hand be too small, and such we believe it to be at the present time. The proposition of the Government seems to take a prudent medium. Local interest will still remain, but the space within which the labourer may move with freedom will be greatly enlarged.

Let us see in detail how small parishes operate. It is true that where a parish belongs to but one or two proprietors, these persons have an interest in keeping the poor employed, for the cost of relief falls immediately on them if a man becomes chargeable to the parish. But to counterbalance this we have an unlimited power for mischief. It is the purse-interest of such a proprietor to pull down cottages, and keep as many persons as he can from dwelling in the parish—in many instances the temptation prevails:—the people are driven into wretched hovels on the skirts of towns, whence they have to walk three or four miles to their work.

work. All inducement to exercise this power would disappear with the extension of the circle of settlement. Then again, character or skill in a workman is a second-rate consideration in a small parish: a drunken vagabond, who would be chargeable, if not employed, must have the job which a steady and sober labourer with a large family is anxious to obtain, simply because the former belongs to 'our parish,' the latter only lives in it. If the former is out of work, *we* have to keep him; if the latter, some other parish must do it. Lastly, if the pressure of the rate on a narrow space is an inducement to prevent pauperism, it is also an inducement, and a most powerful one, to relieve it inadequately and improperly. The farmer, who feels the burthen of every shilling, will often be tempted to deny those aids in sickness which the medical attendant may recommend; and he will hesitate to give to some unhappy lunatic his only chance of cure—by sending him at once to an asylum. The cruel folly of deferring the medical treatment of insanity, until the disease has passed the incipient stage, was one of the principal topics of our October paper.

The establishment of Unions—(first proposed by Sir Matthew Hale in 1683—and secondly by Sir W. Blackstone in 1765)—may have been judicious or injudicious: it is too late to discuss that question. The legislature has adopted these districts for the purposes of administering relief, and we see no violation of sound principle in making use of the same means for enlarging that circle which the law of settlement draws round the labourer.

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